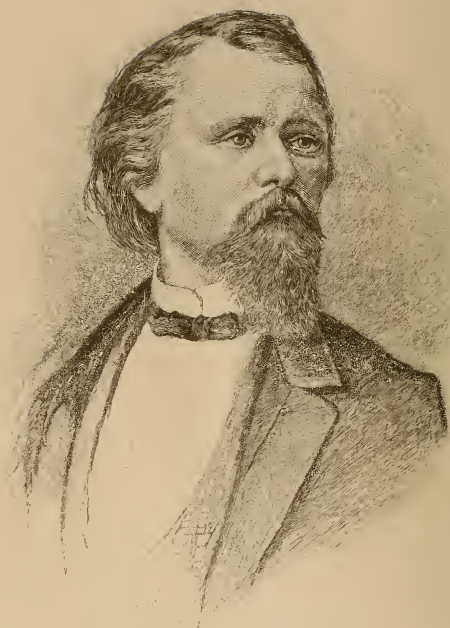




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CHRISTINE	<i>F. Dielman.</i>	<i>C. H. Reed.</i>	15 ✓
“While a voice in gentlest whisper, breathed my name into my ear, ‘Ah! Andrea, why this silence, why this shadow and this tear?’”			
CHRISTINE	<i>F. Dielman.</i>	<i>C. H. Reed.</i>	67 ✓
“There for days I walked the chamber with a spirit all inflamed, And I thought on all the subjects which the gen- erous Duke had named.”			
SYLVIA; OR, THE LAST SHEPHERD . . .	<i>J. F. Murphy.</i>	<i>G. T. Andrew.</i>	78 ✓
“And the toiling day is done.”			
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“With dreamful eyes my spirit lies Under the walls of Paradise!”			
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“Call me witch, Or what you will; but only this remember, When evil I predict, beware—beware!”			
BRUSHWOOD	<i>F. Dielman.</i>	<i>John Dalziel.</i>	181 ✓
“There came the maid in her glowing dress, The wild-eyed witch of the wilderness!”			
BRUSHWOOD	<i>F. Dielman.</i>	<i>J. P. Davis.</i>	181 (13) ✓
“There climbed the laborers from their toil, Brown as their own Italian soil.”			

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	ENGRAVER.	PAGE
THE HOUSE BY THE SEA	<i>J. F. Murphy.</i>	<i>G. T. Andrew.</i>	214 ✓
“They are gone, all the blooms by the wild April strown in the pathway of May; For the passionate breath of the Summer has blown their leaves to decay.”			
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THE WAGONER OF THE ALLEGHANIES	<i>Harry Fenn.</i>	<i>G. T. Andrew.</i>	246 ✓
“And with the morning, up the tide, Through golden vapor dim descried, A distant ship was seen to ride Vague as a vessel in a dream.”			

PREFATORY MEMOIR.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ was born on the 12th of March, 1822, in a small farm-house near that part of Chester County, Pennsylvania, which is known as "the Great Valley," and "within the shadow of the blue hills of Uwchlan." The rural scenes amid which his childhood was passed left ineffaceable impressions on his mind, and may be said to have been the main sources of his poetical inspiration. This is the more remarkable because his life was in a great measure that of a wanderer, and many years of it were spent in a country whose pre-eminence in natural beauty, artistic wealth, and picturesque associations kindles the imagination of all who are sensible to such influences. But though Read had as strong a feeling as other men for the charms of Italy, though he declared that Rome was "the only city in the world for an artist or poet," though some of his best poems deal with Italian subjects and show the hold which the fascinations of the scenery and the climate as well as of the relics of past ages had upon his mind, he never lost his deeper love for his native land and early home, to these his "heart, untraveller," always turned, and in the poem which he considered his best he commemorates the simple life with which he was first familiar, and declares with unmistakable sincerity that "no lovelier landscape meets the traveller's eye" than the midland vales of Penn-

sylvania, and that neither the Rhine, the Danube, the Po, nor the Seine

“Is half so fair as thy broad stream, whose breast
Is gemmed with many isles, and whose proud name
Shall yet become among the names of rivers
A synonyme of beauty—Susquehanna!”

His wanderings began at the age of fifteen, when, by the death of his father, the household was broken up and the boy was thrown on his own resources. He drifted from one place and one occupation to another, till in 1839 we find him fixing himself in Cincinnati with a well-defined purpose of becoming an artist. That he had not mistaken his vocation was speedily proved by the notice he attracted. Nicholas Longworth, a warm-hearted man with a *penchant* for discovering and patronizing youthful talent, enabled him to set up a studio, and among the portraits he painted was one of General Harrison, the Whig candidate for the Presidency. In 1841 he removed to Boston, with the view no doubt of obtaining better opportunities for study and improvement. Here, accordingly, besides other advantages, he received counsel and encouragement from Washington Allston during the last two years of that great artist's career. His acquaintance with Longfellow, which ripened into a strong and life-long friendship, may have had something to do with the new bent which his mind now began to take. His first published verses appeared in the Boston *Courier*, and henceforth his allegiance was divided between the sister arts, poetry being cultivated by him quite as assiduously as painting.

It does not seem to have been any lack of success in his profession that induced Read to leave Boston in 1846 and establish himself in Philadelphia. Here he had soon a wide circle of friends and many sitters, while his pen was as active as his brush and did more to extend his reputation. A volume of his poems was published in Boston in 1847, and another in the following year in Philadelphia. A collection which included some later productions appeared in London in 1852, and was very favorably

noticed by the press. An article in the "North British Review," written by Coventry Patmore, pronounced Read "the most promising of the living transatlantic poets," and cited "The Closing Scene" as "unquestionably the best American poem we have," and "an addition to the permanent stock of poetry in the English language," comparing it to Gray's "Elegy," and preferring it in some passages, while pointing out the faults that mar its beauty and weaken the general effect.

Two years before his poems met with this reception in England, Read had himself crossed the Atlantic. He spent some months in London, where, as in all places and on all occasions, he was warmly welcomed, and made the acquaintance of many persons distinguished in literature and art, while his age and aspirations brought him into closer companionship with some whose feet, like his own, were on the first rounds of the ladder. Among these were the Pre-Raphaelites and their literary associates; and the writer, who happened to be in London just after Read's departure, remembers the enthusiasm with which he was spoken of in this set, and the account of a farewell entertainment at which libations were poured to the old Greek gods,—not a very appropriate leave-taking for one who retained through life the strong and simple faith imbibed in childhood, when, as he tells us, his thoughts

"Were full of scriptural lore, oft heard at morn,
And in the evening heard, until the place
Became a Palestine, while o'er the hills
The blue horizon compassed all the world."

But, though his creed had remained unchanged, the horizon of his fancy had widened, and not Palestine, but Italy was now the subject of his dreams and his place of destination. He stayed there about two years, painting pictures for which he had received commissions from his Philadelphian patrons, and writing poems suggested by his new experiences, which were comprised with others in a volume published in 1853. In that year he was at home again, having his studio in Philadelphia and residing at

Bordentown, New Jersey. He had married in Boston, and had now two children. His home was a happy one, his life tranquil and industrious; he was near his oldest and best friends, his daily trips to and from the city were beneficial to his health, he had plenty of sitters for his portraits, and his evenings were occupied with the composition of his most ambitious poem,—“The New Pastoral.” Mr. John R. Tait, from whose very agreeable and interesting “Reminiscences of a Poet-Painter”¹ these particulars are borrowed, visited Read at Bordentown and thus describes his home: “The house he lived in had been in Revolutionary times occupied by Washington as his headquarters, and was not far from the grounds of the Bonaparte mansion. . . . It was, with its associations, its gardens, the old elms shading the windows, and the old tiles in the chimney, an ideal home for a poet. Mrs. Read received me with bright hospitality. She was pretty and *petite*, with a sweet maternal expression in her eyes, and quiet Puritan manners. The two children were lovely as cherubs in the Madonna San Sisto.”

Here, one would say, was a paradise from which its occupants would have been loath to be driven. But few men fix or change their place of abode from free and deliberate choice. Circumstances govern the great majority, while some are controlled by mere inertia, and others impelled by the opposite habit and constitution of mind. Read was not a discontented man, but he was a restless one,—the result of temperament and in part, no doubt, of his early unsettled life. He had strong local attachments, but they were divided between remote places. Just as he found an equal charm in painting and poetry and gave his heart to each in turn, so Italy and America were two magnets that drew him alternately, the force of the attraction, in contradiction to the

¹ Lippincott's Magazine, March, 1877.—Other facts mentioned in this sketch have been derived from an account of Read, by Mr. Henry C. Townsend, in the “History of Chester County,” an article by Mrs. C. H. B. Laing, in “Our Monthly,” August, 1872, and one by Mr. Charles J. Peterson, in “Graham's Magazine,” in which periodical many of Read's poems were originally published.

physical law, being greater in proportion to the distance from which it acted. At Bordentown his brain was haunted by visions of Florence, and, yielding with characteristic promptness to the impulsé of his fancy, he broke up his newly-formed establishment and went with his family to the fair Tuscan city, declaring his intention to reside there permanently. To all appearance this decision was justified by the life thus opened to him, which combined almost everything that could gratify a refined taste and stimulate the imagination. In its palmiest days Florence could scarcely have presented a more picturesque aspect, a more varied and festive succession of scenes, a richer assemblage of attractions for the senses and the intellect, than it did at this period. Besides its unrivalled combination of natural beauty with the glories of art and the monuments of former grandeur, rendered more impressive by grass-grown squares and other evidences of decay, its social life seemed to have blossomed afresh and to exhibit in a modern guise the activity and charm, without the turmoil and catastrophes, of mediæval existence. The court of the Grand Duke Leopold was as open to strangers, as little encumbered by etiquette, and as much devoted to amusement, as that of old King René or any prince of burlesque. "The people were supposed to be longing and plotting for freedom from a foreign yoke, yet a lighter-hearted, gayer folk never laughed and loved, sang and conspired, outside of the opera bouffe." The streets were brilliant with the uniforms of the Austrian soldiery and the ducal guard, the market-places were enlivened by the costumes of the *contadini*, the cafés were crowded with officers, artists, and tourists, the music of a fine military band drew all the world in the afternoon to the park, Ristori played regularly at one of the theatres, and Verdi occasionally conducted the performances at the opera. Above all, the place was the home or the favorite resort of celebrities from all quarters and of every description. The Brownings, "Owen Meredith," Charles Lever, Rossini, George Sand, Mrs. Trollope, the Countess Guiccioli, Madame de Solms (more famous by her subsequent name of Rattazzi), were among the figures in this striking and almost motley throng. There was an American

circle, comprising Powers, Hart, Tait, and other artists, a few literary men, and some "unfledged prime donne," among them Adelaide Phillips and Clara Louisa Kellogg.¹

Read himself was, of course, one of the chief members of this group. He had his studio in an old convent, and it at once became "a resort of all the travelling Americans as well as of most of the English-speaking Florentine colony." Powers was his opposite neighbor, Browning a frequent visitor. Finely gifted, vivacious and sparkling in conversation, with "an inexpressibly winning and graceful manner" and a nature both warm and sweet, Read was not only thoroughly companionable and a general favorite, but too sympathetic and responsive not to be the object of strong attachments. "He rarely, indeed," says Mr. Tait, "met either man or woman without making a friend, or at least an admirer." Even Powers, who was ordinarily considered "cold" and "hard," showed a real affection for him. The attachments thus quickly formed were cemented by a fidelity that had its roots in the depths of his nature and in an ideal of friendship which is characteristically expressed in one of his letters:

"As I write that word *friend*, it seems to strike upon my heart as on a golden bell, setting it into interminable vibrations. There are few words so beautiful, so comprehensive. It includes devotion, self-sacrifice, defence against all things, including calumny and misfortune; but, best of all, joy in another's joy, and exultation in his prosperity, this being in my mind the highest proof of friendship. It is easy to sympathize with misfortune,—the heart full of envy and malice might even do that,—but devoid of these must that beautiful soul be that can look upon a friend's success with gladness, having no other interest than that of pure enjoyment of his happiness. When I look abroad over the world, I feel humbled,—humbled before that high Benefactor,—when I see how, all unworthy as I am, with what a host of just such devoted and disinterested friends as yourself I am blessed. I have never yet lost a friend. Some fancied ones may have dropped from me."²

¹ Mr. Tait, whose close intimacy with Read dates from their meeting at Florence, is the chief authority for this description, as well as for the greater part of what follows.

² Mr. Townsend's article, "History of Chester County."

Delightful as he found the society of Florence, its claims upon his time were not allowed to interrupt his work. Several of his best-known pictures, *The Lost Pleiad*, *The Spirits of the Waterfall*, and others, were painted at this period, some of them having been ordered by Mr. Claghorn and other friends at home, while the rest found ready purchasers among American tourists. Nor was the twin pursuit which was not less dear to him neglected. In the summer-time, when the artist world was dispersed on sketching tours, he shut himself up in his studio, absorbed in the composition of "The New Pastoral," and writing perhaps the more enthusiastically that the scenes he was depicting were far distant and far different from those around him. The poem was finished in August, 1854. The following winter and spring were as full of pleasure and activity for Florence as any former season had been; but in June a sudden and terrible invasion of cholera occurred, changing gayety to gloom, and animation to a stillness broken only by the march of the spectre of Pestilence with its dismal train. Among the earliest victims were Read's daughter Lilian and his wife. He himself, worn out in body and mind, half insane from sleeplessness and grief, fell into a complete nervous prostration, and was taken to the Baths of Lucca, where he remained through the summer. When the mountain-air, exercise, and watchful care had somewhat restored his health, he sought refuge from harrowing recollections in the composition of a new poem, "The House by the Sea." Without this resource he was sure, he said, that he "would have gone mad with melancholy." The need of self-forgetfulness led him to choose a theme that had no connection with his personal feelings or experiences, and to write with extreme rapidity. The work, as he was conscious, gained in fire and freedom by this method of execution, and, when published, met with a greater success than its predecessor, on which he had expended far more time and labor.

Late in the autumn he returned to America, and made his headquarters in Philadelphia while revising his poems for the press. He had much pleasant intercourse with his old friends in that city, and made visits to Longfellow, Willis, and others in

New York and Boston. But he does not appear to have settled down to work, and his existence was a desultory one till new hopes arose and found their fulfilment in an event that restored the springs of ambition and had the happiest effect upon his life. He married, in 1856, Miss Harriet Denison Butler, of Northampton, Mass.,—"a lady," writes Mr. Tait, "whose culture and refinement were only equalled by her personal charms. The ideal of his artist-dreams in appearance, she realized and responded to all the wants of his intellectual nature, and from the day of their union her gentle influence was his noblest impulse." They sailed immediately for Europe, spending the summer in England—where Read painted many portraits, including heads of Tennyson and Leigh Hunt and a full-length of George Peabody—and the winter in Rome. In the autumn of 1858 he once more set up his studio in Philadelphia. The whole of this period was full of activity, and perhaps the most agreeable he had ever known. He painted indefatigably, went much into society, "was very happy and successful, and shared his prosperity with those who had less." His generous instincts were irrepressible, and showed themselves not only in a profuse hospitality to strangers as well as friends, and in a constant readiness to assist brother artists and poets less fortunate than himself, but in acts of charity which by their very eccentricity testify still more strongly to his goodness of heart. "He had always," for example, "some queer hanger-on who had attracted his pity, and whom he protected as some people pick up and protect useless dogs. Once in Cincinnati it was an Indian; in Düsseldorf it was an Italian, useless when sober, and helpless when he had been drinking."

After the publication, in 1857, of some rural poems, including "Sylvia, or the Lost Shepherd," Read's pen seems to have lain idle for a couple of years. It was taken up again under the promptings of an impulse which was certain to recur periodically after any long absence from loved and familiar scenes. One winter's evening, when prevented from returning home by a snow-storm, he raked up the coals in the grate of his studio and before morning had completed the first draft of one of the most

beautiful of his lyrics,—“Drifting.”¹ The feeling that suggested it is expressed in the opening lines:

“My soul to-day is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay.”

But his fourth visit to Italy, in 1860, was cut short by events that stirred a deeper sentiment, one shared by millions but felt more intensely by none. Read’s patriotism was of the old-fashioned type, sturdy in assertion, boundless in faith, and ready to boil over at any provocation on a foreign soil. “Very true,” he said to Tennyson, in reply to the somewhat boastful remark that if England were to go by the board the world would swing back to despotism,—“Very true; we know that; and the United States will keep England from going by the board.” But now it seemed as if the United States were about to “go by the board.” The first news of Secession reached Read at Rome, when the general dulness of the times had cast a gloom on his private outlook. But this was of small consequence in view of the ruin that threatened his country. “If the Union breaks,” he wrote, “who cares then what breaks? If that is a failure, success is not worth having; I shall be content to sit in dust and ashes the rest of my days. . . . But,” he ended, with characteristic confidence, “it will not break!”

He came back to America, where he wrote war-poems, besides completing and publishing “The Wagoner of the Alleghanies,”—a patriotic work suggested by the present crisis though dealing with an earlier one,—selections from which had been delivered in manuscript to Mr. Murdoch, the distinguished actor and elocutionist, and recited with immense effect before large audiences. The poet himself gave public readings for the benefit of the soldiers, recited his war-songs at the head of battalions, and,

¹ This is the account given by Mr. Tait, who tells us that he himself slept on the sofa while Read wrote, and heard him read the poem in the morning. Mrs. Read, however, has stated in a published letter that “‘Drifting’ was written one stormy Sunday in Brooklyn.” Perhaps the poem was then rewritten.

entering the army as a volunteer, served for a time on the staff of General Lew Wallace. His patriotic lyrics served their end by fanning the popular enthusiasm. "Sheridan's Ride" may be said to have become famous. "The Oath" was a favorite with Mr. Lincoln, who called for it one evening when Mr. Murdoch was giving recitations in the Senate Chamber, and, on being told that the reader had not brought a copy of the poem, replied, "Oh, that is easily remedied: I have *The Swear* in my pocket."

After the war Read resided for a time in Cincinnati. In 1867 he returned to Europe, and spent the remainder of his life almost entirely at Rome. His last years were clouded by failing health and its incidental anxieties, but he labored more strenuously than ever, and his spirit lost little or nothing of its old brightness and buoyancy. His house was, as ever, open to all comers, and many still retain a grateful recollection of his hospitality and the impressions which his exhaustless vivacity, abundant wit, and constant charm of manner never failed to produce. Sometimes in the evening he read aloud to a circle of visitors the short poems which he still continued to write. One of these was "Brushwood," the sentiment and melody of which were alike fitted to gratify the ear and move the feelings of his listeners. But "Monte Testaccio" and "The Appian Way"¹ are marked by a deeper train of thought and a better-sustained tone than almost any of his other productions, and if the strain is less stirring or the harmony less luscious than in some, the diction and imagery are perhaps more nearly faultless. These and other short pieces indicate the height to which he might well have attained had he devoted himself exclusively to poetry. Mr. Tait, who criticises his pictures very frankly, is yet of opinion that with the requisite training and study he would have become "a great painter." Nature had been too generous to him, since the one half of her gift could be adequately cul-

¹ Both published in Lippincott's Magazine and included in the present collection.

tivated only with the surrender of the other. Read was not capable of the stern self-suppression necessary for such a sacrifice. He was of fancy "all compact," and lent himself unresistingly to every inspiration and every impulse. His frequent changes of residence, while they enriched his experience and widened his scope, could not but be adverse to that concentration of energies and continuous development in a single direction by which alone mastery in any line can be attained. His *Lehrjahre* were too short and his *Wanderjahre* too long. That under these conditions he should have done so well and accomplished so much proves the exuberance of his natural endowments. Some of his pictures are exquisite in their way, some of his lyrics almost perfect. Among the latter, "Passing the Icebergs" was praised enthusiastically by Thackeray, and Landor wrote to a brother poet, "In Read's 'Midnight' America steals a march upon us." His rural poems are especially distinguished by the minute fidelity that comes from close observation of nature and reality. The characteristics of his paintings, on the other hand, are "intuitive grace and ideal beauty." There was, therefore, force as well as point in the remark of Hawthorne that "his pictures are poems—his poems pictures."

His best works, whether of the pencil or the pen, were generally those that were begun and completed at a spurt. When absorbed by a conception he was incapable of repose. He rose early and retired late, and would leave his bed in the middle of the night to give embodiment or expression to a vision or a thought. His writing-materials were usually held on his knee, like a painter's sketch-book. In his last years the activity of his mind rose to a fever. "He was at his easel with the earliest sunlight, and burned midnight oil over poetical and philosophic schemes." In spite of failing health, he remained at Rome, working continuously, through the long and sickly winter of 1871-2. When at last overmastered by disease, he was seized once more with those yearnings for his native land which his period of voluntary exile had never stifled, and which no banished patriot ever felt more strongly. He hoped at times to recover, but was

content to die if he might first reach the beloved shore. His wish was fulfilled. Attacked on the voyage by pneumonia, he survived a day or two after landing at New York, dying calmly on the evening of Saturday, May 11, in the arms of those who loved him best. "Your kisses are very sweet to me," were among his last words.

Few natures have been more affectionate and true, few more lovable and more tenderly esteemed. A multitude of friends and admirers mourned his loss,—those most deeply who had known him best. Among the written tributes to his memory there is none that does not glow with the warmth and sincerity of a personal feeling. One, from the pen of Mr. Boker, may be especially referred to as the production of a kindred mind and worthy alike of the author and the subject.¹

"Monody," in Lippincott's Magazine, November, 1872.

THE SINGER.

A STAR into our twilight fell,
'Mong peasant homes in vales re-
mote;
Men marvelled not till all the dell
Was waked as by a bugle-note.

They wondered at the wild-eyed boy,
And drank his song like draughts
of wine;
And yet, amid their new-born joy,
They bade him tend the herds and
swine.

But he knew neither swine nor
herds,—
His shepherd soul was elsewhere;
The flocks he tended were the birds,
And stars that fill the folds of air.

To sweeter song the wind would melt
That fanned him with its perfumed
wing;
Flowers thronged his path as if they
felt
The warm and flashing feet of
Spring.

The brooklet flung its ringlets wide,
And leapt to him, and kept his
pace,—
Sang when he sang, and when he
sighed,
Turned up to him its starry face.

Through many a dawn and noon and
night,
The singing boy still kept his
course;
For in his heart that meteor light
Still burned with all its natal force.

He sang,—nor cherished thought of
care,—
As when, upon the garden-vine,
A bluebird thrills the April air,
Regardless of the herds and swine.

The children in their May-time plays,
The maidens in their rosy hours,
And matrons in their autumn days,
All heard and flung him praise or
flowers.

And Age, to chimney-nooks beguiled,
Caught the sweet music's tender
closes,
And, gazing on the embers, smiled
As on a bed of summer roses.

And many a heart, by hope forsook,
Received his song through depths
of pain,
As the dry channels of a brook
The freshness of a summer rain.

But when he looked for house or
bread,
The stewards of earth's oil and wine
Shook sternly the reproving head,
And bade him tend the herds and
swine.

He strayed into the harvest plains,
And 'mid the sultry windrows sung,
Till glowing girls and swarthy swains
Caught music from his charmed
tongue,—

Caught music that from heart to brain
Went thrilling with delicious meas-
ure,
Till toil, which late had seemed a
pain,
Became a sweet Arcadian pleasure.

The farmer, at the day's decline,
Sat listening till the eve was late;
Then, offering neither bread nor wine,
Arose, and barred the outer gate,—

And said, "Would you have where
to sleep,
On wholesome straw, good brother
mine,

You need but plough, and sow, and
reap,
And daily tend the herds and
swine."

The poet's locks shook out reply ;
He turned him gayly down the hill ;
Yet left a light which shall not die,
A sunshine on the farmer's sill.

He strewed the vale with flowers of
song ;
He filled the homes with lighter
grace,
Which round those hearthstones lin-
gered long,
And still makes beautiful the place.

The country, hamlet, and the town
Grew wiser, better, for his songs ;—
The roaring city could not drown
The voice that to the world belongs.

To beds of pain, to rooms of death,
The soft and solemn music stole,
And soothed the dying with its breath,
And passed into the mourner's soul.

And yet what was the poet's meed ?
Such, Bard of Alloway, was thine !
The soul that sings, the heart must
bleed,
Or tend the common herds and
swine.

The nation heard his patriot lays,
And rung them, like an anthem,
round,
Till Freedom waved her branch of
bays,
Wherewith the world shall yet be
crowned.

His war-songs fired the battle-host,
His mottoes on their banners
burned ;

And when the foe had fled the coast,
Wild with his songs the troops re-
turned.

Then at the feast's triumphal board,
His thrilling music cheered the
wine ;—
But when the singer asked reward,
They pointed to the herds and
swine.

"What ! he a bard ? Then bid him go
And beg,—it is the poet's trade !
Dan Homer was the first to show
The rank for which the bards were
made !

"A living bard ! What's he to us ?
A bard, to live, must first be dead !
And when he dies, we may discuss
To whom belongs the poet's head !"

'Neath suns that burn, through storms
that drench,
He went, an outcast from his birth,
Still singing,—for they could not
quench
The fire that was not born of earth.

At last, behind cold prison-bars,
By colder natures unforgiven,
His frail dust starved ! but 'mid the
stars
Its spirit found its native heaven.

Now, when a meteor-spark, forlorn,
Descends upon its fiery wing,
I sigh to think a soul is born,
Perchance, to suffer and to sing :—

Its own heart a consuming pyre
Of flame, to brighten and refine :—
A singer, in the starry choir,
That will not tend the herds and
swine.

LYRIC POEMS.

MY HERMITAGE.

WITHIN a wood, one summer's day,
And in a hollow, ancient trunk,
I shut me from the world away,
To live as lives a hermit monk.

My cell a ghostly sycamore,
'The roots and boughs were dead
with age;
Decay had carved the gothic door
Which looked into my hermitage.

My library was large and full,
Where, ever as a hermit plods,
I read until my eyes were dull
With tears; for all those tomes
were God's.

The vine that at my doorway swung
Had verses writ on every leaf,
The very songs the bright bees sung
In honey-seeking visits brief—

Not brief—though each stayed never
long—
So rapidly they came and went
No pause was left in all their song,
For while they borrowed still they
lent.

All day the woodland minstrels
sang—
Small feet were in the leaves astir—
And often o'er my doorway rang
The tap of a blue-winged visiter.

Afar the stately river swayed,
And poured itself in giant swells,
While here the brooklet danced and
played,
And gayly rung its liquid bells.

The springs gave me their crystal
food,
And my contentment made it
wine—
And oft I found what kingly food
Grew on the world-forgotten vine.

The moss, or weed, or running flower,
Too humble in their hope to climb,
Had in themselves the lovely power
To make me happier for the time.

And when the starry night came by,
And stooping looked into my cell,
Then all between the earth and sky
Was circled in a holier spell.

A height, and depth, and breadth
sublime
O'erspread the scene, and reached
the stars,
Until Eternity and Time
Seemed drowning their dividing
bars.

And voices which the day ne'er hears,
And visions which the sun ne'er
sees,
From earth and from the distant
spheres,
Came on the moonlight and the
breeze.

Thus day and night my spirit grew
In love with that which round me
shone,
Until my calm heart fully knew
The joy it is to be alone.

The time went by—till one fair dawn
I saw against the eastern fires
A visionary city drawn,
With dusky lines of domes and
spires.

The wind in sad and fitful spells
Blew o'er it from the gates of morn,
Till I could clearly hear the bells
That rung above a world forlorn.

And well I listened to their voice,
And deeply pondered what they
said—
Till I arose—there was no choice—
I went while yet the east was red.

My wakened heart for utterance
yearned—

The clamorous wind had broke the
spell—

I needs must teach what I had learned
Within my simple woodland cell.

AN INVITATION.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE HAMMERSLEY.

COME thou, my friend ;—the cool au-
tumnal eves

About the hearth have drawn their
magic rings ;

There, while his song of peace the
cricket weaves,

The simmering hickory sings.

The winds unkennelled round the
casements whine,

The sheltered hound makes answer
in his dream,

And in the hayloft, hark, the cock at
nine,

Crows from the dusty beam.

The leafless branches chafe the roof
all night,

And through the house the troubled
noises go,

While, like a ghostly presence, thin
and white,

The frost foretells the snow.

The muffled owl within the swaying
elm

Thrills all the air with sadness as
he swings,

Till sorrow seems to spread her shad-
ow realm

About all outward things.

Come, then, my friend, and this shall
seem no more—

Come when October walks his red
domain,

Or when November from his windy
floor

Winnows the hail and rain :

And when old Winter through his
fingers numb

Blows till his breathings on the
windows gleam ;

And when the mill-wheel spiked with
ice is dumb

Within the neighboring stream :

Then come, for nights like these have
power to wake

The calm delight no others may
impart,

When round the fire true souls com-
muning make

A summer in the heart.

And I will weave athwart the mystic
gloom,

With hand grown weird in strange
romance, for thee,

Bright webs of fancy from the golden
loom

Of charmed Poesy.

And let no censure in thy looks be
shown,

That I, with hands adventurous
and bold,

Should grasp the enchanted shuttle
which was thrown

Through mightier warps of old.

A SONG.

BRING me the juice of the honey fruit,
The large, translucent, amber-hued,
Rare grapes of southern isles, to suit
The luxury that fills my mood.

And bring me only such as grew
Where fairest maidens tend the
bowers,

And only fed by rain and dew
Which first had bathed a bank of
flowers.

They must have hung on spicy trees
In airs of far enchanted vales,
And all night heard the ecstasies
Of noble-throated nightingales :

So that the virtues which belong
To flowers may therein tasted be,
And that which hath been thrilled
with song
May give a thrill of song to me.

For I would wake that string for thee
Which hath too long in silence
hung,
And sweeter than all else should be
The song which in thy praise is
sung.

THE DESERTED ROAD.

ANCIENT road, that wind'st deserted
Through the level of the vale,
Sweeping toward the crowded market
Like a stream without a sail;

Standing by thee, I look backward,
And, as in the light of dreams,
See the years descend and vanish,
Like thy tented wains and teams.

Here I stroll along the village
As in youth's departed morn:
But I miss the crowded coaches,
And the driver's bugle-horn—

Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters
Filling buckets at the wells,
With their wains from Conestoga,
And their orchestras of bells.

To the mossy way-side tavern
Comes the noisy throng no more,
And the faded sign, complaining,
Swings, unnoticed, at the door;

While the old, decrepit tollman,
Waiting for the few who pass,
Reads the melancholy story
In the thickly springing grass.

Ancient highway, thou art van-
quished:
The usurper of the vale
Rolls in fiery, iron rattle,
Exultations on the gale.

Thou art vanquished and neglected;
But the good which thou hast done,
Though by man it be forgotten,
Shall be deathless as the sun.

Though neglected, gray and grassy,
Still I pray that my decline
May be through as vernal valleys
And as blest a calm as thine.

A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

DEAR transient spirit of the fields,
Thou com'st without distrust,
To fan the sunshine of our streets
Among the noise and dust.

Thou ledest in thy wavering flight
My footsteps unaware,
Until I seem to walk the vales
And breathe thy native air.

And thou hast fed upon the flowers,
And drained their honeyed springs,
Till every tender hue they wore
Is blooming on thy wings.

I bless the fresh and flowery light
Thou bringest to the town,
But tremble lest the hot turmoil
Have power to weigh thee down;

For thou art like the poet's song,
Arrayed in holiest dyes,
Though it hath drained the honeyed
wells
Of flowers of Paradise,

Though it hath brought celestial hues
To light the ways of life,
The dust shall weigh its pinions down
Amid the noisy strife.

And yet, perchance, some kindred
soul
May see its glory shine,
And feel its wings within his heart
As bright as I do thine.

THE WAY-SIDE SPRING.

FAIR dweller by the dusty way,
Bright saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day
Weary and worn is thine!

The earliest blossoms of the year,
The sweet-brier and the violet,
The pious hand of Spring has here
Upon thy altar set.

And not alone to thee is given
The homage of the pilgrim's knee—
But oft the sweetest birds of heaven
Glide down and sing to thee.

Here daily from his beechen cell
The hermit squirrel steals to drink,
And flocks which cluster to their bell
Recline along thy brink.

And here the wagoner blocks his
wheels,
To quaff the cool and generous
boon;
Here from the sultry harvest-fields
The reapers rest at noon.

And oft the beggar masked with tan,
In rusty garments gray with dust,
Here sits and dips his little can,
And breaks his scanty crust;

And, lulled beside thy whispering
stream,
Oft drops to slumber unawares,
And sees the angel of his dream
Upon celestial stairs.

Dear dweller by the dusty way,
Thou saint within a mossy shrine,
The tribute of a heart to-day
Weary and worn is thine!

A-MAYING.

PART FIRST.

Now sitting under orchard limbs,
When all the world has gone a-
Maying,
Oh, how the fancy soars and skims,
With yonder fitful swallow playing!

Like snowy tents, the trees in bloom
Stand courting every bee that's
winging;
And in the depths of their perfume
A whole community is singing.

The wind upon these murmuring
bowers,
From out the fields of clover blow-
ing,
Shakes down a storm of scented flow-
ers,
As if to fright me with its snowing.

The bluebird, which from Southern
skies
Takes yearly on his wings their
azure,

Now through the falling blossoms flies,
And thrills the passing air with
pleasure.

Oh, would that I could thus take
flight,
And be, like him, the earliest comer,
That all should hear me with delight,
And bless the song that promised
summer!

Along the quiet, neighboring town,
The children chant their gladsome
marches;
Each with a woodland-gathered
crown,—
Some under flowery iris-arches.

Afar and near the music swells—
The breeze is glad to waft their
singing,
For never chime of fairy bells
Filled poet's soul with sweeter
ringing.

See where they go!—a very cloud
With rosy pleasure overladen!
Sure Flora hath to-day endowed
With her own form each little
maiden.

A gladness thrills the waiting grove
While they gosinging gayly over;—
The very fields are waked to love,
And nod them welcome with the
clover.

And every flower where stoops the
breeze
With just enough of force to stir it,
Rings out its little chime of bees,
In pleasure from its vernal turret.

The springs release their fullest floods,
From earth's o'erflowing heart, un-
bidden.
The woodlands ope their latest buds,
There's not a leaf that may be
hidden.

Yes, surely there's a love abroad,
Through every nerve of nature
playing,—
And all between the sky and sod,
All, all the world has gone a-May-
ing!

SECOND PART.

Oh, wherefore do I sit and give
 My fancy up to idle playing?
 Too well I know the half who live—
 One-half the world is NOT a-May-
 ing.

Where are the dwellers of the lanes,
 The alleys of the stifed city?
 Where the waste forms whose sad re-
 mains
 Woo Death to come for very pity?

Where they who tend the busy loom,
 With pallid cheek and torn apparel?
 The buds they weave will never bloom,
 Their staring birds will never carol.

It may be at the thought, their souls
 Are crushed to-day in their abase-
 ment,—

Oh, better they should house with
 owls,
 With poison vines about their case-
 ment!

And where the young of every size
 The factories draw from every by-
 way,
 Whose violets are each other's eyes,
 But dull as by a dusty highway?—

Whose cotton lilies only grow
 'Mid whirring wheels, on jarring
 spindles,
 Their roses in the hectic glow
 To tell how fast the small life
 dwindles?

Or she who plies the midnight thread
 The while her orphan ones are
 sleeping,
 And trembles lest, for want of bread,
 They start from troubled dreams to
 weeping?

Not all the floral wealth that sweeps
 The brow of May in splendor
 shining,
 Were worth to her the crust that keeps
 Her little ones to-day from pining.

Where are the dusky miners? they
 Who, even in the earth descending,
 Know well the night before their May
 Is one which has in life no ending?

To them 'tis still a joy, I ween,
 To know, while through the dark-
 ness going,
 That o'er their heads the smiling
 queen
 Stands with her countless garlands
 glowing.

Oh, ye who toil in living tombs
 Of light or dark—no rest receiving,
 Far o'er your heads a May-time
 blooms—
 Oh, then be patient and believing.

Be patient—when Earth's winter fails,
 The weary night which keeps ye
 staying—
 Then through the broad celestial vales
 Your spirits shall go out a-Maying!

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

BEFORE the stout harvesters fallet
 the grain,
 As when the strong storm-wind is
 reaping the plain;
 And loiters the boy in the briery
 lane;
 But yonder aslant comes the silvery
 rain,
 Like a long line of spears brightly
 burnished and tall.

Adown the white highway, like
 cavalry fleet,
 It dashes the dust with its number-
 less feet.
 Like a murmurless school, in their
 leafy retreat,
 The wild birds sit listening the
 drops round them beat,
 And the boy crouches close to the
 blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm
 on their wing,
 And, taunting the tree-sheltered
 laborers, sing.
 Like pebbles the rain breaks the
 face of the spring,
 While a bubble darts up from each
 widening ring;
 And the boy, in dismay, hears the
 loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing
the sheaves;
The robin darts out from its bower
of leaves;
The wren peereth forth from the
moss-covered eaves;
And the rain-spattered urchin now
gladly perceives
That the beautiful bow bendeth over
them all.

INEZ.

Down behind the hidden village,
fringed around with hazel
brake,
(Like a holy hermit dreaming, half
asleep and half awake,
One who loveth the sweet quiet for
the happy quiet's sake,)
Dozing, murmuring in its visions, lay
the heaven-enamored lake.

And within a dell, where shadows
through the brightest days
abide,
Like the silvery swimming gossamer
by breezes scattered wide,
Fell a shining skein of water that ran
down the lakelet's side,
As within the brain by beauty lulled,
a pleasant thought may glide.

When the sinking sun of August,
growing large in the decline,
Shot his arrows long and golden
through the maple and the pine;
And the russet-thrush fled singing
from the alder to the vine,
While the cat-bird in the hazel gave
its melancholy whine;

And the little squirrel chattered, peer-
ing round the hickory bole,
And, a-sudden like a meteor, gleamed
along the oriole;—
There I walked beside fair Inez, and
her gentle beauty stole
Like the scene athwart my senses, like
the sunshine through my soul.

And her fairy feet that pressed the
leaves, a pleasant music made,
And they dimpled the sweet beds of
moss with blossoms thick in-
laid:—

There I told her old romances, and with
love's sweet woe we played,
Till fair Inez' eyes, like evening, held
the dew beneath their shade.

There I wove for her love-ballads, such
as lover only weaves,
Till she sighed and grieved, as only
mild and loving maiden
grieves;
And to hide her tears she stooped to
glean the violets from the
leaves,
As of old sweet Ruth went glean-
ing 'mid the oriental sheaves.

Down we walked beside the lakelet:—
gazing deep into her eye,
There I told her all my passion!
With a sudden blush and sigh,
Turning half away with look askant,
she only made reply,
"How deep within the water glows
the happy evening sky!"

Then I asked her if she loved me, and
our hands met each in each,
And the dainty, sighing ripples
seemed to listen up the reach;
While thus slowly with a hazel wand
she wrote along the beach,
"Love, like the sky, lies deepest ere
the heart is stirred to speech."

Thus I gained the love of Inez—thus
I won her gentle hand;
And our paths now lie together, as
our footprints on the strand;
We have vowed to love each other in
the golden morning land,
When our names from earth have
vanished, like the writing from
the sand!

SUNLIGHT ON THE THRESH-
OLD.

DEAR Mary, I remember yet
The day when first we rode together,
Through groves where grew the violet,
For it was in the Maying weather.

And I remember how the woods
Were filled with love's delightful
chorus;

How in the scented air the buds,
Like our young hearts, were swelling
o'er us.

The little birds, in tuneful play,
Along the fence before us fluttered;
The robin hopped across the way,
Then turned to hear the words we
uttered!

We stopped beside the willow-brook,
That trickled through its bed of
rushes;
While timidly the reins you took,
I gathered blooms from brier
bushes;

And one I placed, with fingers meek,
Within your little airy bonnet;
But then I looked and saw your
cheek—
Another rose was blooming on it!

Some miles beyond the village lay,
Where pleasures were in wait to
wreath us;
While swiftly flew the hours away,
As swiftly flew the road beneath us.

How gladly we beheld arise,
Across the hill, the village steeple;
Then met the urchins' wondering eyes,
And gaze of window-peering people!

The dusty coach that brought the mail,
Before the office-door was standing;
Beyond, the blacksmith, gray and
hale,
With burning tire the wheel was
banding.

We passed some fruit-trees—after
these
A bedded garden lying sunward;
Then saw, beneath three aged trees,
The parsonage a little onward.

A modest building, somewhat gray,
Escaped from time, from storm,
disaster;
The very threshold worn away
With feet of those who'd sought
the pastor.

And standing on the threshold there,
We saw a child of angel lightness;

Her soul-lit face—her form of air,
Outshone the sunlight with her
brightness!

As then she stood I see her now—
In years perchance a half a dozen—
And, Mary, you remember how
She ran to you and called you
“cousin”?

As then, I see her slender size,
Her flowing locks upon her shoul-
der—
A six years' loss to Paradise,
And ne'er on earth the child grew
older!

Three times the flowers have dropped
away,
Three winters glided gayly o'er us,
Since here upon that morn in May
The little maiden stood before us.

These are the elms, and this the door,
With trailing woodbine over-
shaded;
But from the step, for evermore,
The sunlight of that child has
faded!

MIDNIGHT.

THE moon looks down on a world of
snow,
And the midnight lamp is burning
low,
And the fading embers mildly glow
In their bed of ashes soft and deep;
All, all is still as the hour of death;
I only hear what the old clock saith,
And the mother and infant's easy
breath,
That flows from the holy land of
Sleep.

Say on, old clock—I love you well,
For your silver chime, and the truths
you tell,
Your every stroke is but the knell
Of hope, or sorrow buried deep;
Say on—but only let me hear
The sound most sweet to my listening
ear,
The child and the mother breathing
clear
Within the harvest-fields of Sleep.

Thou watchman, on thy lonely round,
I thank thee for that warning sound;
The clarion cock and the baying
hound

Not less their dreary vigils keep;
Still hearkening, I will love you all,
While in each silent interval
I hear those dear breasts rise and fall
Upon the airy tide of Sleep.

Old world, on time's benighted stream
Sweep down till the stars of morning
beam

From orient shores—nor break the
dream

That calms my love to pleasure deep;
Roll on, and give my Bud and Rose
The fulness of thy best repose,
The blessedness which only flows
Along the silent realms of Sleep.

THE LIGHT OF OUR HOME.

OH, thou whose beauty on us beams
With glimpses of celestial light;
Thou halo of our waking dreams,
And early star that crown'st our
night;

Thy light is magic where it falls;
To thee the deepest shadow yields;
Thou bring'st unto these dreary halls
The lustre of the summer fields.

There is a freedom in thy looks
To make the prisoned heart re-
joice;—
In thy blue eyes I see the brooks,
And hear their music in thy voice.

And every sweetest bird that sings
Hath poured a charm upon thy
tongue;
And where the bee enamored clings,
There surely thou in love hast
clung:—

For when I hear thy laughter free,
And see thy morning-lighted hair,
As in a dream at once I see
Fair upland realms and valleys fair.

I see thy feet empearled with dews,
The violet's and the lily's loss;

And where the waving woodland
wooes
Thou lead'st me over beds of
moss;—

And by the busy rannel's side,
Whose waters, like a bird afraid,
Dart from their fount, and, flashing,
glide
Athwart the sunshine and the
shade.

Or larger streams our steps beguile;—
We see the cascade, broad and
fair,
Dashed headlong down to foam, the
while
Its iris-spirit leaps to air!

Alas! as by a loud alarm,
The fancied turmoil of the falls
Hath driven me back and broke the
charm
Which led me from these alien
walls:—

Yes, alien, dearest child, are these
Close city walls to thee and me:
My homestead was embowered with
trees,
And such thy heritage should be:—

And shall be;—I will make for thee
A home within my native vale,
Where every brook and ancient tree
Shall whisper some long-treasured
tale.

Now once again I see thee stand,
As down the future years I gaze,
The fairest maiden of the land,
The spirit of those sylvan ways.

And in thy looks again I trace
The light of her who gave thee
birth;
She who endowed thy form and face
With glory which is not of Earth.

And as I gaze upon her now,
My heart sends up a prayer for
thee,
That thou mayest wear upon thy
brow
The light which now she beams on
me.

THE TWO DOVES.

WHEN the Spring's delightful store
Brought the bluebirds to our bowers,
And the poplar at the door

Shook the fragrance from its flowers,
Then there came two wedded doves,
And they built among the limbs,
And the murmur of their loves

Fell like mellow, distant hymns;
There, until the Spring had flown,
Did they sit and sing alone,
In the broad and flowery branches.

With the scented Summer breeze
How their music swam around,
Till my spirit sailed the seas
Of enchanted realms of sound!
"Soul," said I, "thy dream of youth
Is not fancy, nor deceives,
For I hear Love's blissful truth
Prophesied among the leaves;
Therefore till the Summer's flown
Sit and sing, but not alone,
In the broad and flowery branches."

Then the harvest came and went,
And the Autumn marshalled down
All his host, and spread his tent
O'er fields and forests brown;
Then the doves, one evening, hied
To their old accustomed nest;
One went up, but drooped and died,
With an arrow in its breast—
Died and dropped; while there, alone,
Sat the other, making moan,
In the broad and withering branches.

There it sat and mourned its mate,
With a never-ending moan,
Till I thought perchance its fate
Was prophetic of my own:
And at each lament I heard,
How the tears sprang to my eyes!
O! I could have clasped the bird,
And communed with it in sighs;
But it drooped—and with a moan,
Closed its eyes, and there, alone,
Drooped from out the leafless branches.

I beheld it on the ground,
Press the brown leaves, cold and
dead,
And my brain went round and round,
And I clasped my throbbing head,
While thus spake a voice of Love:
"Rise, thou timid spirit, rise!

Earth has claimed the fallen dove—
But thy soul shall cleave the skies;
While the angel, earlier flown,
Shall sit waiting thee, alone,
In the green eternal branches!"

SOLEMN VOICES.

I HEARD from out the dreary realms
of Sorrow

The various tongues of Woe:—
One said, "Is there a hope in the
to-morrow?"

And many answered, "No!"

And they arose and mingled their
loud voices,
And cried in bitter breath,
"In all our joys the Past alone re-
joices,—
There is no joy but Death.

"Oh dreadful Past, beyond thy mid-
night portal
Thou hast usurped our peace;
And if the angel Memory be im-
mortal,
When shall this anguish cease?"

And suddenly within the darkened
distance
The solemn Past replied,
"In my domains your joys have no
existence,
Your hopes they have not died!

"Nought comes to me except those
ghosts detested,
Phantoms of Wrong and Pain;
But whatsoe'er Affection hath in-
vested,
Th' eternal years retain.

"Then stand no more with looks and
souls dejected,
To woo and win despair;
The joys ye mourn the Future hath
collected,
Your hopes are gathered there.

"And as the dew which leaves the
morning flowers
Augments the after rain,—
And as the blooms which fall from
summer bowers
Are multiplied again,—

"So shall the joys the Future holds
in keeping
Augment your after peace;
So shall your hopes, which now are
only sleeping,
Return with large increase."

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

ALL within and all without me .
Feel a melancholy thrill;
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh, how still!
To my feet, the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen, dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth,
Like a barque—
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Gentle buds are blooming near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around;
Countless voices rise, to cheer me,
From the ground;
And the lone bird comes—I hear it
In the tall and windy pine
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine;
There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Now the moon hath floated to me,
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging, boat-like, as 'twould woo
me

Far away—
And the stars bend from the azure,
I could reach them where I lie,
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky.
There they hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me,
Even me!

TO WORDSWORTH.

THY rise was as the morning, glo-
rious, bright!
And error vanished like the affrighted
dark;—

While many a soul, as the aspiring
lark,
Waked by thy dawn, soared singing
to the light,
Drowning in gladdest song the earth's
despite!
And beauty blossomed in all lowly
nooks—
Love, like a river made of nameless
brooks,
Grew and exulted in thy wakening
sight!
All nature hailed thee as a risen sun;
Nor will thy setting blur her thank-
ful eyes!
While earth remains thy day shall
not be done,
Nor cloud dispread to blot thy match-
less skies!
When Death's command, like Josh-
ua's, shall arise,
Thou'lt stand as stood the sun of
Gibeon!

PASSING THE ICEBERGS.

A FEARLESS shape of brave device,
Our vessel drives through mist and
rain,
Between the floating fleets of ice—
The navies of the northern main.
These arctic ventures, blindly hurled,
The proofs of Nature's olden
force,—
Like fragments of a crystal world
Long shattered from its skyey
course,—

These are the buccaneers that fright
The middle sea with dream of
wrecks,
And freeze the south winds in their
flight,
And chain the Gulf-stream to their
decks.

At every dragon prow and helm
There stands some Viking as of
yore;
Grim heroes from the boreal realm
Where Odin rules the spectral shore.

And oft beneath the sun or moon
Their swift and eager falchions
glow—



CHRISTINE.

*"While a voice in gentlest whisper, breathed my name into my ear,
'Ah! Andrea, why this silence, why this shadow and this tear?'"*

While, like a storm-vexed wind, the
 rune
 Comes chafing through some beard
 of snow.

And when the far north flashes up
 With fires of mingled red and gold,
 They know that many a blazing cup
 Is brimming to the absent bold.

Up signal there, and let us hail
 Yon looming phantom as we pass!—
 Note all her fashion, hull, and sail,
 Within the compass of your glass.

See at her mast the steadfast glow
 Of that one star of Odin's throne;
 Up with our flag, and let us show
 The constellation on our own.

And speak her well; for she might
 say,
 If from her heart the words could
 thaw,
 Great news from some far frozen bay,
 Or the remotest Esquimaux:

Might tell of channels yet untold,
 That sweep the pole from sea to sea;
 Of lands which God designs to hold
 A mighty people yet to be:—

Of wonders which alone prevail
 Where day and darkness dimly
 meet;—
 Of all which spreads the arctic sail;
 Of Franklin and his venturous fleet:

How, haply, at some glorious goal
 His anchor holds—his sails are
 furled;
 That Fame has named him on her
 scroll,
 "Columbus of the Polar World."

Or how his ploughing barques wedge
 on
 Through splintering fields, with
 battered shares,
 Lit only by that spectral dawn,
 The mask that mocking darkness
 wears;—

Or how, o'er embers black and few,
 The last of shivered masts and
 spars,

He sits amid his frozen crew
 In council with the norland stars.

No answer—but the sullen flow
 Of ocean heaving long and vast;—
 An argosy of ice and snow,
 The voiceless North swings proudly
 past.

CHRISTINE.

Supposed to be related by a young sculptor on the hill-side between Florence and Fiesolè.

COME, my friend, and in the silence
 and the shadow wrapt apart,
 I will loose the golden claspings of
 this sacred tome—the heart.

By the bole of yonder cedar, under
 branches spread like eaves,
 We will sit where wavering sunshine
 weaves romance among the
 leaves.

There by gentle airs of story shall our
 dreamy minds be swayed,
 And our spirits hang vibrating like
 the sunshine with the shade.

Thou shalt sit, and, leaning o'er me,
 calmly look into my heart,
 Look as Fiesolè above us looketh on
 Val d'Arno's mart:—

Shalt behold how Love's fair river
 down the golden city goes,
 As the silent stream of Arno through
 the streets of Florence flows.

I was standing o'er the marble, in the
 twilight falling gray,
 All my hopes and all my courage
 waning from me like the day:

There I leaned across the statue, heav-
 ing many a sigh and groan,
 For I deemed the world as heartless,
 ay, as heartless as the stone!

Nay, I wellnigh thought the marble
 was a portion of my pain,
 For it seemed a frozen sorrow just
 without my burning brain.

Then a cold and death-like stupor
slowly crept along my frame,
While my life seemed passing out-
ward, like a pale reluctant
flame.

And my weary soul went from me, and
it walked the world alone,
O'er a wide and brazen desert, in a hot
and brazen zone;

There it walked and trailed its pin-
ions, slowly trailed them in the
sands,
With its hopeless eyes fixed blindly,
with its hopeless folded hands.

And there came no morn,—no evening
with its gentle stars and moon,
But the sun amid the heavens made a
broad, unbroken noon.

And anon far reaching westward, with
its weight of burning air,
Lay an old and desolate ocean with a
dead and glassy stare.

There my spirit wandered, gazing for
the goal no time might reach,
With its weary feet unsaddled on
the hard and heated beach.

This it is to feel uncared for, like a
useless wayside stone,
This it is to walk in spirit through the
desolate world alone!

Still I leaned across the marble, and
a hand was on my arm,
And my soul came back unto me as
'twere summoned by a charm:

While a voice in gentlest whisper,
breathed my name into my ear,
"Ah! Andrea, why this silence, why
this shadow and this tear?"

Then I felt that I had wronged her,
though I knew it not before;
I had feared that she would scorn me
if I told the love I bore.

I had seen her, spoken to her, only
twice or thrice perchance;
And her mien was fine and stately,
and all heaven was in her
glance.

She had praised my humble labors,
the conception and the art,—
She had said a thing of beauty
nestled ever to her heart.

And I thought one pleasant morning
when our eyes together met,
That her orbs in dewy splendor dropt
beneath their fringe of jet.

Though her form and air were noble,
yet a simple dress she wore,
Like yon maiden by the cypress,
which the vines are weeping
o'er.

And she came all unattended,—her
protection in her mien;
And with somewhat of reluctance
bade me call her name Chris-
tine.

Then that name became a music, and
my dreams went to the time,
And my brain all day made verses,
and her beauty filled the rhyme.

Never dreamed I that she loved me,
but I felt it now the more;
For her hand was laid upon me, and
her eyes were brimming o'er.

Oh, she looked into my spirit, as the
stars look in the stream,
Or as azure eyes of angels calm the
trouble of a dream.

Then I told my love unto her, and
her sighs came deep and long—
So yon peasant plays the measure,
while the other leads the song.

Then with tender words we parted,
only as true lovers can;
I for that deep love she bore me was
a braver, better man.

I had lived unloved of any, only
loving Art before;
Now I thought all things did love me,
and I loved all things the more.

I had lived accursed of Fortune, lived
in penury worse than pain;
But, when all the heaven was black-
est, down it showered in golden
rain.



CHRISTINE.

*"There for days I walked the chamber with a spirit all inflamed,
And I thought on all the subjects which the generous Duke had named—"*

I was summoned to the palace, to the
presence of the Duke,
Feeling hopes arise within me that no
grandeur could rebuke.

Down he kindly came to meet me, but
I thought the golden throne
Upon which my love had raised me,
was not lower than his own.

Then he grasped my hand with
fervor, and I gave as warm
return,
For I felt a noble nature in my very
fingers burn.

And I would not bow below him, if
I could not rise above,
For I felt within my bosom all the
majesty of Love.

"Sir," said he, "your fame has
reached me, and I fain would
test your skill—
Carve me something, Signior; follow
the free fancy of your will.

"Carve me something—an Apollo, or
a Dian with her hounds;
Or Adonis, dying, watching the
young life flow from his
wounds;—

"Or a dreamy-lidded Psyche, with
her Cupid on her knee;
Or a flying fretted Daphne, taking
refuge in the tree.

"But I will not dictate, Signior; I
can trust your taste and skill—
In the ancient armored chamber
you may carve me what you
will."

Then I thanked him as he left me—
and I walked the armored
hall—

Even I, so late neglected, walked
within the palace wall.

There were many suits of armor,
some with battered breasts and
casques;
And I thought the ancestral phantoms
smiled upon me from their
masks.

And my footsteps were elastic with
an energy divine;
Never in those breasts of iron beat a
heart as proud as mine!

There for days I walked the chamber
with a spirit all inflamed,
And I thought on all the subjects
which the generous Duke had
named—

Thought of those, and thought of
others, slowly thought them
o'er and o'er,
Till my stormy brain went throbbing
like the surf along the shore.

In despair I left the palace, sought
my humble room again,
And my gentle Christine met me, and
she smiled away my pain.

"Courage!" said she, and my courage
leapt within me as she spake,
And my soul was sworn to trial and
to triumph for her sake.

Who shall say that love is idle, or a
weight upon the mind?
Friend! the soul that dares to scorn it,
hath in idle dust reclined.

I returned, and in the chamber piled
the shapeless Adam-earth;
Piled it carelessly, not knowing to
what form it might give birth.

There I leaned, and dreamed, above it,
till the day went down the west,
And the darkness came unto me like
an old familiar guest.

But I started, for a rustle swept
athwart the solemn gloom!
And with light, like morn's horizon,
gleamed the far end of the room!

Then a heavy sea of curtain, in a
tempest rolled away!
Blessed Virgin! how I trembled! but
it was not with dismay.

And my eyes grew large and larger,
as I looked with lips apart;
And my senses drank in beauty, till
it drowned my happy heart.

There it stood, a living statue! with
its loosened locks of brown—
In an attitude angelic, with the folded
hands dropt down.

But I could not see the features, for a
veil was hanging there,
Yet so thin, that o'er the forehead I
could trace the shadowy hair.

Then the veil became a trouble, and I
wished that it were gone,
And I spake, 'twas but a whisper,
"Let thy features on me
dawn!"

And the heavy sea of drapery stormed
again across my sight,
Leaving me appalled with wonder,
breathless in the sudden night.

But for days, where'er I turned me,
still that blessed form was there,
As one looketh to the sunlight, then
beholds it everywhere.

And for days and days I labored, with
a soul in courage mailed;
And I wrought the nameless statue;
but, alas! the face was veiled.

I had tried all forms of feature—every
face of classic art—
Still the veil was there—I felt it—in
my brain, and in my heart!

Sorrowing, I left the palace, and again
I met Christine,
And she trembled as I told her of the
vision I had seen.

And she sighed, "Ah, dear Andrea,"
while she clung unto my breast,
"What if this should prove a
phantom, something fearful
and unblest—

"Something which shall pass between
us?" and she clasped me with
her arm;

"Nay," I answered, "love, I'll test
it with a most angelic charm.

"Let me gaze upon thy features, love,
and fear not for the rest;
They shall exorcise the spirit if it be
a thing unblest!"

Then I hurried to the statue, where
so often I had failed,
And I made the face of Christine, and
it stood no longer veiled!

With a flush upon my forehead, then
I called the Duke—he came,
And in rustling silks beside him
walked his tall and stately
dame;

And they looked upon the statue—
then on me with stern sur-
prise;

Then they looked upon each other
with a wonder in their eyes!

"What is this?" spake out the Duch-
ess, with her gaze fixed on the
Duke;

"What is this?" and me he ques-
tioned in a tone of sharp re-
buke.

Like a miserable echo, I the question
asked again—

And he said, "It is our daughter!
your presumption for your
pain!"

But asudden from the curtain, in her
jewelled dress complete,
Swept a maiden in her beauty, and
she dropped before his feet—

And she cried, "O! father—mother,
cast aside that frowning mien;
And forgive my own Andrea, and
forgive your child Christine!

"O! forgive us: for, believe me, all
the fault was mine alone!"

And they granted her petition, and
they blessed us as their own.

THE FAIRER LAND.

ALL the night, in broken slumber,
I went down the world of dreams,
Through a land of war and turmoil
Swept by loud and laboring streams,
Where the masters wandered, chant-
ing
Ponderous and tumultuous themes.

Chanting from unwieldy volumes
Iron maxims stern and stark,
Truths that swept, and burst, and
stumbled

Through the ancient rifted dark ;
Till my soul was tossed and worried,
Like a tempest-driven barque.

But anon, within the distance,
Stood the village vanes aflame,
And the sunshine, filled with music,
To my oriel casement came ;
While the birds sang pleasant valen-
tines
Against my window-frame.

Then by sights and sounds invited,
I went down to meet the morn,
Saw the trailing mists roll inland
Over rustling fields of corn,
And from quiet hill-side hamlets
Heard the distant rustic horn.

There, through daisied dales and by-
ways,
Met I forms of fairer mould,
Pouring songs for very pleasure—
Songs their hearts could not with-
hold—
Setting all the birds a-singing
With their delicate harps of gold.

Some went plucking little lily-bells,
That withered in the hand ;
Some, where smiled a summer ocean,
Gathered pebbles from the sand ;
Some, with prophet eyes uplifted,
Walked unconscious of the land.

Through that Fairer World I wan-
dered
Slowly, listening oft and long,
And as one behind the reapers,
Without any thought of wrong,
Loitered, gleaning for my garner
Flowery sheaves of sweetest song.

ARISE.

I.

THE shadow of the midnight hours
Falls like a mantle round my form ;
And all the stars, like autumn flowers,
Are banished by the whirling storm.

The demon-clouds throughout the sky
Are dancing in their strangled delight,
While winds unwearied play ;—but I
Am weary of the night.

Then rise, sweet maiden mine, arise,
And dawn upon me with thine eyes.

II.

The linden, like a lover, stands
And taps against thy window-
pane ;

The willow with its slender hands
Is harping on the silver rain.
I've watched thy gleaming taper die,
And hope departed with the light—
The winds unwearied play ;—but I
Am weary of the night.

Then rise, sweet maiden mine, arise,
And dawn upon me with thine eyes.

III.

The gentle morning comes apace,
And smiling bids the night depart ;
Rise, maiden, with thy orient face,
And smile the shadow from my
heart !

The clouds of night affrighted fly—
Yet darkness seals my longing
sight—

All nature gladly sings—while I
Am weary of the night.

Then rise, sweet maiden mine, arise,
And dawn upon me with thine eyes.

THE MAID OF LINDEN LANE.

LITTLE maiden, you may laugh
That you see me wear a staff,
But your laughter is the chaff
From the melancholy grain.
Through the shadows long and cool
You are tripping down to school ;
But your teacher's cloudy rule
Only dulls the shining pool
With its loud and stormy rain.

There's a higher lore to learn
Than his knowledge can discern,
There's a valley deep and dorn
In a desolate domain ;

But for this he has no chart—
 Shallow science, shallow art !
 Thither—oh, be still, my heart—
 One too many did depart
 From the halls of Linden Lane.

I can teach you better things ;
 For I know the secret springs
 Where the spirit wells and sings
 Till it overflows the brain.
 Come, when eve is closing in,
 When the spiders gray begin,
 Like philosophers, to spin
 Misty tissues, vain and thin,
 Through the shades of Linden Lane.

While you sit as in a trance,
 Where the moon-made shadows
 dance,
 From the distaff of Romance
 I will spin a silken skein :
 Down the misty years gone by
 I will turn your azure eye ;
 You shall see the changeful sky
 Falling dark or hanging high
 Over the halls of Linden Lane.

Come, and sitting by the trees,
 Over long and level leas,
 Stretched between us and the seas,
 I can point the battle plain :
 If the air comes from the shore,
 We may hear the billows roar ;
 But oh ! never, never more
 Shall the wind come as of yore
 To the halls of Linden Lane.

Those were weary days of woe,
 Ah ! yes, many years ago,
 When a cruel foreign foe
 Sent his fleets across the main.
 Though all this is in your books,
 There are countless words and looks,
 Which, like flowers in hidden nooks,
 Or the melody of brooks,
 There's no volume can retain.

Come, and if the night be fair,
 And the moon be in the air,
 I can tell you when and where
 Walked a tender loving twain :
 Though it cannot be, alas !
 Yet, as in a magic glass,
 We will sit and see them pass
 Through the long and rustling grass
 At the foot of Linden Lane.

Yonder did they turn and go,
 Through the level lawn below,
 With a stately step and slow,
 And long shadows in their train :
 Weaving dreams no thoughts could
 mar,
 Down they wandered long and far,
 Gazing toward the horizon's bar,
 On their love's appointed star,
 Rising in the Lion's Mane.

As across a summer sea,
 Love sailed o'er the quiet lea,
 Light as only love may be,
 Freighted with no care or pain.
 Such the night ; but with the morn
 Brayed the distant bugle-horn—
 Louder ! louder it was borne—
 Then were anxious faces worn
 In the halls of Linden Lane.

With the trumpet's nearer bray,
 Flashing but a league away,
 Saw we arms and banners gay
 Stretching far along the plain.
 Neighing answer to the call,
 Burst our chargers from the stall ;
 Mounted, here they leaped the wall,
 There the stream : while in the hall
 Eyes were dashed with sudden rain.

Belted for the fiercest fight,
 And with swimming plume of white,
 Passed the lover out of sight
 With the hurrying hosts amain.
 Then the thunders of the gun
 On the shuddering breezes run,
 And the clouds o'erswept the sun,
 Till the heavens hung dark and dun
 Over the halls of Linden Lane.

Few that joined the fiery fray
 Lived to tell how went the day ;
 But that few could proudly say
 How the foe had fled the plain.
 Long the maiden's eyes did yearn
 For her cavalier's return ;
 But she watched alone to learn
 That the valley deep and dearn
 Was her desolate domain.

Leave your books awhile apart ;
 For they cannot teach the heart ;
 Come, and I will show the chart
 Which shall make the mystery
 plain.

I can tell you hidden things
Which your knowledge never brings;
For I know the secret springs
Where the spirit wells and sings,
Till it overflows the brain.

Ah, yes, lightly sing and laugh—
Half a child and woman half;
But your laughter is the chaff
From the melancholy grain;
And, ere many years shall fly,
Age will dim your laughing eye,
And like me you'll totter by;
For remember, love, that I
Was the Maid of Linden Lane.

THE SWISS STREET-SINGER.

THROW up the glassy casement wide,
And fling the heavy blinds aside,
To let the sunshine and the tide
Of music through the chamber glide.
Oh, list! it is a maiden young,
Who singeth in a foreign tongue;
She poureth songs in strangest guise,
In words translated by her eyes.

Come, youth and childhood, form
the ring,
And, maidens, from the window
lean,
To bid the exile Switzer sing,
And strike the trembling tambou-
rine!

The glistening azure in her eye
Hath something of her native sky;
The music of the rill and breeze
Are mingled in her melodies;
And in her form's tall graceful lines
There's something of the mountain
pines;
And, oh, believe her soul may glow
As purely as the Alpine snow.

Come, youth and childhood, form
the ring,
And, maidens, from the window
lean,
To bid the exile Switzer sing,
And strike the trembling tambou-
rine!

Oh, gaze not on her scornfully,
For, gentle lady, like to thee,
That wandering maiden well may be
Acquaint with pain and misery,—

And sad remembrance prompts the lay
That telleth of the far away;
While wildly in her music swell
The glory, name, and land of Tell!

Then, youth and childhood, form
the ring,
And, maidens, from the window
lean,
To bid the exile Switzer sing,
And strike the trembling tambou-
rine!

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

INSCRIBED TO HENRY W. LONG-
FELLOW.

WITH thee, dear friend, though far
away,
I walk, as on some vanished day,
And all the past returns in beautiful
array.

With thee I still pace to and fro
Along the airy portico,
And gaze upon the flowers and river
winding slow.

And there, as in some fairy realm,
I hear the sweet birds overwhelm
The fainting air with music from the
lofty elm,

And hear the wingéd winds, like
bees,
Go swarming in the tufted trees,
Or dropping low away, o'erweighed
with melodies.

We walk beneath the cedar's eaves,
Where statued Ceres, with her
sheaves,
Stands sheltered in a bower of trailing
vines and leaves.

Or strolling by the garden fence,
Drinking delight with every sense,
We watch th' encamping sun throw
up his golden tents.

With thee I wander as of old,
When fall the linden's leaves of
gold,
Or when old winter whitely mantles
all the wold.

As when the low salt marsh was
mown,
With thee I idly saunter down
Between the long white village and
the towered town.

I see the sultry bridge and long,
The river where the barges throng—
The bridge and river made immortal
in thy song.

In dreams like these, of calm de-
light,
I live again the wintry night,
When all was dark without, but all
within was bright—

When she, fit bride for such as thou,
She with the quiet, queenly brow,
Read from the minstrel's page with
tuneful voice and low.

Still in the crowd or quiet nook,
I hear thy tone—behold thy look—
Thou speakest with thine eyes as from
a poet's book.

I listen to thy cheering word,
And sadness, like the affrighted
bird,
Flies fast, and flies afar, until it is
unheard.

ROSALIE.

A BALLAD.

FULL many dreamy summer days,
Full many wakeful summer nights,
Fair Rosalie had walked the ways
Wherein young Love delights.

Love took her by the willing hand—
And oft she kissed the smiling boy—
He led her through his native land,
The innocent fields of Joy.

As oft the evening tryst was set,
In cedarn grottoes far apart,
That young and lovely maiden met
The Minstrel of her heart.

Then Time, like some celestial barque,
With viewless sails and noiseless
oars,

Conveyed them through the starry
dark
Beyond the midnight shores.

And once he sang enchanted words,
In music fashioned to her choice,
Until the many dreaming birds
Learned beauty from his voice.

He sang to her of charmed realms,
Of streams and lakes discerned by
chance,
Of fleets, with golden prows and helms,
Deep freighted with romance;

Of vales, of purple mountains far,
With flowers below and stars above,
And of all homelier things that are
Made beautiful by Love;

Of rural days, when harvest sheaves
Along the heated uplands glow,
Or when the forest mourns its leaves
And nests are full of snow.

He sang how evil evermore
Keeps ambush near our holiest
ground,
But how an angel guards the door
Wherever Love is found.

Even while he sang new flowers had
bloomed,
New stars looked through the river
mist,
And suddenly the moon illumed
The temple of their tryst.

And with those flowers he crowned
her there,
With vows which Time should not
revoke;
Then from the nearest bough his hair
She bound with druid oak.

Oh, moon and stars, oh, leaves and
flowers,
Ye heard their plighted accents
then—
And heard within those sacred bowers
The tramp of armed men!

Her father spake; his angry word
The youth returned in keener heat;
But when replied the old man's sword,
The youth lay at his feet.

And as a dreamer breathless, weak,
 From some immeasured turret
 thrown,
 For very terror cannot shriek,
 Fair Rosalie dropt down.

They raised her in her drowning
 swoon,
 And placed her on a palfrey white;
 A statue, paler than the moon,
 They bore her through the night.

Loud rang the many horses' hoofs,
 Like forging hammers, fast and
 full;
 To her they seemed to tread on woofs
 Of deep and noiseless wool.

And like a fated bridal flower,
 From some betrothed bosom blown,
 They bore her to her prison tower,
 And left her there alone.

And when the cool auroral air
 Had won her tangled dreams apart,
 She found the blossoms in her hair—
 Their memory in her heart.

She rose and paced the chamber dim,
 And watched the dying moon and
 stars,
 Until the sun's broad burning rim
 Blazed through the lattice bars.

About her face the warm light stole,
 And yet her eyes no radiance won;
 For through the prison of her soul
 There streamed no morning sun.

The day went by; and o'er the vale
 She saw the rising river mist;
 And like a bride subdued and pale,
 Arrayed her for the tryst,

In nuptial robes, long wrought by
 stealth,
 With opals looped, pearl-broidered
 hems;
 And at her waist a cinctured wealth
 Of rare ancestral gems.

The stars came out, and by degrees
 She heard a distant music swell,
 While through the intervening trees
 Sang the glad chapel bell.

She heard her name, and knew the
 call:

At once the noiseless door swung
 wide;
 She passed the shadowy stair and
 hall—
 And One was at her side.

One, whose dear voice had charmed
 her long,
 And wooed her spirit to delight,
 With airs of wild unwritten song,
 On many a summer night.

They passed the village hand-in-hand;
 They gazed upon the minster towers,
 And heard behind a singing band
 Of maidens bearing flowers.

Age blessed them as they gayly passed,
 And rosy children danced before,
 Until with trembling hearts at last
 They gained the chapel door.

But music in its triumph brings
 New courage unto old and young;
 And with a rustle, as of wings,
 The choir arose and sung.

And while the anthem, loud or low,
 Swung round them like a golden
 cloud,
 They walked the aisle, subdued and
 slow,
 And at the altar bowed.

And sacred hands were o'er them
 spread,
 And blessings passed away in
 prayer,
 And then the soul of music sped
 Once more throughout the air.

It swelled and dropped and waned and
 rose,
 With flights forever skyward given,
 Like birds whose pinions spread and
 close,
 And rise thereby to heaven.

A murmur, like the soft desire
 Of leafy airs, went up the skies,
 And Rosalie beheld the choir
 On angel wings arise.

Bright angels all encompassed her,
 An angel in the altar stood,
 And all her train of maidens were
 A wingéd multitude.

The chapel walls dissolved and swept
 Away, like mists when winds arise,
 For Rosalie that hour had kept
 Her tryst in Paradise.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and
 corn

Is the lowly home where I was born;
 The peach-tree leans against the wall,
 And the woodbine wanders over all;
 There is the shaded doorway still,
 But a stranger's foot has crossed the
 sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
 I can smell the hay from the open door,
 And see the busy swallows' throng,
 And hear the peewee's mournful song;
 But the stranger comes—oh! painful
 proof—

His sheaves are piled to the heated
 roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
 Where my childhood knew long
 hours of ease,
 And watched the shadowy moments
 run

Till my life imbibed more shade than
 sun:

The swing from the bough still
 sweeps the air,
 But the stranger's children are swing-
 ing there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
 With its bulrush brook where the
 hazels grow;

'Twas there I found the calamus root,
 And watched the minnows poise and
 shoot,

And heard the robin lave his wing:—
 But the stranger's bucket is at the
 spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
 Step lightly, for I love it still;

And when you crowd the old barn
 eaves,

Then think what countless harvest
 sheaves

Have passed within that scented door
 To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;
 And when your children crowd your
 knees,

Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
 As if old memories stirred their heart:
 To youthful sport still leave the swing,
 And in sweet reverence hold the
 spring.

ENDYMION.

WHAT time the stars first flocked
 into the blue

Behind young Hesper, shepherd of
 the eve,

Sleep bathed the fair boy's lids with
 charmed dew,

'Mid flowers that all day blossomed
 to receive

Endymion.

Lo! where he lay encircled in his
 dream;

The moss was glad to pillow his
 soft hair,

And toward him leaned the lily from
 the stream,

The hanging vine waved wooing in
 the air

Endymion.

The brook that erewhile won its easy
 way,

O'erun with meadow grasses long
 and cool,

Now reeled into a fuller tide, and lay
 Caressing in its clear enamored pool

Endymion.

And all the sweet, delicious airs that
 fan

Enchanted gardens in their hour
 of bloom,

Blown through the soft invisible pipes
 of Pan,

Breathed, 'mid their mingled music
 and perfume,

Endymion.

The silvery leaves that rustled in the
light,
Sent their winged shadows o'er his
cheek entranced ;
The constellations wandered down the
night,
And whispered to the dew-drops
where they danced,
Endymion.

Lo ! there he slept, and all his flock
at will
Went star-like down the meadow's
azure mist :—
What wonder that pale Dian with a
thrill
Breathed on his lips her sudden
love, and kissed
Endymion !

HAZEL DELL.

FROM the early bells of morning,
Till the evening chimes resound,
In the busy world of labor,
For my daily bread I'm bound,
With no hopes of more possessions
Than six scanty feet of ground !

But my soul hath found an empire,
Hid between two sister hills,
Where she dreams or roams at
pleasure,
Finding whatsoe'er she wills ;
There sweet Hope her fairest promise
With a lavish hand fulfils.

And the path that windeth thither,
There's no mortal foot may tread,
For it leads to charmed valleys,
With enchanted blossoms spread,
Under groves of flowering poplars,
Through the violets' purple bed.

Overveiled with vines and water,
Dropt from many a hidden well,
Are the rocks which make the gate-
way ;
And the water's silver bell
Keeps the warder, Silence, wakeful
At the gate of Hazel Dell !

Nor may any pass the warder
Till the watchword they repeat ;

They must go arrayed like angels,
In their purity complete ;
And the stave-supported pilgrim
Lay the sandals from his feet !

And within the purple valley,
Where perpetual summer teems,
Whisper silken-tongued runnels,
Melting into larger streams,
Winding round through sun and
shadow,
Like a gentle maiden's dreams.

Then let labor hold me vassal,
Since my soul can scorn his reign !
Even fetters for the body
Were but bands of sand, and
vain,
While the spirit thus can wander,
Singing through its own domain !

In the long still hours of darkness,
Stretched from weary chime to
chime,
Thus beside my own Castalie
I can gather flowers of rhyme,
And with all their fresh dew freighted,
Fling them on the stream of time !

A GLIMPSE OF LOVE.

SHE came as comes the summer wind,
A gust of beauty to my heart ;
Then swept away, but left behind
Emotions which shall not depart.

Unheralded she came and went,
Like music in the silent night ;
Which, when the burthened air is
spent,
Bequeaths to memory its delight ;

Or, like the sudden April bow
That spans the violet-waking rain :
She bade those blessed flowers to
grow
Which may not fall or fade again.

Far sweeter than all things most
sweet,
And fairer than all things most fair,
She came and passed with footsteps
fleet,
A shining wonder in the air.

LINES TO A BLIND GIRL.

BLIND as the song of birds,
Feeling its way into the heart,—
Or as a thought ere it hath words,—
As blind thou art:—

Or as a little stream
A dainty hand might guide apart,
Or Love—young Love's delicious
dream,—
As blind thou art:—

Or as a slender barque,
Where summer's varying breezes
start—
Or blossoms blowing in the dark,—
As blind thou art:—

Or as the Hope, Desire
Leads from the bosom's crowded
mart,
Deluded Hope, that soon must tire,—
As blind thou art:—

The chrysalis that folds
The wings that shall in light depart,
Is not more blind than that which
holds
The wings within thy heart.

For when thy soul was given
Unto the earth, a beauteous trust,
To guard its matchless glory, Heaven
Endungeoned it in dust.

ONCE MORE INTO THE OPEN
AIR.

ONCE more into the open air,
Once more beneath the summer
skies,
To fields and woods and waters fair,
I come for all which toil denies.

I loiter down through sun and shade,
And where the waving pastures
bloom,
And near the mowers' swinging blade
Inhale the clover's sweet perfume.

The brook which late hath drank its
fill,
Outsings the merry birds above;

The river past the neighboring hill
Flows like a quiet dream of love.

Yon rider in the harvest plain,
The master of these woods and
fields,
Knows not how largely his domain
To me its richest fulness yields.

He garners what he reaps and mows,
But there is that he cannot take,
The love which Nature's smile be-
stows,
The peace which she alone can
make.

LOVE'S GALLERY.

PICTURE FIRST.

MIRIAM.

FAIR Miriam's was an ancient manse
Upon the open plain:
It looked to ocean's dim expanse,
Saw miles of meadow pasture dance
Beside the breezy main.

A porch, with woodbines overgrown,
Faced eastward to the shore;
While autumn's sun, through foliage
brown,
'Twixt leaf and lattice flickered down
To tessellate the floor.

There walked fair Miriam;—as she
stept,
A rustle thrilled the air;
Rare, starry gems her tresses kept,
While o'er her brow a crescent swept
The darkness of her hair.

But she too oft had paced the hall
To ponder chronicles which Time
Had given at many an interval—
Ancestral shadows on the wall
Looking their pride sublime.

And she too well had learned their
look,
And wore upon her tender age
A haughtiness I could not brook—
I said, It is a glorious book,
But dared not trust the page.

PICTURE SECOND.

BERTHA.

Mild Bertha's was a home withdrawn
Beyond the city's din ;
Tall Lombard trees hemmed all the
lawn,
And up the long straight walks a
dawn
Of blossoms shone within.

Along the pebble paths the maid
Walked with the early hours,
With careful hands the vines arrayed,
And plucked the small intruding
blade
From formal plots of flowers.

A statued Dian to the air
Bequeathed its mellow light ;
She called the flying figure fair,
The forward eyes and backward
hair,
And praised the marble's white.

Her pulses coursed their quiet ways,
From heart to brain controlled ;
She read and praised in studied phrase
The bards whom it were sin to praise
In measured words and cold.

I love the broad bright world of snow,
And every strange device
Which makes the woods a frozen
show,
The rivers hard and still—but, oh,
Ne'er loved a heart of ice.

PICTURE THIRD.

MELANIE.

Within a dusky grove, where wound
Great centenarian vines,
Binding the shadows to the ground,
The dark-eyed Melanie was found
Walking between the pines.

A sudden night of hair was thrown
About her shining neck ;
All woes she buried in her own—
Her sea of sadness carried down
All lighter thoughts to wreck.

The past was hers ; the coming years
No golden promise brought :—
She gazed upon the midnight spheres
To read her future ; and the tears
Sprang vassals to her thought.

She heard all night through her do-
main
The river moan below ;
The whippoorwill and owl's strain
Filled up the measure of her pain
In streams of fancied woe.

Thus as the mournful Melanie
Swept through my waking dream,
I said, Oh soul, still wander free,
It is not written thou shalt see
Thy image in this stream.

PICTURE FOURTH.

AURELIA.

Where flamed a field of flowers—and
where
Sang noisy birds and brooks—
Aurelia to the frolic air
Shook down her wanton waves of hair,
With laughter-loving looks.

Her large and lustrous eyes of blue,
Dashed with the dew of mirth,
Bequeathed to all their brilliant hue ;
She saw no shades, nor even knew
She walked the heavy earth.

Her ringing laughter woke the dells
When fell the autumn blight ;—
She sang through all the rainy spells—
For her the snow was full of bells
Of music and delight.

She swept on her bewildering way,
By every pleasure kissed,—
Making a mirth of night and day ;
A brook all sparkle and all spray,
Dancing itself to mist.

I love all bright and happy things,
And joys which are not brief ;
All sights and sounds whence pleasure
springs ;
But weary of the harp whose strings
Are never tuned to grief.

PICTURE FIFTH.

AMY.

Round Amy's home were pleasant
trees—

A quiet summer space
Of garden flowers and toiling bees ;
Below the yellow harvest leas
Waved welcome to the place.

And Amy she was very fair,
With eyes nor dark nor blue ;
And in her wavy chestnut hair
Were braided blossoms, wild and rare,
Still shimmering with the dew.

Her pride was the unconscious guise
Which to the pure is given :
Her gentle prudence broke to sighs,
And smiles were native to her eyes,
As are the stars to heaven.

Here, love, said I, thy rest shall be,
Oh, weary, world-worn soul !
Long tossed upon this shifting sea,
Behold, at last the shore for thee
Displays the shining goal.

Dear Amy, lean above me now,
And smooth aside my hair,
And bless me with thy tender vow,
And kiss all memories from my brow,
Till thou alone art there.

THE MINERS.

BURROW, burrow, like the mole,
Ye who shape the columned caves !
Ye are black with clinging coal,
Black as fiery Afric's slaves !
Sink the shadowy shaft afar
Deep into our native star !
Rend her iron ribs apart,
Where her hidden treasures are,
Nestled near her burning heart !
Dig, nor think how forests grow
Above your heads—how waters flow
Responsive to the song of birds—
How blossoms paint in silent words
What hearts may feel but cannot
know !

Dig ye, where no day is seen ;
Vassals in the train of Night,
Build the chambers for your Queen,

Where with starless locks she lies,
Robbed of all her bright disguise !
There no precious dew alight,
None but what the cavern weeps,
Down its scarred and dusky face !
There's no bird in all the place ;
Not a simple flower ye mark,
Not a shrub or vine that creeps
Through the long, long Lapland dark !
Burrow, burrow, like the mole,
Dark of face, but bright of soul !
Labor is not mean or low !
Ye achieve, with every blow,
Something higher than ye know !
Though your sight may not extend
Through your labors to the end,
Every honest stroke ye give,
Every peril that ye brave
In the dark and dangerous cave,
In some future good shall live !

THE WINNOWER.

SINGS a maiden by a river,
Sings and sighs alternately ;
In my heart shall flow forever,
Like a stream, her melody.
In her hair of flaxen hue
Tend'rest buds and blossoms gleam ;
And her beauty glows as through
Hazy splendors of a dream.
Like her melody's rich bars—
Or a golden flood of stars,—
Rustling like a summer rain,
Through her fingers falls the grain,
Swells her voice in such sweet measure,
I must join for very pleasure ;
But my lay shall be of her,
Bright and lovely Winnower !

When her song to laughter merges,
Melts the music of her tongue,
Like a streamlet's silver surges
Over golden pebbles flung.
From her hands the grainless chaff
On the light winds dances free ;
But a sigh will check her laugh.—
" So much worthlessness, ah me,
Mingles with the good ! " saith she.
Yet the grain is fair to see.
Laughter, like some sweet surprise,
Lights again her dewy eyes,
And her song hath drowned her sighs ;
Therefore will I sing of her,
Bright and lovely Winnower !

Down beside as fair a river
 Sings the Maiden Poesy ;
 In my heart shall flow forever
 Her undying melody.
 Through her rosy fingers fall
 Golden grains of richest thought ;
 While the grainless chaff is all
 By the scattering breezes caught :—
 “ So much worthlessness, ah me,
 Mingles with the good ! ” saith she.
 Yet the grain is bright to see.
 Therefore laughs she merrily !
 Laughs and sings in such sweet measure,
 I must join for very pleasure—
 While my heart keeps time with her,
 I will praise the Winnower !

FRAGMENTS FROM THE REALM OF DREAMS.

“ The baseless fabric of a vision.”

OFt have I wandered through the
 Realm of Dreams,
 By shadowy mountains and clear
 running streams,
 Catching at times strange transitory
 gleams
 Of Eden vistas, glimmering through
 a haze
 Of floral splendor, where the birds,
 ablaze
 With color, streaked the air, like fly-
 ing stars,
 With momentary bars ;
 And heard low music breathe above,
 around,
 As if the air within itself made
 sound,—
 As if the soul of Melody were pent
 Within some unseen instrument
 Hung in a viewless tower of air,
 And with enchanted pipes beguiled
 its own despair.
 But stranger than all other dreams
 which led,
 Asleep or waking, my adventurous
 tread,
 Were these which came of late to
 me
 Through fields of slumber, and did
 seem to be
 Wrapped in an awful robe of prophecy.

I walked the woods of March, and
 through the boughs
 The earliest bird was calling to his
 spouse ;
 And in the sheltered nooks
 Lay spots of snow,
 Or with a noiseless flow
 Stole down into the brooks ;
 And where the spring-time sun had
 longest shone
 The violet looked up and found itself
 alone.
 Anon I came unto a noisy river,
 And felt the bridge beneath me sway
 and quiver ;
 Below, the hungry waters howled
 and hissed,
 And upward blew a blinding cloud
 of mist ;
 But there the friendly Iris built its
 arch,
 And I in safety took my onward
 march.
 Now coming to a mighty hill,
 Along the shelvy pathway of a rill
 Which danced itself to foam and spray,
 I clomb my steady way.
 It may be that the music of the brook
 Gave me new strength—it may be
 that I took
 Fresh vigor from the mountain air
 Which cooled my cheek and fanned
 my hair ;
 Or was it that adown the breeze
 Came sounds of wondrous melodies,—
 Strange sounds as of a maiden’s voice
 Making her mountain home rejoice ?
 Following that sweet strain, I
 mounted still
 And gained the highest hemlocks of
 the hill,
 Old guardians of a little lake, which
 sent
 Adown the brook its crystal merri-
 ment,
 Blessing the valley where the planter
 went
 Sowing the furrowed mould and
 whistling his content.
 Through underwood of laurel, and
 across
 A little lawn shoe-deep with sweetest
 moss,
 I passed, and found the lake, which,
 like a shield
 Some giant long had ceased to wield,

Lay with its edges sunk in sand and
stone,
With ancient roots and grasses over-
grown ;
But far more beautiful and rare
Than any strange device that e'er
Glittered upon the azure field
Of ancient warrior's polished shield,
Was the fair vision which did lie
Embossed upon the burnished lake,
And in its sweet repose did make
A second self that sang to the in-
verted sky.
Not she who lay on banks of thorn-
less flowers
Ere stole the serpent into Eden's
bowers ;
Not she who rose from Neptune's
deep abodes,
The wonder of Olympian Gods ;
Nor all the fabled nymphs of wood
or stream
Which blest the Arcadian's dream,
Could with that floating form com-
pare,
Lying with her golden harp and
hair
Bright as a cloud in the sunset air.
Her tresses gleamed with many
stars,
And on her forehead one, like Mars,
A lovely crown of light spread
Around her shining head.
And now she touched her harp and
sung
Strange songs in a forgotten tongue ;
And as my spirit heard, it seemed
To feel what it had lived or dreamed
In other worlds beyond our skies,—
In ancient spheres of Paradise ;
And as I gazed upon her face,
It seemed that I could dimly trace
Dear lineaments long lost of yore
Upon some unremembered shore,
Beyond an old and infinite sea,
In the realm of an unknown century.
For very joy I clapped my hands,
And leaped upon the nearer sands !—
A moment, and the maiden glanced
Upon me where I stood entranced ;
Then noiselessly as moonshine falls
Adown the ocean's crystal walls,
And with no stir or wave attended,
Slowly through the lake descended ;
Till from her hidden form below
The waters took a golden glow,

As if the star which made her fore-
head bright
Had burst and filled the lake with
light !
Long standing there I watched in
vain,—
The vision would not rise again.

Again, in sleep, I walked by singing
streams,
And it was May-day in my Realm of
Dreams :—
The flowering pastures and the trees
Were full of noisy birds and bees ;
And, swinging roses, like sweet
censers, went
The village children making merri-
ment,
Followed by older people ;—as they
passed
One beckoned, and I joined the last.
We crossed the meadow, crossed the
brook,
And through the scented woodland
took
Our happy way, until we found
An open space of vernal ground ;
And there around the flowery pole
I joined the joyous throng and sang
with all my soul !
But when the little ones had crowned
their queen,
And danced their mazes to the
wooded scene
To hunt the honeysuckles, and carouse
Under the spice-wood boughs,—
I turned, and saw with wondering
eye
A maiden in a bower near by
Wreathed with unknown blossoms,
such as bloom
In orient isles with wonderful per-
fume.
And she was very beautiful and
bright ;
And in her face was much of that
strange light
Which on the mountain lake had
blessed my sight :
Her speech was like the echo of that
song
Which on the hill-side made me
strong.
Now with a wreath, now with a coin
she played,
Pursuing a most marvellous trade—

Buying the lives of young and old,
Some with Fame, and some with gold!
And there with trembling steps I came,
But ere I asked for gold or fame,
Or ere I could announce my name,
The wreath fell withered from her
head,
And from her face the mask was shed;
Her mantle dropped—and lo! the
morning sun
Looked on me through a nameless
skeleton!

Again I stood within the Realm of
Dreams,
At midnight, on a huge and shadowy
tower;
And from the east the full moon shed
her beams,
And from the sky a wild meteoric
shower
Startled the darkness; and the night
Was full of ominous voices and
strange light,
Like to a madman's brain;—below,
Prophetic tongues proclaiming woe
Echoed the sullen roar
Of Ocean on the neighboring shore;
And in the west a forest caught the
sound,
And bore it to its utmost bound.
And then, for hours, all stood as to
behold
Some great event by mighty seers
foretold;
And all the while the moon above
the sea
Grew strangely large and red,—and
suddenly,
Followed by a myriad stars,
Swung at one sweep into the western
sky,
And, widening with a melancholy
roar,
Broke to a hundred flaming bars,
Grating the heavens as with a
dungeon door.
Then to that burning gate
A radiant spirit came, and through
the grate
Smiled till I knew the Angel, Fate!
And in its hand a golden key it bore
To open that celestial door.
Sure, I beheld that angel thrice;
Twice met on earth, it mocked me
twice;

But now behind those bars it beamed
Such love as I had never dreamed,
Smiling my prisoned soul to peace
With eyes that promised quick re-
lease;
And looks thus spake to looks, where
lips on earth were dumb:
"Behold, behold, the hour is come!"

"COME, GENTLE TREMBLER."

COME, gentle trembler, come—for,
see,
Our hearts have lost their native
fires;
The vacant world invites us,—we
Must go the heirless heirs of count-
less sires.

Let us away, the wild wolf's home
Were not so desolate as ours;
Beside the singing brooks we'll roam,
And seek a sweet community of
flowers.

Here are the dwellings whence the
few
We loved, departed; where they
lead
We follow—these their tombs;—but
who
Shall write our epitaphs, and who
shall read?

Hark, how the light winds flow and ebb
Along the open halls forlorn!
See how the spider's dusty web
Floats at the casement, tenantless
and torn!

The old, old Sea, as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with its foamy
lips,
And, knocking at the vacant piers,
Calls for its long-lost multitude of
ships.

Against the stone-ribbed wharf, one
hull
Throbs to its ruin like a breaking
heart:
Oh, come, my breast and brain are full
Of sad response—Let Silence keep
the mart!

THE FROZEN GOBLET.

THE night was dark, the winds were
loud,
The storm hung low in a swinging
cloud;
The blaze on my chamber lamp was
dim,

And athwart my brain began to swim
Those visions that only swim and sweep
Under the wavering wings of Sleep:—
And suddenly into my presence came
A Spectre, thin as that dismal flame
That burns and beams, a moving lamp,
Where the dreary fogs of night en-
camp.

Her lips were pale, her cheeks were
white,

Her eyes were full of phantom light.
Once, twice, thrice,

A goblet wrought to a rare device
She held to fevered lips of mine;
But mocked them with its frozen wine,
Till they were numb on the dusky ice.

I could not speak, I could not stir,
I could do nought but look at her;
Nought but look in her wonderful
eyes,

And lose me in their mysteries.
The goblet shone, the goblet glowed,
But from its rim no liquid flowed.
Its sides were bright with pictures rare
Of demons foul and angels fair,
And Life and Death o'er Youth con-
tending,

And Love on luminous wings descend-
ing,

Celestial cities with golden domes,
And caverns full of laboring gnomes.

Once, twice, thrice,
That goblet wrought to a rare device
She held to fevered lips of mine,
But mocked them with its frozen wine,
Till they were numb on the dusky ice.

Loud rang the bell through the stormy
air,

And the clock replied on the shadowy
stair,

And Chanticleer awoke and flung
The echo from its silvery tongue.
All nature with a sudden noise
Proclaimed the momentary poise
Of that invisible beam, that weighs
At midnight the divided days.

The Phantom beckoned and turned
away,

I had no power to speak or stay:—
We passed the dusky corridor,
Her sandal gems illumed the floor,
And with a ruddy, phosphor light,
The frozen goblet lit the night.

Once, twice, thrice,
That goblet wrought to a rare device
She held to fevered lips of mine,
But mocked them with its frozen wine,
Till they were numb on the dusky ice.

She led me through enchanted woods,
Through deep and haunted solitudes,
By threatening cataracts, and the
edges

Of high and dizzy mountain ledges,
And over bleak and perilous ridges,
To frail and air-suspended bridges,
Where, in the muffled dark beneath,
Invisible rivers talked of death,
Until, for very sympathy
With the unfathomed mystery,
I cried, "Here I resign my breath,
Here let me taste the cup of Death!"

Once, twice, thrice,
That goblet wrought to a rare device
She held again to lips of mine,
But mocked them with its frozen wine,
Till they were numb on the dusky ice.

And then a voice within me said,
"Wouldst thou journey to the dead?—
Shed this mantle, and pass forever
Into the black, eternal river?—
For very sympathy, depart
From the tumult of this heart?
Know'st thou not that mightier river,
Rolling on in darkness ever,
Ever sweeping, coiling, boiling,
Howling, fretting, wailing, toiling,
Where every wave that breaks on
shore

Is a human heart that can bear no
more?"

Once, twice, thrice,
That goblet wrought to a rare device
She held to fevered lips of mine,
But mocked them with the frozen
wine,
Till they were numb on the dusky ice.

And then in sorrow and shame I
cried,
"Oh, take me to that river's side,

And I will shun the languid shore,
And plunge me into the dark uproar,
And drink of the waters till they
impart

A generous sense, and a human heart."

And all at once, around me rose
A mingled mutiny of woes,
And my soul discerned these sounds
to be

The wail of a wide humanity;
Till my bosom heaved responsive
sighs,

And tremulous tears were in my eyes.
Once, twice, thrice,

That goblet wrought to a rare device
She held to fevered lips of mine,
And at their instant touch, the wine
Flowed freely from the dusky ice.

I drank new life, I could not stop,
But drained it to its latest drop,
Till the Phantom with the goblet rare
Dissolved into the shadowy air—
Dissolved into the outer gloom,
And once more I was in my room;
Yet oft before my waking eyes
The figures of that goblet rise—
The angels and the fiends at strife,
And Youth 'twixt warring Death and
Life—

The domes—the gnomes—mysterious
things!

And Love descending on bright wings.
Once, twice, thrice,

That goblet wrought to a rare device
Fair Memory holds to lips of mine,
And bathes them with the sacred wine,
The tribute of that dusky ice.

THE CITY OF THE HEART.

THE heart is a city teeming with life—
Through all its gay avenues, rife
With gladness

And innocent madness,
Bright beings are passing along,
Too fleeting and fair for the eye to
behold,

While something of Paradise sweet-
ens their song,

They are gliding away with their wild
gushing ditty,

Out of the city,
Out of the beautiful gates of gold!

Through gates that are ringing
While to and fro swinging,
Swinging and ringing ceaselessly,
Like delicate hands that are clapped
in glee,
Beautiful hands of infancy!

The heart is a city—and gay are
the feet

That dance along
To the joyous beat
Of the timbrel that giveth a pulse
to song.

Bright creatures enwreathed
With flowers and mirth,
Fair maidens bequeathed
With the glory of earth,
Sweep through the long street, and
singing await,

A moment await at the wonderful
gate;

Every second of time there comes to
depart

Some form that no more shall revisit
the heart!

They are gliding away and breathing
farewell—

How swiftly they pass
Through the gates of brass,
Through gates that are ringing
While to and fro swinging,
And making deep sounds, like the
half-stifed swell

Of the far-away ring of a gay mar-
riage bell!

The heart is a city with splendor
bedight,

Where tread martial armies arrayed
for the fight,

Under banner-hung arches,
To war-kindling marches,
To the fife and the rattle

Of drums, with gay colors unfurled,
On, eager for battle,

To smite their bright spears on the
spears of the world!

Through noontime, through mid-
night, list, and thou'lt hear

The gates swing in front, then clang
in the rear.

Like a bright river flowing,
The war host is going,
And like to that river,
Returning, ah, never!

Through daylight and darkness low
thunder is heard
From the city that flings
Her iron-wrought wings,
Flapping the air like the wings of a
bird!

The heart is a city—how sadly and
slow,
To and fro,
Covered with rust, the solemn gates
go!
With meek folded palms,
With heads bending lowly,
Strange beings pass slowly
Through the dull avenues, chanting
their psalms;
Sighing and mourning, they follow
the dead
Out of the gates that fall heavy as
lead—
Passing, how sadly, with echoless
tread,
The last one is fled!
No more to be opened, the gates softly
close,
And shut in a stranger who loves the
repose;
With no sigh for the past, with no
countenance of pity,
He spreads his black flag o'er the des-
olate city!

THE BEGGAR OF NAPLES.

THE music of the marriage bell
Woke all the morning air to pleasure,
And breasts there were that rose and
fell
To the delightful measure.
Oh, well it were if they might hear
alway
The music of their nuptial day
Flowing, as o'er enchanted lakes and
streams
Out of the land of dreams—
Sweet sounds that melt but never
cease,
Dropped from celestial bells of peace.
Oh, well it were if those rare bridal
flowers
Had drunken deep of life's perpetual
dews,
Had drunken of those charmed show-
ers

Forever falling in ambrosial hues
Through the far loving skies,
Beyond the flaming walls of long-lost
Paradise;
Or grown beside that fabled river
Where it is spring-time ever;
Where, when the aged pilgrim stooped
and drank,
He rose again upon that primrose
bank
In all the bloom of youth to bloom
forever.
Ah, well for Beauty's transient bowers
If they might bud and blow in life's
autumnal hours:—
For she who wore that bridal wreath
Was Naples' noblest child;
The fairest maid that e'er beguiled
An Abbot of a prayerful breath.
And he who rode beside her there
Was Fame and Fortune's richest
heir;
One who had come from foreign
realms afar
To dazzle like a new-discovered star.
Yet as they passed between the crowd
He looked not scornfully nor proud,
But to the beggars thronging every
side
Scattered the golden coin in plenteous
rain,
And smiled to see their joy insane.
And, passing, thus addressed the
bride:—

"The merry bells make music sweet,
But never to the beggar's ear
Fell music half so sweet and clear
As the chime of gold when it strikes
the street;
It drives their hearts to swifter swing-
ing,
And fills their brains with gladder
ringing
Than ever bells will swing or ring,
Even though the sturdy sacristan
Should labor the very best he can
To chime for the wedding of a king.
Such sights to me will always bring
The story of a beggar, who
Perchance has oftimes begged of
you;
And here the tale may well be told,
To while away this idle gait
That keeps us from our happy fate:
For Time is very lame and old

Whene'er the surly graybeard brings
A prayed-for pleasure on his wings;
But robbing us of a joy can flee
As fleet of foot as Mercury.

"Avoiding every wintry shade,
The lazzaroni crawled to sunny
spots,—

At every corner miserable knots
Pursued their miserable trade,
And held the sunshine in their asking
palms,
Which gave unthanked its glowing
alms,

Thawing the blood until it ran
As wine within a vintage runs.
And there was one among that beg-
ging clan,

One of Italia's listless dreamy sons,
A native Neapolitan—
A boy whose cheeks had drawn their
olive tan

From fifteen summer suns.
Long had he stood with naked feet
Upon the lava of the street,
With shadowy eyes cast down,
Making neither a smile nor frown,
And in the crowd he stood alone,
Alone with empty hanging hands,
And through his brain the idle
dreams

Slid down like idle sands,
Or hung like mists o'er sleeping
streams

In uninhabitable lands.
To him, I ween, the same,
All seasons went and came;
Nor did ambition's pomp and show
Disturb his fancy's tranquil flow;
For, like the blossom of the soil,
Existence was his only toil.

"One morn (the bells had summoned
all to mass)

He knelt before the old cathedral
door—

At such a place the wealthier who
pass

Will throw a pious pittance to the
poor,

Who kneel with face demure,
With their mute eyes and hands say-
ing their 'alas!'

Oh, beautiful it was to see him there,
Looking his wordless prayer,

With solemn head depressed,
And hands laid crosswise on his
breast,—

Such figures saw Murillo in his dream,
The painter and the pride of Spain;
With such he made his living canvas
gleam,
As canvas touched by man may never
gleam again.

"Upon the beggar's heart the matin
hymn

Fell faint and dim,
As when upon some margin of the
sea

The fisher breathes the briny air,
And hears the far waves' symphony,
But hears it unaware.

The music from the lofty aisle,
And all the splendor of the sacred
pile,—

The pictures hung at intervals
Like windows, giving from the walls
Clear glimpses of the days ago,
From that blest hour when over Beth-
lehem shone

The shepherds' Star, until that darker
time

When groaned the earth aloud with
agony sublime:

All were unheeded,
And came, but as his breath;
Or if there came a thought, that
thought unheeded

Even in its birth met death.

The names of Raphael,—Angelo,—
Lorraine,—

Da Vinci,—Rosa,—Titian,—and the
rest,

Are sounds to thrill the Italian's soul
and brain

With all the impulse native to his
breast;

And Dante,—Petrarch,—these are
mighty names

The meanest tongue with a true pride
proclaims;

And Ariosto's song a loved bequest;
And Tasso's sung by all—by all is
loved and blest.

But what cared he, the sunburnt beg-
gar boy?

All these bequeathed no other joy
Than did the silent stars,
Or morn or evening with their golden
bars,

Or the great azure arch of day,
Or his own bright, unrivalled bay,
Or old Vesuvius' deathless flames—
And these to him alone were empty
sights and names.

"Few were there who did any alms
bestow,
For few will hear accustomed sounds
of woe;

Yet there was one among that few
Who but a moment stopped,
And in the beggar's hands the silver
dropped,

And shed the benediction of her smile.
Such smile as hers might well renew
A heart to its lost light, and might
beguile

The shadow of a mourner's hour;
Such smiles are like the blessed dew
By evening shed upon a wayside
flower,

Sinking to the heart of hearts with a
miraculous power.

The earliest primrose of the spring,
Which at the brook-side suddenly in
sight

Gleams like a water sprite;
And the first herald bird on southern
wing,

Chanting his wild, enthusiastic rhyme
About the summer-time—

Wake in the soul an instant, deep de-
light!

But there are eyes whose first sweet
look

Outshines the primrose by the brook;
And there are lips whose simplest
words

Outrival even the spring-time birds.
Ah, well, I ween, the beggar felt their
power,

And wore them in his heart from that
bright hour.

She passed—a maiden very young
and fair,

Of an illustrious house the pride and
heir;

She passed—but ah, she left
The miserable boy bereft!—

Bereft of all that quiet which had lain
Like a low mist within his brain,—
The idle fogs of some rank weedy
isle

Hanging on the breezeless atmosphere,
Over a miasmatic mere;—

All this beauty of her smile
Had blown into a storm that would
not rest again.

At once upstarting from his knees,
He watched her as she went;
The blood awakened from its slothful
ease,

Through all his frame a flaming flood
was sent.

He stood as with a statue's fixed sur-
prise,
Great wonder making marble in his
eyes!

She, like a morn, had dawned upon
his soul;

And now he saw the marvellous whole
Of that mysterious land,
And felt a sense of awe, as they who
stand

For the first time upon an alien
strand,—

Some sailor of a foreign sea,
Who, from the smooth waves swing-
ing lazily,

Is thrown upon a shore
Where life is full of noise and strife
for evermore.

He stood awake; and suddenly there
burst

The music of the organ on his brain,
And into every sense athirst
Dispensed a welcome rain.

Now that his soul had passed from its
eclipse,

All things at once became a glorious
show;

Now could he see the sainted pictures
glow;

And instantly unto his lips
Rolled fragments of old song—
Fragments which had been thrown
Into his heart unknown,
And buried there had lain in silence
deep and long.

"He saw his fellows kneel where he
had knelt

With tattered garb and supplicating
air;

And for the first time in his life he felt
How mean was his attire, and that
his feet were bare.

He sighed, and bit his lips, and passed
away;

And from that day
His fellows idly as before,

Without a hope, without a care,
 Stood clustered in the sunny air,
 But there the beggar boy was seen no
 more.

“His childhood, like a dry and sandy
 bar,
 Lay all behind him as he hurled
 His soul's hot barque to sea, and wide
 unfurled
 The straining sail upon a billowy
 world.
 And now he joined the sacred fleet
 afar,
 And 'mid tempestuous waves of war
 Defied the Saracen and Death,
 And won the warrior's laurel wreath,
 And gave his beggar name to Fame's
 industrious breath.

“Years came and went, and no one
 missed the boy,
 Nor wept his long farewell;
 They little guessed how much their joy
 Was of his deeds to tell.
 And when he knew his native town
 Had learned to talk of his renown,
 The youth a bearded man returned;
 And more than for renown he yearned
 To see that blessed smile again
 Which erst made beauty in his brain,
 And ever in the van of war
 Had shone a most propitious star.
 He came, and she of whom he long
 had dreamed
 With hopes which nought could e'er
 destroy,
 In brighter beauty on him beamed,
 And blessed him with a deeper joy;
 Even she, the noblest lady of the land,
 Bestowed on him her virgin hand!
 Ah, sure it was the fairest alms
 That ever blessed a beggar's palms!

“To him the chime which filled the
 skies
 Upon his nuptial morn,
 When down the loving breezes borne,
 Did seem to be by angels rung
 From silver bells of Paradise,
 In golden turrets hung.
 And she, who woke the boy to man,
 As little dreamed, I guess, as now,
 My gentle lady, as dost thou,
 How proud she was to wed that bare-
 foot Neapolitan.”

THE BRICKMAKER.

I.

LET the blinded horse go round
 Till the yellow clay be ground,
 And no weary arms be folded
 Till the mass to brick be moulded.

In no stately structures skilled,
 What the temple we would build?
 Now the massive kiln is risen—
 Call it palace—call it prison;
 View it well: from end to end
 Narrow corridors extend,—
 Long, and dark, and smothered
 aisles:—

Choke its earthly vaults with piles
 Of the resinous yellow pine;
 Now thrust in the fettered fire—
 Harken! how he stamps with ire,
 Treading out the pitchy wine;
 Wrought anon to wilder spells,
 Hear him shout his loud alarms;
 See him thrust his glowing arms
 Through the windows of his cells.

But his chains at last shall sever;
 Slavery lives not forever;
 And the thickest prison wall
 Into ruin yet must fall;
 Whatsoever falls away
 Springeth up again, they say;
 Then, when this shall break asunder,
 And the fire be freed from under,
 Tell us what imperial thing
 From the ruin shall upspring?

There shall grow a stately building,
 Airy dome and columned walls;
 Mottoes writ in richest gilding
 Blazing through its pillared halls.

In those chambers, stern and dreaded,
 They, the mighty ones, shall stand;
 There shall sit the hoary-headed
 Old defenders of the land.

There shall mighty words be spoken,
 Which shall thrill a wondering
 world;
 Then shall ancient bonds be broken,
 And new banners be unfurled.

But anon those glorious uses
 In these chambers shall lie dead,

And the world's antique abuses,
Hydra-headed, rise instead.

But this wrong not long shall linger—
The old capitol must fall;
For, behold! the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall!

II.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded—
Till the heavy walls be risen,
And the fire is in his prison:
But when break the walls asunder,
And the fire is freed from under,
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring?

There shall grow a church whose
steeple
To the heaven shall aspire;
And shall come the mighty people
To the music of the choir.

On the infant, robed in whiteness,
Shall baptismal waters fall,
While the child's angelic brightness
Sheds a halo over all.

There shall stand enwreathed in marriage
Forms that tremble—hearts that
thrill;

To the door Death's sable carriage
Shall bring forms and hearts grown
still!

Decked in garments richly glistening,
Rustling wealth shall walk the
aisle;

And the poor without stand listening,
Praying in their hearts the while.

There the veteran shall come weekly
With his cane, oppressed and poor,
'Mid the horses standing meekly,
Gazing through the open door.

But these wrongs not long shall linger—

The presumptuous pile must fall;
For, behold! the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall!

III.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded—
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring?

Not the hall with columned chambers,
Starred with words of liberty,
Where the freedom-canting members
Feel no impulse of the free;

Not the pile where souls in error
Hear the words, "Go, sin no more!"
But a dusky thing of terror,
With its cells and grated door.

To its inmates each to-morrow
Shall bring in no tide of joy.
Born in darkness and in sorrow,
There shall stand the fated boy.

With a grief too loud to smother,
With a throbbing, burning head—
There shall groan some desperate
mother,
Nor deny the stolen bread!

There the veteran, a poor debtor,
Marked with honorable scars,
Listening to some clanking fetter,
Shall gaze idly through the bars:

Shall gaze idly, not demurring,
Though with thick oppression
bowed;
While the many, doubly erring,
Shall walk honored through the
crowd.

Yet these wrongs not long shall linger—
The benighted pile must fall;
For, behold! the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall!

IV.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded—

Till the heavy walls be risen
 And the fire is in his prison.
 Capitol, and church, and jail,
 Like our kiln at last shall fail;
 Every shape of earth shall fade;
 But the Heavenly Temple made
 For the sorely tried and pure,
 With its Builder shall endure!

SONG FOR A SABBATH MORNING.

ARISE, ye nations, with rejoicing
 rise,
 And tell your gladness to the listening
 skies;
 Come out, forgetful of the week's tur-
 moil,
 From halls of mirth and iron gates
 of toil;
 Come forth, come forth, and let your
 joy increase
 Till one loud pæan hails the day of
 peace.
 Sing, trembling age, ye youths and
 maidens sing;
 Ring, ye sweet chimes, from every
 belfry ring;
 Pour the grand anthem till it soars
 and swells,
 And heaven seems full of great aerial
 bells!

Behold the Morn from orient cham-
 bers glide,
 With shining footsteps, like a radiant
 bride;
 The gladdened brooks proclaim her on
 the hills,
 And every grove with choral welcome
 thrills.
 Rise, ye sweet maidens, strew her path
 with flowers,
 With sacred lilies from your virgin
 bowers;
 Go, youths, and meet her with your
 olive boughs;
 Go, age, and greet her with your
 holiest vows;—
 See where she comes, her hands upon
 her breast,
 The sainted Sabbath comes, and
 smiles the world to rest.

THE NAMELESS.

COME fill, my merry friends, to-night,
 And let the winds unheeded blow,
 And we will wake the deep delight
 Which true hearts only know.
 And ere the passing wine be done,
 Come drink to those most fair and
 dear,
 And I will pledge a cup to one
 Who shall be nameless here.

Come fill, nor let the flagon stand,
 Till pleasure's voice shall drown
 the wind,
 Nor heed old Winter's stormy hand
 Which shakes the window-blind.
 And down the midnight hour shall
 run
 The brightest moments of the year;
 While I will fill, my friends, to one
 Who shall be nameless here.

Pledge you to lips that smile in sleep,
 Whose dreams have strewed your
 path with flowers,
 And to those sacred eyes that weep
 Whene'er your fortune lowers;
 And charm the night, ere it be done,
 With names that are forever dear,
 While I must pour and quaff to one
 Who shall be nameless here.

To her I proudly poured the first
 Inspiring beaker of the Rhine,
 And still it floods my veins as erst
 It filled the German vine.
 And when her memory, like the sun,
 Shall widen down my dying year,
 My latest cup will be to one
 Who shall be nameless here.

INDIAN SUMMER.

It is the season when the light of
 dreams
 Around the year in golden glory
 lies;—
 The heavens are full of floating
 mysteries,
 And down the lake the veiled splendor
 beams!
 Like hidden poets lie the hazy
 streams,

Mantled with mysteries of their
own romance,
While scarce a breath disturbs their
drowsy trance.
The yellow leaf which down the soft
air gleams,
Glides, wavers, falls, and skims the
unruffled lake.
Here the frail maples and the faith-
ful firs
By twisted vines are wed. The russet
brake
Skirts the low pool; and starred
with open burrs
The chestnut stands—But when the
north wind stirs,
How, like an arméd host, the sum-
moned scene shall wake!

A MORNING, BUT NO SUN.

THE morning comes, but brings no
sun;
The sky with storm is overrun;
And here I sit in my room alone,
And feel, as I hear the tempest moan,
Like one who hath lost the last and
best,
The dearest dweller from his breast!
For every pleasant sight and sound,
The sorrows of the sky have drowned;
The bell within the neighboring
tower
Falls blurred and distant through the
shower;
Look where I will, hear what I may,
All, all the world seems far away!
The dreary shutters creak and swing,
The windy willows sway and fling
A double portion of the rain
Over the weeping window-pane.
But I, with gusty sorrow swayed,
Sit hidden here, like one afraid,
And would not on another throw
One drop of all this weight of woe!

TO THE MASTER BARDS.

YE mighty masters of the song sub-
lime,
Who, phantom-like, with large un-
wavering eyes,

Stalk down the solemn wilderness of
Time,
Reading the mysteries of the future
skies;
Oh, scorn not earth because it is not
heaven;
Nor shake the dust against us from
your feet,
Because we have rejected what was
given!
Still let your tongues the wondrous
theme repeat!
Though ye be friendless in this soli-
tude,
Quick-wingéd thoughts, from many
an unborn year,
God-sent, shall teed ye with prophetic
food,
Like those blest birds which fed the
ancient Seer!
And Inspiration, like a wheeléd flame,
Shall bear ye upward to eternal fame!

"OH, WHEREFORE SIGH?"

OH, wherefore sigh for what is gone,
Or deem the future all a night?
From darkness through the rosy dawn
The stars go singing into light.
And to the pilgrim lone and gray,
One thought shall come to cheer
his breast;—
The evening sun but fades away
To find new morning in the west.

THE WAY.

A WEARY, wandering soul am I,
O'erburthened with an earthly
weight;
A pilgrim through the world and sky,
Toward the Celestial Gate.
Tell me, ye sweet and sinless flowers,
Who all night gaze upon the skies,
Have ye not in the silent hours
Seen aught of Paradise?

Ye birds, that soar and sing, elate
With joy, that makes your voices
strong,
Have ye not at the golden gate
Caught somewhat of your song?

Ye waters, sparkling in the morn,
 Ye seas, which glass the starry
 night,
 Have ye not from the imperial bourn
 Caught glimpses of its light?

Ye hermit oaks, and sentinel pines,
 Ye mountain forests, old and
 gray,
 In all your long and winding lines,
 Have ye not seen the way?

O moon, among thy starry bowers,
 Know'st thou the path the angels
 tread?
 Seest thou beyond thy azure towers
 The shining gates dispread?

Ye holy spheres, that sang with
 earth,
 When earth was still a sinless star,
 Have the immortals heavenly birth
 Within your realms afar?

And thou, O sun! whose light unfurls
 Bright banners through unnum-
 bered skies,
 Seest thou among thy subject worlds
 The radiant portals rise?

All, all are mute! and still am I
 O'erburthened with an earthly
 weight;
 A pilgrim through the world and
 sky,
 Toward the Celestial Gate.

No answer wheresoe'er I roam—
 From skies afar no guiding ray;
 But, hark! the voice of Christ says,
 "Come!
 Arise! I am the way!"

THE GREAT ARE FALLING FROM US.

The great are falling from us—to the
 dust
 Our flag droops midway full of
 many sighs;
 A nation's glory and a people's trust
 Lie in the ample pall where Web-
 ster lies.

The great are falling from us—one by
 one
 As fall the patriarchs of the forest-
 trees,
 The winds shall seek them vainly,
 and the sun
 Gaze on each vacant space for cen-
 turies.

Lo, Carolina mourns her steadfast
 pine
 Which towered sublimely o'er the
 Southern realm,
 And Ashland hears no more the voice
 divine
 From out the branches of its stately
 elm:—

And Marshfield's giant oak, whose
 stormy brow
 Oft turned the ocean tempest from
 the West,
 Lies on the shore he guarded long—
 and now
 Our startled eagle knows not where
 to rest!

THE DEPARTURE.

ALL around me glows the harvest
 As I drop below the town,
 And the pleasant song of workmen
 On the breeze is floating down.

Far away the slender brooklet
 Gleams upon the yellow plain,
 Like a newly sharpened sickle
 Dropped amid the golden grain.

By the town and through the valleys
 Sweeps the flashing river fast,
 Like a herald to the future
 With a summons from the past.

Now my soul hath caught the music
 Of the happy harvest strain,
 And the stream of gladness flashes,
 Like the brooklet, in my brain.

And, responsive to the river,
 How my spirit sweeps along,
 As it goes to meet the future
 With a purpose firm and strong!

A PSALM FOR THE SORROW-
ING.

GRAY wanderer in a homeless world,
 Poor pilgrim to a dusty bier;
 On Time's great cycle darkly hurled
 From year to year:
 See in the sky these words unfurled:
 "Thy home is here!"

Pale mourner, whose quick tears reveal
 Thy weight of sorrow but begun:
 Not long thy burdened soul shall reel
 Beneath the sun;
 A few swift circles of the wheel,
 And all is done.

Though galled with fetters ye have lain,
 To vulture hopes and fears a prey;
 Oh, moan not o'er your ceaseless pain
 Or slow decay;
 For know, the soul thus files its chain
 And breaks away.

NIGHT.

OH Night, most beautiful and rare!
 Thou giv'st the heavens their holiest hue,
 And through the azure fields of air
 Bring'st down the gentle dew.

Most glorious occupant of heaven,
 And fairest of the earth and sea,
 The wonders of the sky are given,
 Imperial Night, to thee!

For thou, with angel music blest,
 Didst stand in that dim age afar,
 And hold upon thy trembling breast
 Messiah's herald star!

In Olivet thou heard'st Him pray,
 And wept thy dew in softer light,
 And kissed his sacred tears away,
 Thrice blessed, loving Night!

And thou didst overweigh with sleep
 The watchers at the sepulchre;
 And heard'st the asking Mary weep
 Till Jesus answered her.

For this I love thy hallowed reign;
 For more than this thrice blest thou art;
 Thou gain'st the unbeliever's brain
 By entering at the heart!

Oh Night, whose loving smile divine
 Thus lifts the spirit from the dust,
 God's best and brightest gifts are thine—
 All thine, and it is just.

WINTER.

SAD soul—dear heart, O why repine?
 The melancholy tale is plain—
 The leaves of spring, the summer flowers
 Have bloomed and died again.

The sweet and silver-sandalled Dew,
 Which like a maiden fed the flowers,
 Hath waned into the beldame Frost,
 And walked amid our bowers.

Some buds there were—sad hearts, be still!—
 Which looked awhile unto the sky,
 Then breathed but once or twice, to tell
 How sweetest things may die!

And some must blight where many bloom;
 But, blight or bloom, the fruit must fall!
 Why sigh for spring or summer flowers,
 Since Winter gathers all?

He gathers all—but chide him not—
 He wraps them in his mantle cold,
 And folds them close, as best he can,
 For he is blind and old.

Sad soul—dear heart, no more repine—
 The tale is beautiful and plain:
 Surely as Winter taketh all,
 The Spring shall bring again.

THE BARDS.

WHEN the sweet day in silence hath
departed,
And twilight comes with dewy,
downcast eyes,
The glowing spirits of the mighty-
hearted
Like stars around me rise.

Spirits whose voices pour an endless
measure,
Exhaustless as the choral founts of
night,
Until my trembling soul, oppressed
with pleasure,
Throbs in a flood of light.

Old Homer's song in mighty undula-
tions
Comes surging ceaseless up the
oblivious main :—
I hear the rivers from succeeding
nations
Go answering down again.

Hear Virgil's strain through pleasant
pastures strolling,
And Tasso's sweeping round
through Palestine,
And Dante's deep and solemn river
rolling
Through groves of midnight pine.

I hear the iron Norseman's numbers
ringing
Through frozen Norway like a
herald's horn ;
And like a lark, hear glorious Chau-
cer singing
Away in England's morn.

In Rhenish halls, still hear the pil-
grim lover
Chant his wild story to the wailing
strings,
Till the young maiden's eyes are
brimming over
Like the full cup she brings.

And here from Scottish hills the souls
unquiet
Pouring in torrents their perpetual
lays,
As their impetuous mountain runnels
riot
In the long rainy days ;

The world-wide Shakspeare—the im-
perial Spenser :
Whose shafts of song o'ertop the
angels' seats,—
While, delicate as from a silver censer,
Float the sweet dreams of Keats !

Nor these alone—for through the
growing present,
Westward the starry path of Poesy
lies—
Her glorious spirit, like the evening
crescent,
Comes rounding up the skies.

THE DISTANT MART.

THE day is shut :—November's night
On Newark's long and rolling height
Falls suddenly and soon ;—
At once the myriad stars disclose ;
And in the east a glory glows
Like that the red horizon shows
Above the moon.

But on the western mountain tops
The moon, in new-born beauty, drops
Her pale and slender ring ;
Still, like a phantom rising red
O'er haunted valleys of the dead,
I see the distant east dispread
Its fiery wing.

I know by thoughts, which, like the
skies,
Grow darker as they slowly rise
Above my burning heart,
It is the light the peasant views,
Through nightly falling frost and
dews,
While Fancy paints in brighter hues
The distant mart.

Through shadowy hills and meadows
brown
The calm Passaic reaches down
Where the broad waters lie ;—
From hill-side homes what visions
teem !
The fruitless hope — ambitious
dream—
Go freighted downward with the
stream,
And yonder die !

And youths and maids with strange
desires
O'er quiet homes and village spires
Behold the radiance grow ;
They see the lighted casements fine—
The crowded halls of splendor shine—
The gleaming jewels and the wine—
But not the woe !

Take from yon flaunting flame the
ray
Which glows on heads untimely gray,
On blasted heart and brain,—
From rooms of death the watcher's
lamp,
From homes of toil, from hovels
damp,
And dens where Shame and Crime
encamp
With Want and Pain :

From vain bazaars and gilded halls,
Where every misnamed pleasure palls,
Remove the chandeliers ;
Then mark the scanty, scattered
rays,
And think amid that dwindled blaze
How few shall walk their happy ways
And shed no tears !

But now, when fade the fevered
gleams,
Some trouble melts away to dreams,
Some pain to sweet repose :—
And as the midnight shadows sweep,
Life's noisy torrent drops to sleep,
Its unseen current dark and deep
In silence flows.

THE TWINS.

FROM a beautiful lake on the moun-
tain
Two rivulets came down,
Prattling awhile to the violets,
'Mid shadows green and brown.

Over beds of golden lustre,
Around by rock and tree,
They sang the same tune with their
silvery tongues,
And clapped their hands in glee.

Over rocks with mosses mantled,
They eddied and whirled, like a
waltzing pair,
Till, hand in hand, with laughter and
leap
They mingled their misty hair.

Over the self-same ledges,
Singing the self-same tune,
They passed from April to breezy May,
Toward the fields of June.

They whirled, and danced, and dallied,
And through the meadows slid,
Till under the same thick grass and
flowers
Their further course was hid !

I saw two beautiful children
Of one fair mother born,
Playing among the dewy buds
That bloomed beneath the morn.

The same in age and beauty,
The same in voice and size,
The same bright hair upon their necks,
The same shade in their eyes.

Singing the same song ever
In the self-same silvery tune,
They passed from April into May,
Toward the fields of June.

They whirled, and danced, and dallied
The beautiful vales amid,
Till under the same thick leaves and
flowers
Their future course was hid.

LINES WRITTEN IN FLOR- ENCE.

WITHIN this far Etruscan clime,
By vine-clad slopes and olive plains,
And round these walls still left by
Time,
The bound'ries of his old domains :—

Here at the dreamer's golden goal,
Whose dome o'er winding Arno
drops,
Where old Romance still breathes its
soul
Through Poesy's enchanted stops :—

Where Art still holds her ancient
state

(What though her banner now is
furled),

And keeps within her guarded gate
The household treasures of the
world:—

What joy amid all this to find
One single bird, or flower, or leaf,
Earth's any simplest show designed
For pleasure, what though frail or
brief—

If but that leaf, or bird, or flower,
Were wafted from the western
strand,
To breathe into one happy hour
The freshness of my native land!

That joy is mine—the bird I hear,
The flower is blooming near me now,
The leaf that some great bard might
wear
In triumph on his sacred brow.

For, lady, while thy voice and face
Make thee the Tuscan's loveliest
guest,
Within this old romantic space
Breathes all the freshness of the
West.

A NIGHT AT THE BLACK SIGN.

YE, who follow to the measure
Where the trump of Fortune leads,
And at inns aglow with pleasure
Rein your golden-harnessed steeds,
In your hours of lordly leisure
Have ye heard a voice of woe
On the starless wind of midnight
Come and go?

Pilgrim brothers, whose existence
Rides the higher roads of Time,
Hark, how from the troubled distance,
Voices made by woe sublime,
In their sorrow, claim assistance,
Though it come from friend or foe—
Shall they ask and find no answer?
Rise and go.

One there was, who in his sadness
Laid his staff and mantle down,
Where the demons laughed to madness
What the night-winds could not
drown—

Never came a voice of gladness
Though the cups should foam and
flow,
And the pilgrim thus proclaiming
Rose to go.

“All the night I hear the speaking
Of low voices round my bed,
And the dreary floor a-creaking
Under feet of stealthy tread:—
Like a very demon shrieking
Swings the black sign to and fro—
Come, arise, thou cheerless keeper,
For I go.

“On the hearth the brands are lying
In a black, unseemly show;
Through the roof the winds are sigh-
ing,
And they will not cease to blow;
Through the house sad hearts replying
Send their answer deep and low—
Come, arise, thou cheerless keeper,
For I go.

“Tell me not of fires relighted
And of chambers glowing warm,
Or of travellers benighted,
Overtaken by the storm.
Urge me not; your hand is blighted
As your heart is—even so!
Come, arise, thou cheerless keeper,
For I go.

“Tell me not of goblets teeming
With the antidote of pain,
For its taste and pleasant seeming
Only hide the deadly bane;
Hear your sleepers tortured dreaming,
How they curse thee in their woe!
Come, arise, thou cheerless keeper,
For I go.

“I will leave your dreary tavern
Ere I drink its mandragore:
Like a black and hated cavern,
There are reptiles on the floor;
They have overrun your tavern,
They are at your wine below!
Come, arise, thou fearful keeper,
For I go.

"There's an hostler in your stable
Tends a steed no man may own,
And against your windy gable
How the night-birds scream and
moan!

Even the bread upon your table
Is the ashy food of woe;
Come, arise, thou fearful keeper,
For I go.

"Here I will not seek for slumber,
And I will not taste your wine:
All your house the fiends encumber,
And they are no mates of mine;
Never more I join your number
Though the tempests rain or snow—
Here's my staff and here's my mantle,
And I go."

Suffering brothers—doubly brothers—
(Pain hath made us more akin)
Trust not to the strength of others,
Trust the arm of strength within;
One good hour of courage smothers
All the ills an age can know;
Take your staff and take your mantle,
Rise and go.

A DESERTED FARM.

THE elms were old, and gnarled, and
bent—

The fields, untilled, were choked
with weeds,

Where every year the thistles sent
Wider and wider their wingéd seeds.

Farther and farther the nettle and dock
Went colonizing o'er the plain,
Growing each season a plenteous stock
Of burrs to protect their wild do-
main.

The last who ever had ploughed the
soil

Now in the furrowed churchyard
lay—

The boy who whistled to lighten his
toil

Was a sexton somewhere far away.

Instead, you saw how the rabbit and
mole

Burrowed and furrowed with never
a fear;

How the tunnelling fox looked out
of his hole,
Like one who notes if the skies are
clear.

No mower was there to startle the
birds

With the noisy whet of his reeking
scythe;

The quail, like a cow-boy calling his
herds,

Whistled to tell that his heart was
blithe.

Now all was bequeathed with pious
care—

The groves and fields fenced round
with briers—

To the birds that sing in the cloisters
of air,

And the squirrels, those merry
woodland friars.

LINES TO A BIRD

WHICH SANG AT MY WINDOW ONE
MORNING IN LONDON.

WHENCE comest thou, oh wandering
soul of song?

Round the celestial gates hast thou
been winging,

And hearkening to the angels all night
long

To brighten earth with somewhat
of their singing?

Thou child of sunshine, spirit of the
flowers!

Nature, through thee, with loving
tongue rejoices,

Until these walls dissolve themselves
to bowers,

And all the air is full of woodland
voices.

The winds that slumbered in the fields
of dew,

Float round me now with music on
their pinions,

Such as I heard while yet my years
were few,

By native streams, in boyhood's lost
dominions.

And with the breath of morning on
 my brow,
 I hear the accents of the few who
 love me;
 Sing on, full heart! I am no exile
 now—
 This is no foreign sky that smiles
 above me.

I hear the happy sounds of household
 glee,
 The heart's own music, floating here
 to bless me,
 And little ones who smiled upon my
 knee
 Now clap the dimpled hands that
 would caress me.

Oh! music sweeter than the sweetest
 chime
 Of magic bells by fairies set a-swing-
 ing;
 I am no pilgrim in a foreign clime,
 With these blest visions ever round
 me clinging.

I hear a voice no melody can reach;
 Dear lips, speak on in your accus-
 tomed measure,
 And teach my heart what you so well
 can teach,
 How only love is earth's enduring
 pleasure.

Oh! music sweeter than the Arca-
 dian's tune,
 Wooing the dryads from the wood-
 lands haunted;
 Or than beneath the mellow harvest-
 moon
 Trembles at midnight over lakes
 enchanted!

Oh! sweeter than the herald of the
 morn,
 The clarion lark, that wakes the
 drowsy peasant,
 Is this which thrills my breast, so else
 forlorn,
 And with the Past and distant fills
 the Present.

Thus, with the music ringing in my
 heart,
 I may awhile forget an exile's sor-
 row,

And, armed with courage, rise—and
 so depart;
 But what sweet bird shall sing to
 me to-morrow?

THE SCULPTOR'S LAST HOUR.

*All in their lifetime carve their own
 soul's statue.*

THE middle chimes of night were
 dead;—
 The sculptor pressed his sleepless bed,
 With locks grown gray in a world of
 sin;
 His eyes were sunken, his cheeks were
 thin;
 And, like a leaf on a withering limb,
 The fluttering life still clung to him.

While gazing on the shadowy wall,
 He heard the muffled knocker fall:—
 Before an answering foot could stir,
 Entered the midnight messenger:
 Around his shining shoulders rolled
 Long and gleaming locks of gold;
 The radiance of his features fell
 In Beauty's light unspeakable,
 And like the matin song of birds,
 Swelled the rich music of his words.

"Arise! it is your monarch's will;
 Ere sounds from the imperial hill
 The warder's trumpet-blast,
 His palace portal must be passed:
 Arise! and be the veil withdrawn,
 And let the long-wrought statue
 dawn!

The stars that fill the fields of light
 Must pale before its purer light;
 The unblemished face—the spotless
 limb,
 Must shine among the seraphim:
 Faultless in form—in nothing dim—
 It must be ere it come to Him!"

The sculptor rose with heavy heart,
 And slowly put the veil apart,
 And stood with downcast look, en-
 tranced,
 The while the messenger advanced,
 And thought he heard, yet knew not
 why,
 His hopes like boding birds go by,

And felt his heart sink ceaselessly
Down, like the friendless dead at sea.
O! for one breath to stir the air,
To break the stillness of despair;
Welcome alike, though it were given
From sulphurous shade, or vales of
heaven!

Now on the darkness swelled a sigh!—
The sculptor raised his languid eye,
And saw the radiant stranger stand
Hiding his sorrow with his hand;
His heart a billowy motion kept,
And ever, with its fall and rise,
The stillness of the air was swept
With a long wave of sighs.

The old man's anxious asking eyes
Grew larger with their blank sur-
prise,
With wonder why he wept:—
And while his eyes and wonder
grew,
Came, with the tears which gushed
anew,

The music of the stranger's tongue,
But broken, like a swollen rill
That heaves adown its native hill,
Sobbing where late it sung:—

"Is this the statue fair and white
A long laborious life hath wrought,
And which our generous Prince
hath bought?

Is this (so soulless, soiled, and dull)
To pass the golden gates of light
And stand among the beautiful?
The lines which seam the front and
cheek

Too well unholy lusts bespeak;
The brow by Anger's hand is weighed,
And Malice there his scar hath made;
There Scorn hath set her seal secure,
And curled the lip against the poor;
And Hate hath fixed the steady glance
Which Jealousy hath turned askance;
While thoughts, of those dark parents
born

Innumerable, from night till morn,
And morn till night, have wrought
their will,

Like stones upon a barren hill.
Old man! although thy locks be gray,
And life's last hour is on its way—
Although thy limbs with palsy
quake,

Thy hands, like windy branches,
shake—

Ere from yon rampart high and round
The watchful warder's blast shall
sound,
Let this be altered—still it may,—
Your Monarch brooks no more delay!"
The stranger spake and passed away.

A moment stood the aged man
With lips apart, and looks aghast,
Still gazing where the stranger
passed.

And now a shudder o'er him ran,
As chill November's breezes sweep
Across the dying meadow grass;
His tongue was dry, he could not
speak,

His eyes were glazed like heated
glass.

But when the tears began to creep
Adown the channels of his cheek,

A long and shadowy train,
Born of his sorrowing brain,
With shining feet, and noiseless tread,
By dewy-eyed Repentance led,
Around the statue pressed:
With eager hand and swelling breast,
Hope, jubilant, the chisel seized

And heavenward turned the eye;
Forgiveness, radiant and pleased,
The ridges of the brow released:

While with a tear and sigh
Sweet Charity the scorn effaced;
And Mercy, mild and fair,
Upon the lips her chisel placed,
And left her signet there:

And Love, the earliest-born of
Heaven,

Over the features glowing, ran;
While Peace, the best and latest given,
Finished what Hope began.

One minute now before the last,
The stately stranger came;
A smile upon the statue cast—
Then to the fainting stranger passed,
And spake his errand and his
name;

And on the old man's latest breath
Swelled the sweet whisper, "Wel-
come, Death!"

Afar from the imperial height
Sounded the warder's horn:
Upward, by singing angels borne,
The statue passed the gates of light,
Outshining all the stars of night,
And fairer than the morn.

THE SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL.

THROUGH the darkened streets of
 Florence,
 Moving toward thy church, Saint
 Lorenz,
 Marched the bearers, masked and
 singing,
 With their ghostly flambeaux fling-
 ing
 Ghostlier shadows, that went wing-
 ing

Round the portals and the porches,
 As if spirits, which had hovered
 In the darkness undiscovered,
 Danced about the hissing torches,
 Like the moths that whirl and caper
 Drunken round an evening taper.
 Unconsoled and unconsoling
 Rolled the Arno, louder rolling
 As the rain poured—and the tolling
 Though the thick shower fell de-
 meurely,

Fell from out one turret only,
 Where the bell swung sad and lonely
 Prisoned in the cloud securely.
 Masked in black, with voices solemn,
 Strode the melancholy column,
 With a stiff and soulless burden,
 Bearing to the grave its guerdon,
 While the torch flames, vexed and
 taunted
 By the night winds, leapt and
 flaunted,
 'Mid the funeral rains that slanted,
 Those brave bearers marched and
 chanted,
 Through the darkness thick and
 dreary,
 With a woful voice and weary,

MISERERE.

Light to light, and dark to dark,
 Kindred natures thus agree ;
 Where the soul soars none can mark,
 But the world below may hark—
Miserere, Domine !

Dew to dew, and rain to rain,
 Swell the streams and reach the sea ;
 When the drouth shall burn the
 plain,
 Then the sands shall but remain—
Miserere, Domine !

Flame to flame—let ashes fall
 Where the fireless ashes be ;
 Embers black and funeral
 Unto dying cinders call—
Miserere, Domine !

Life to life, and dust to dust !
 Christ, who died upon the tree,
 Thine the promise, ours the trust,
 We are weak—but thou art just—
Miserere, Domine !

FIRST BY-STANDER.

There, stand aside, the very eaves are
 weeping
 As are the heavens in sympathy with
 us :—
 Italia's air hath not within its keeping
 A nobler heart than that which lies
 there sleeping,
 For whom the elements are wailing
 thus.

SECOND BY-STANDER.

I revered him—he was a marvel-
 lous schemer ;
 Hath built more airy structures in his
 day
 Than ever wild and opiate-breathing
 dreamer
 Hath drugged his dreams with even
 in Cathay.
 His fancy went in marble round the
 earth
 And whitened it with statues—where
 he trod
 The silent people leapt to sudden birth,
 And all the sky, exulting high and
 broad,
 Became a mighty Pantheon for God.

THIRD BY-STANDER.

You revered him? I loved him,
 with a scope
 Of feeling I may never know again ;
 And love him still, even though be-
 yond all hope
 The priest, the bishop, cardinal, and
 pope,
 Should banish him to wear a burning
 chain

In those great dungeons of the unforgiven,
Under the space-deep castle walls of heaven.

I know the Church considered it a sin,
I know the Duke considered it a shame—

That our Alzoni would not stoop to win

What any blunderer, nowadays, may claim,

A niche in Santa Croce,—which hath been,

And is, to them, the very shrine of Fame!

Why, look you, why should one carve out his soul

In bits to meet the world's unthankful stare;

For Ignorance to hold in his control
And sly-eyed Jealousy's detracting glare?

To see the golden glories of his brain
Outglittered by a brazen counterfeit?
The starriest spirit only shines in vain,
When every rocket can outdazzle it!

CHORUS OF STUDENTS, FOLLOWING.

They bear the great Alzoni—he is dead,—

Our hope is dead, and lies on yonder bier;

There is no comfort left for any here
Since he is dead.

Oh, mother Florence, droop your queenly head,

And mingle ashes with your wreath of flowers—

Build funeral altars in your ducal bowers;

For he is dead.

Oh, sacred Arno, be your ripples shed
No more in music o'er your silver sands,

But mourn to death, and wring your watery hands;

For he is dead.

Ye dusky palaces, whose gloom is wed
To princely names that never may depart,

Drown all your lights in tears—the prince of Art,

Your hope, is dead!

Ye spirits who to glory have been led,
In years ago, departed souls of might,

Make joyful space in heaven, for our delight

On earth is dead.

And thus with melancholy songs they bore him

Into the chapel—'twixt the columns vast

They set the bier, and lit great tapers o'er him,

And looked their last.

They looked and pondered on his dreamy history

Whose sudden close had left them broken-hearted,

Till cloudy censers veiled the light in mystery,

And they departed.

DOOMED AND FORGOTTEN.

Two mighty angels in the outer blue,
With great palm-branches slanting in their hands,

Stood by the golden gate that guards the view

Wherein God's temple stands.

So still they were, the porphyry pillars high

That propt the fretted cornice and the frieze,

Stood not more breathless when the choral sky

Withheld its symphonies.

And golden halos bound their brows in light,

Till each head shone like Saturn with his rings,

And to their sandals, beautiful and bright

Went down their crosswise wings.

Low at their feet, with pinions all distraught,

As they the Siroc's stormy path had swept,

And ashen cheeks still hot with burning thought,

A spirit sat and wept:—

And shed such tears as from the heart
can flow
Alone when Hope flies far from our
distress,
Leaving no guide athwart the world
of woe,
The pathless wilderness.

Thus have I seen some sad and sight-
less one,
Before a palace with nor hound nor
staff,
Sit weeping in the sultry dust, with
none
To speak in his behalf.

But happier far that prisoner from the
day,
With all the sunlight mocking his
blank eyes,
Than him, whose doomed path for-
gotten lay
Along the under skies.

Doomed and forgotten! These are
sounds attuned
To all the world conceives of
misery—
And drown the heart, as if the last
wave swooned
Above us in the sea!

Doomed and forgotten—by our God
forgot,
Who noteth even the sparrow in
his fall;
With whom the smallest living thing
is not
For His great care too small.

Doomed and forgotten—at the angels'
feet
He sat with dull and weary wings
deprest,—
But now, where once the song of
peace was sweet,
There came no voice of rest.

There was a time, while yet his cheek's
soft glow
Bloomed in the boyhood of his
earthly years,
He had a vision, which no man may
know,
That drowned his eyes with tears.

Some God-sent angel, wavering down
the sky,
Had sought him when the world was
most apart,
And given this vision to his dreaming
eye,
And stamped it on his heart.

Then he withdrew from all his fellow
youths,
His heaven-touched soul with inspi-
ration filled,
And said, "My time is God's; the
cause is Truth's;
Beneath their dome I build!"

For days and nights he walked the
solemn wood,
Rounding to fullest form his great
intent,
And viewless phantoms all about him
stood,
And followed where he went.

If he despaired, the pine-cone in his
way
Fell from the limb that sentinels
the wind—
The small spring whispered courage
where it lay
In ancient rocks enshrined.

The wintry mountain stood with glory
topt,
And Iris bound the laboring tor-
rent's brow,
The acorn, full of future summers,
dropt
From out the stormy bough.

The flowery vines in Nature's unseen
hand
Curled into wreaths, as if Fame
wandered there,—
The laurel, leaning o'er the pathway,
fanned
The brightness of his hair.

There was a time!—oh, sad and bitter
breath
That sighs o'er loss of days, no
more to be—
Of actions dropt to dreams—and
dreams to death,
And then—Eternity!

There crouched the spirit, abject and
forlorn,

Upon the azure highway, like a blot,
And raised its low voice, for they
needs must mourn,
The doomed and the forgot.

But soon, abashed to hear his own
"alas!"

He took his way aslant the nether
space—

And, wheresoe'er a star beheld him
pass,
It turned and veiled its face!

Oh soul, remember, howe'er small the
scope

Of thought, or action, that around
thee lies,

It is the finished task alone can ope
The gates of Paradise.

SONG OF THE ALPINE GUIDE.

ON Zurich's spires, with rosy light,
The mountains smile at morn and
eve,

And Zurich's waters, blue and bright,
The glories of those hills receive.

And there my sister trims her sail,
That like a wayward swallow flies;

But I would rather meet the gale
That fans the eagle in the skies.

She sings in Zurich's chapel choir,
Where rolls the organ on the air,
And bells proclaim, from spire to spire,
Their universal call to prayer.

But let me hear the mountain rills,
And old St. Bernard's storm-bell
toll,

And, 'mid these great cathedral hills,
The thundering avalanches roll.

My brother wears a martial plume,
And serves within a distant land,—
The flowers that on his bosom bloom
Are placed there by a stranger hand.
Love meets him but in foreign eyes,
And greets him in a foreign
speech:—

But she who to my heart replies
Must speak the tongue these moun-
tains teach.

The warrior's trumpet o'er him swells,
The triumph which it only bath;
But let me hear the mule-worn bells
Speak peace in every mountain
path.

His spear is ever 'gainst a foe,
Where waves the hostile flag
abroad;—

My pike-staff only cleaves the snow,
My banner the blue sky of God.

On Zurich's side my mother sits,
And to her whirring spindle sings—
Through Zurich's wave my father's
nets

Sweep daily with their filmy wings.
To that beloved voice I list

And view that father's toil with
pride;

But, like a low and vale-born mist,
My spirit climbs the mountain side.

And I would ever hear the stir
And turmoil of the singing winds,
Whose viewless wheels around me
whir,

Whose distaffs are the swaying
pines.

And, on some snowy mountain head,
The deepest joy to me is given,
When, net-like, the great storm is
spread

To sweep the azure lake of heaven.

Then, since the vale delights me not,
And Zurich wooes in vain below,
And it hath been my joy and lot
To scale these Alpine crags of
snow—

And since in life I loved them well,
Let me in death lie down with them,
And let the pines and tempests swell
Around me their great requiem.

MORNING IN MARTIGNY.

'Tis sunrise on Saint Bernard's snow,
'Tis dawn within the vale below;
And in Martigny's streets appear
The mule and noisy muleteer;
And tinklings fill the rosy air,
Until the mountain pass seems there,
Up whose steep pathway scarcely stirs
The long, slow line of travellers;
And in the shadowy town is heard
The sound of many a foreign word.

Old men are there, whose locks are
white

As yonder cloud which veils the
height;

And maidens, whose young cheeks
are kissed

By ringlets flashing bright or dark,
Whose hearts are light as yonder mist
That holds the music of the lark—
And youths are there with jest and
laugh,

Each bearing his oft-branded staff
To chronicle, when all is done,
The dangerous heights his feet have
won.

So toils through life the pilgrim soul
'Mid rocky ways and valleys fair;

At every base or glorious goal,
His staff receives the record there—
The names that shall forever twine,
And blossom like a fragrant vine—
Or, like a serpent, round it cling
Eternally to coil and sting.

A MAIDEN'S TEARS.

O, WHEN a maiden's soul is stirred
To pity's deepest, last excess,
And, like some lonely, brooding bird,
Folds its bright wings in mourn-
fulness;

And pours its sympathy in sighs,
That sweeten on the rosy lips;
And sends the tears into the eyes,

To flood them with a half eclipse,—
How brighter its veiled beauty shows
Than all the light which joy bestows!
Thus fairer the fair flower appears,
Beneath a dewy fulness bowed;

The moon a double lustre wears,
Within the halo of a cloud.
The music of a maiden's mirth
May be the sweetest sound to earth;
But tears, in love and pity given,
Are welcomer, by far, to Heaven.

WOMAN.

AN angel wandering out of heaven,
And all too bright for Eden even,
Once through the paths of paradise
Made luminous the auroral air;
And, walking in His awful guise,
Met the Eternal Father there;

Who, when He saw the truant sprite,
Smiled love through all those bowers
of light.

While deep within his tranced spell,
Our Eden sire lay slumbering near,
God saw, and said, "It is not well
For man alone to linger here."
Then took that angel by the hand,
And with a kiss its brow He prest,
And whispering all His mild com-
mand,

He laid it on the sleeper's breast;
With earth enough to make it human,
He chained its wings, and called it
WOMAN.

And if perchance some stains of rust
Upon her pinions yet remain,
'Tis but the mark of God's own dust,
The earth-mould of that Eden
chain!

THE CITY OF GOD.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."—WORDS-
WORTH.

ERE the rose and the roseate hues of
the dawn,

With the dews of my youth, were all
scattered and gone;

Ere the cloud, like the far-reaching
wing of the night,

Had shut out the glory of God from
my sight,

I saw a wide realm in the azure un-
fold,

Where the fields nodded towards me
their flowers of gold;

And the soft airs sailed o'er them, and
dropt from above,

As if shed from innumerable pinions
of love:

There were trees with broad boles
steeped in perfume and dew,

While their full breasts forever leaned
up to the blue—

And within their wide bosoms the
winds seemed to rest

With the calm like the sleep of a soul
that is blest;

Or, if any light rustle stole out from
their limbs,

'Twas the murmurous music of deli-
cate hymns—

As if some dear angel sat singing
 within
 To a spirit just won from the regions
 of sin:
 There were streams which seemed
 born but in slumberous bowers,
 Stealing down, like a dream, through
 the sleep of the flowers—
 So pure was the azure they won from
 the height,
 The blue hills seemed melting to rivers
 of light;
 And within this fair realm, where but
 angels have trod,
 I beheld, as I thought, the great CITY
 OF GOD!
 All its high walls were pierced with
 no engines of Death—
 No moat, with its dull pool, lay stag-
 nant beneath:
 The last bolts, I ween, the stout heart
 has to fear,
 Are pointed and sped from Death's
 citadel here;
 And the last hungry moat the pure
 soul has to brave,
 Ere it passes the portal to bliss, is the
 grave!
 There the wide wall went east till it
 dimmed to the view—
 And the wide wall went west till it
 passed into blue;
 And the broad gates stood open, in-
 viting that way,
 Like the hands of the Lord to his
 children astray.
 There were high towers, climbing still
 dazzlingly higher,
 Till each shone like a fixed guiding
 pillar of fire;
 And the angels who watched on their
 summits afar,
 So lessened by distance, gleamed each
 as a star:
 And the great dome that templed the
 Father in light,
 Seemed to swell and to circle and swell
 on the sight—
 As some angel who cleaves his bright
 way 'mid the spheres,
 Beholds the blue dome of the earth as
 he nears.
 There was music—my soul unto mem-
 ory yields,
 And hears the low sounds floating
 over the fields—

But, alas! not as then, with its rap-
 turous desire—
 Like some bird that sits hushed by
 the song of a choir;
 It melted and flowed o'er the walls
 and the towers,
 And sweet as if breathed from the
 lips of the flowers—
 As if the bright blossoms, with loving
 accord,
 Had risen and sang to the praise of
 the Lord!
 Then I thought 'mid that music to
 wander and wait
 For the loved ones, just there by the
 palm at the gate,
 To begin the great life that no Death
 can o'ertake,
 And to dream the great dream that
 no tumult can break;
 In the broad world of Beauty, of
 flowers and bliss—
 But, alas! I awoke where the thorns
 grow in this:
 And the walls of Death's citadel now
 intervene,
 And the grave, like a moat, yawns
 here darkly between:
 But still, through the mists and the
 shadows of night,
 I can follow the stars on those pillars
 of light;
 And I know the great gates stand
 there open and broad,
 Inviting the way to the *City of God*.

THE TRUANT.

WHERE is the truant? This should
 be the place
 Where even now we heard him
 laugh outright,
 To greet the sun, as if he saw the
 face
 Of some bright angel smiling in the
 light.
 Surely the morn hath beckoned him
 away,
 Enticing him with glory from afar:
 Arise! and we may find him in his
 play,
 Shining amid the sweetest flowers
 that are.

His little eyes, so full of bright desires,
 Could not withstand yon orient
 space of flowers;
 And he hath 'scaped the intervening
 briers,
 The field for bleeding feet which we
 call ours.

It cannot be he wandered out alone;
 O, rather that dear friend of many
 charms,
 Who wooed him in each light that
 round us shone,
 Won him at last into his careful
 arms.

O! look again, a little further look,
 And weep no tear, unless it be for
 joy,
 Toward yon sweet field, where flower,
 and bird, and brook
 Beguile the glad heart of our truant
 boy.

Look closer still, until your gaze has
 won
 And passed the barriers overflow-
 ered with stars,—
 Those morning-glories closing in the
 sun,
 And you shall see him through the
 golden bars.

Watch where he goes, still making
 toward the light,
 Our angel truant gladly nearing
 home,
 While a deep voice from that celestial
 height
 Bids us be calm and suffer him to
 come.

RUTH.

SUGGESTED BY A STATUE EXECUTED
 BY MR. ROGERS IN FLORENCE.

From age to age, from clime to clime,
 A spirit, bright as her own morn,
 She walks the golden fields of Time,
 As erst amid the yellow corn.

A form o'er which the hallowed veil
 Of years bequeaths a lovelier light,

As when the mists of morning sail
 Round some far isle to make it
 bright.

And as some reaper 'mid the grain,
 Or binder resting o'er his sheaf,
 Beheld her on the orient plain,
 A passing vision bright and brief;—

And while he gazed let fall perchance
 The sheaf or sickle from his hand—
 Thus even here, as in a trance,
 Before her kneeling form I stand.

But not as then she comes and goes
 To live in memory alone;
 The perfect soul before me glows
 Immortal in the living stone.

And while upon her face I gaze
 And scan her rarely rounded form,
 The glory of her native days
 Comes floating o'er me soft and
 warm;—

Comes floating, till this shadowy place
 Brightens to noontide, and receives
 The breath of that old harvest space,
 With all its sunshine and its
 sheaves!

THE MARSEILLAISE.

I HEARD, as in a glorious dream,
 A clarion thrill the startled air,
 And saw an answering people stream
 Through every noisy thoroughfare.
 There were the old, whose hairs were
 few,
 Or white with memory of the days
 Of Egypt, Moscow, Waterloo,—
 And now they sang the "*Marseil-
 laise!*"

The aged scholar, pale and wan,
 Was there within the marshalled
 line,
 And, jostled by the noisy van,
 The poet with his voice divine:—
 No more could tomes the sage beguile;
 The bard no longer wooed the praise
 That dribbles from a monarch's smile,
 For now they sang the "*Marseil-
 laise!*"

And there were matrons, who of yore
 Had wept a son or husband slain,
 Or chanted for their Emperor
 A long and loud triumphal strain:—
 Their woe inspired the song no
 more,
 Nor yet Napoleon's crown of bays,
 Which rankly sprang from fields of
 gore,
 For now they sang the "*Marseil-
 laise!*"

The peasants, from their hills of vines,
 Came streaming to the open plains;
 No more they bore their tax of wines
 To stagnate in a tyrant's veins;
 France needed not the purple flood
 To set her heart and brain ablaze,—
 A wilder wine was in her blood,
 For now she sang the "*Marseil-
 laise!*"

The Bourbons' throne was trampled
 down,
 And France no longer knelt; but
 now,
 Struck with a patriot's hand the
 crown
 From off the Orleans' dotard
 brow;—
 Released from slavery and tears,
 She rose and sang fair Freedom's
 praise,
 Till far along the future years
 I heard the swelling "*Marseil-
 laise!*"

THE OLD YEAR.

Lo, now, when dark December's
 gathering storm
 With heavy wing o'ershadows
 many a heart,
 Beside us the old year, with mailed
 form,
 Stands waiting to depart.

Weighed down as with a ponderous
 tale of woe,
 How dim his eyes, how wan his
 cheeks appear!
 Like Denmark's spectre king, with
 motion slow
 He beckons the young year.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

LONG have I gazed upon all lovely
 things,
 Until my soul was melted into
 song,—
 Melted with love, till from its thou-
 sand springs
 The stream of adoration, swift and
 strong,
 Swept in its ardor, drowning brain
 and tongue,
 Till what I most would say was borne
 away unsung.

The brook is silent when it mirrors
 most
 Whate'er is grand or beautiful
 above;
 The billow which would woo the
 flowery coast
 Dies in the first expression of its
 love;
 And could the bard consign to living
 breath
 Feelings too deep for thought, the
 utterance were death!

The starless heavens at noon are a
 delight;
 The clouds a wonder in their vary-
 ing play,
 And beautiful when from their
 mountainous height
 The lightning's hand illumines the
 wall of day:—
 The noisy storm bursts down, and
 passing brings
 The rainbow poised in air on unsub-
 stantial wings.

But most I love the melancholy
 night—
 When with fixed gaze I single out
 a star,
 A feeling floods me with a tender
 light—
 A sense of an existence from afar,
 A life in other spheres of love and
 bliss,
 Communion of true souls—a loneli-
 ness in this!

There is a sadness in the midnight
 sky—
 An answering fulness in the heart
 and brain,

Which tells the spirit's vain attempt
to fly,

And occupy those distant worlds
again.

At such an hour Death's were a loving
trust,

If life could then depart in its con-
tempt of dust.

It may be that this deep and longing
sense

Is but the prophecy of life to come ;

It may be that the soul in going
hence

May find in some bright star its
promised home ;

And that the Eden lost forever here
Smiles welcome to me now from yon
suspended sphere.

There is a wisdom in the light of stars,
A worldless lore which summons
me away ;

This ignorance belongs to earth, which
bars

The spirit in these darkened walls
of clay,

And stifles all the soul's aspiring
breath ;—

True knowledge only dawns within
the gates of Death.

Imprisoned thus, why fear we then
to meet

The angel who shall ope the
dungeon door,

And break these galling fetters from
our feet,

To lead us up from Time's benighted
shore ?

Is it for love of this dark cell of
dust,

Which, tenantless, awakes but horror
and disgust ?

Long have I mused upon all lovely
things :

But thou, oh Death ! art lovelier
than all ;

Thou sheddest from thy recompensing
wings

A glory which is hidden by the
pall—

The excess of radiance falling from
thy plume

Throws from the gates of Time a
shadow on the tomb.

SONG OF THE SERF.

I know a lofty lady,
And she is wondrous fair ;
She hath wrought my soul to music
As the leaves are wrought by air ;
And like the air that wakes
The foliage into play,
She feels no thrill of all she makes
When she has passed away.

I know a lofty lady
Who seldom looks on me,
Or when she smiles, her smile is like
The moon's upon the sea.
As proudly and serene
She shines from her domain,
Till my spirit heaves beneath her
mien,
And floods my aching brain.

I know a lofty lady :—
But I would not wake her scorn
By telling all the love I bear,
For I am lowly born ;
So low, and she so high—
And the space between us spread
Makes me but as the weeds that lie
Beneath her stately tread.

BALBOA.

FROM San Domingo's crowded wharf
Fernandez' vessel bore,
To seek in unknown lands afar
The Indian's golden ore.

And hid among the freighted casks,
Where none might see or know,
Was one of Spain's immortal men,
Three hundred years ago !

But when the fading town and land
Had dropped below the sea,
He met the captain face to face,
And not a fear had he !

"What villain thou?" Fernandez
cried,
"And wherefore serve us so?"
"To be thy follower," he replied,
Three hundred years ago.

He wore a manly form and face,
A courage firm and bold,
His words fell on his comrades' hearts,
Like precious drops of gold.

They saw not his ambitious soul ;
He spoke it not—for lo !
He stood among the common ranks,
Three hundred years ago.

But when Fernandez' vessel lay
At golden Darien,
A murmur, born of discontent,
Grew loud among the men :

And with the word there came the
act ;
And with the sudden blow
They raised Balboa from the ranks,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he took command beneath
The banner of his lord,
A mighty purpose grasped his soul,
As he had grasped the sword.

He saw the mountain's fair blue height
Whence golden waters flow ;
Then with his men he scaled the crags,
Three hundred years ago.

He led them up through tangled
brakes,
The rivulet's sliding bed,
And through the storm of poisoned
darts
From many an ambush shed.

He gained the turret crag—alone—
And wept ! to see below,
An ocean, boundless and unknown,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he raised upon that height
The banner of his lord,
The mighty purpose grasped him still,
As still he grasped his sword.

Then down he rushed with all his
men,
As headlong rivers flow,
And plunged breast-deep into the sea,
Three hundred years ago.

And while he held above his head
The conquering flag of Spain,

He waved his gleaming sword, and
smote
The waters of the main :

For Rome ! for Leon ! and Castile !
Thrice gave the cleaving blow ;
And thus Balboa claimed the sea,
Three hundred years ago.

LABOR.

"LABOR, labor !" sounds the anvil,
"Labor, labor, until death !"

And the file, with voice discordant,
"Labor, endless labor !" saith.
While the bellows to the embers
Speak of labor in each breath.

"Labor, labor !" in the harvest,
Saith the whetting of the scythe,
And the mill-wheel tells of labor
Under waters falling blithe ;
"Labor, labor !" groan the mill-
stones,
To the bands that whirl and writhe.

And the woodman tells of labor,
In his echo-waking blows ;
In the forest, in the cabin,
'Tis the dearest word he knows.
"Labor, labor !" saith the spirit,
And with labor comes repose.

"Labor !" saith the loaded wagon,
Moving toward the distant mart.
"Labor !" groans the heavy steamer,
As she cleaves the waves apart.
Beating like that iron engine,
"Labor, labor !" cries the heart.

Yes, the heart of man cries "labor !"
While it labors in the breast.
But the Ancient and Eternal,
In the Word which He hath blest,
Sayeth, "Six days shalt thou labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest !"

Then how beautiful at evening,
When the toilsome week is done,
To behold the blacksmith's anvil
Die in darkness with the sun ;
And to think the doors of labor
Are all closing up like one.

THE WINDY NIGHT.

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal
tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert
moon;—
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak,
“Tu-who! tu-whit!”
They cry and flit,
“Tu-whit! tu-who!” like the solemn
owl!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
Clattering on the window-sash,
With a clatter and patter,
Like hail and rain
That wellnigh shatter
The dusky pane!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair!
Through every hall—
Through each gusty door,
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a fes-
tival!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain—
They heave at the steeple with might
and main,
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite
it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in
sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral
knell!

A DIRGE FOR A DEAD BIRD.

THE cage hangs at the window,
There's the sunshine on the sill;
But where the form and where the
voice
That never till now were still?

The sweet voice hath departed
From its feathery home of gold,
The little form of yellow dust
Lies motionless and cold!

Oh, where amid the azure
Hath thy sweet spirit fled?
I hold my breath and think I hear
Its music overhead.

Death has not hushed thy spirit,
Its joy shall vanish never;
The slightest thrill of pleasure born
Lives on and lives forever!

Throughout the gloomy winter
Thy soul shed joy in ours,
As it told us of the summer-time
Amid the land of flowers.

But now thy songs are silent,
Except what memory brings;
For thou hast folded death within
The glory of thy wings!

And here thy resting-place shall be
Beneath the garden-bower;
A bush shall be thy monument,
Thy epitaph a flower!

THE WITHERING LEAVES.

THE summer is gone and the autumn
is here,
And the flowers are strewing their
earthly bier;
A dreary mist o'er the woodland
swims,
While rattle the nuts from the windy
limbs:
From bough to bough the squirrels
run
At the noise of the hunter's echoing
gun,
And the partridge flies where my foot-
step heaves
The rustling drifts of the withering
leaves.

The flocks pursue their southern flight—

Some all the day and some all night !
And up from the wooded marshes come

The sounds of the pheasant's feathery drum.

On the highest bough the mourner crow

Sits in his funeral suit of woe :

All nature mourns—and my spirit grieves

At the noise of my feet in the withering leaves.

Oh ! I sigh for the days that have passed away,

When my life, like the year, had its season of May ;

When the world was all sunshine and beauty and truth,

And the dew bathed my feet in the valley of youth !

Then my heart felt its wings, and no bird of the sky

Sang over the flowers more joyous than I.

But Youth is a fable, and Beauty deceives ;—

For my footsteps are loud in the withering leaves.

And I sigh for the time when the reapers at morn

Came down from the hill at the sound of the horn :

Or when, dragging the rake, I followed them out

While they tossed the light sheaves with their laughter about ;

Through the field, with boy-daring, barefooted I ran ;

But the stubbles foreshadowed the path of the man.

Now the uplands of life lie all barren of sheaves—

While my footsteps are loud in the withering leaves !

THE CLOSING SCENE.

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees

The russet year inhaled the dreamy air ;

Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,

When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills

O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,

Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,

On the dull thunder of alternate falls.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,

The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low,

As in a dream the distant woodman hewed

His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,

Their banners bright with every martial hue,

Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,

Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight ;

The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint ;

And like a star slow drowning in the light,

The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew—

Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—

Silent till some replying warder blew His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,

Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,

And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,

By every light wind like a censor swung :—

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
 The busy swallows, circling ever near,
 Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
 An early harvest and a plenteous year ;—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
 Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
 To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
 All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
 And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom ;
 Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
 Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers ;
 The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night ;
 The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
 Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
 And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
 Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
 Firing the floor with his inverted torch ;—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
 The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
 Plied the swift wheel, and, with her joyless mien,
 Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
 Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust ;

And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
 Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was 'bright with summer bloom,
 Her country summoned and she gave her all ;
 And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
 Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
 And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
 Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
 Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
 Like the low murmur of a hive at noon ;
 Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
 Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed ;
 Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene,—
 And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
 While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THE PILGRIM TO THE LAND OF SONG.

THE dews are dry upon my sandal-shoon
 Which bathed them on the foreign hills of song,
 And now beneath the white and sultry noon
 They print the dust which they may wear too long.

The flowers by delicate fingers wove
at morn

Around my pilgrim staff have paled
and died,

Or dropped into the sand, and lie for-
lorn,

Mute orphans of the airy mountain-
side.

The mingled music in the early
gale,

Of bees and birds, and maidens
among flowers,

The brooks, like shepherds, piping
down the vale,

For these my heart remounts the
morning hours.

Oh that I might reclimb the dewy
dawn,

And with the stars sit down by
Castalie,

And be once more within the shade
withdrawn,

Mantled with music and with Poesy.

Thou blessed bird between me and
the heaven,

Thou wingéd censer, swinging
through the air

With incense of pure song,—how hast
thou driven

One to the past, that may not linger
there!

Oh for one wild annihilating hour,
Spent with the minstrels of a loftier
time;

Those giants among bards, whose high
songs tower

Full many a rood o'er all our new
sublime.

Oh for an hour with Chaucer, the
divine,

The morning star of English song
confessed;

Ushering a day whose slow but sure
decline

Fades with a fitful glimmering in
the west.

Oh for that rare auroral time, which
brought

The light of Shakespeare, and the
glorious few,

Who, in their glowing robes of death-
less thought,

Strode knee-deep through Parnas-
sian flowers and dew.

The hot sands gleam around me, and
I thirst,—

The wayside springs have sunk into
themselves;

And even the little blossoms which
they nursed

Have vanished from their side, like
faithless elves.

Whence lead the sandy courses of
these rills?

Do they foretell a mightier stream
at hand,

With voice triumphant, worthy of
these hills?

Where are thy rivers, oh, my native
land?

A few brave souls have sparkled into
sight,

With living flashes of celestial art;
Souls who might flood the world with
new delight,

Keep sealed the deepest fountains
of the heart.

Oh for a cloud to oversweep the
West,

And with a deluge burst these
deeper springs,—

A voiceful cloud, with grandeur in
its breast,

And lightning on its far-impending
wings.

Oh for one mighty heart and fearless
hand!

For such, methinks, my country, is
thy due,—

The embodied spirit of his forest
land,

Who, scorning not the old, shall
sing the new.

Here will I rest until the day declines,
A voiceless pilgrim toward the land
of song;

And, like a sentinel, catch the herald
signs

Of him whose coming hath been
stayed too long.

A CUP OF WINE TO THE OLD YEAR.

I.

COME hither, love, come hither,
 And sit you down by me;
 And hither run, my little one,
 And climb upon my knee.
 But bring the flagon first, my love,
 And fill to friends and foes,
 And let the old year dash his beard
 With wine before he goes.

II.

Oh, do you not remember
 The night we let him in,
 The creaking signs, the windy blinds,
 The universal din ;—
 The melancholy sounds which bade
 The poor old year adieu ;
 The sudden clamor and the bells
 That welcomed in the new ?
 He brought to us a world of hope
 Beneath his robe of snows :—
 Then let the old year dash his beard
 With wine before he goes.

III.

Oh, then the year was young and fair,
 And loved all joyful things ;
 And under his bright mantle hid
 The warning of his wings.
 And you remember how the Spring
 Beguiled him to her bowers ;—
 How Summer next exalted him
 Unto her throne of flowers ;—
 And how the reaper, Autumn,
 crowned
 Him 'mid the sheaves and shocks,—
 You still may see the tangled straws
 In his disordered locks.
 The yellow wheat, the crimson leaves,
 With purple grapes, were there ;
 Till, Bacchus-like, he wore the proof
 Of plenty 'mid his hair—
 A proof that woos in harvest homes
 Brown Labor to repose :—
 Then let the old year dash his beard
 With wine before he goes.

IV.

But soon the Winter came and took
 His glory quite away :

A frosty rime o'erspread his chin,
 And all his hair went gray ;
 His crown has fallen to his feet,
 And withers where he stands,
 While some invisible horror shakes
 The old man by the hands.
 Oh, woo him from his cloud of grief
 And from his dream of woes ;
 And bid the old year dash his beard
 With wine before he goes.

V.

For he hath brought us some new
 friends,
 And made the old more dear,
 And shown how love may constant
 prove,
 And friendship be sincere.
 Though it may be some venom'd tooth
 Hath wrought against the file ;
 And though perchance a Janus' face
 Hath cursed us with its smile :—
 Come, fill the goblet till its rim
 With Lethe overflows ;
 The year shall drown their memory
 With wine before he goes.

VI.

But hark ! a music nears and nears,—
 As if the singing stars
 Were driving closer to the earth
 In their triumphal cars !
 And hark ! the sudden pealing crash
 'Of one who will not wait,
 But flings into the ringing dark
 Old Winter's crystal gate.
 A sigh is on the midnight air,—
 A ghost is on the lawn,—
 The broken goblet strews the floor,—
 The poor old year is gone !

THE AWAKENING YEAR.

THE bluebirds and the violets
 Are with us once again,
 And promises of summer spot
 The hill-side and the plain.

The clouds around the mountain-tops
 Are riding on the breeze,
 Their trailing azure trains of mist
 Are tangled in the trees.

The snow-drifts, which have lain so long,
 Haunting the hidden nooks,
 Like guilty ghosts have slipped away,
 Unseen, into the brooks.

The streams are fed with generous rains,
 They drink the wayside springs,
 And flutter down from crag to crag
 Upon their foamy wings.

Through all the long wet nights they brawl,
 By mountain homes remote,
 Till woodmen in their sleep behold
 Their ample rafts afloat.

The lazy wheel, that hung so dry
 Above the idle stream,
 Whirls wildly in the misty dark,
 And through the miller's dream.

Loud torrent unto torrent calls,
 Till at the mountain's feet,
 Flashing afar their spectral light,
 The noisy waters meet.

They meet, and through the lowlands sweep,
 Toward briny bay and lake,
 Proclaiming to the distant towns,
 "The country is awake!"

PROLOGUE TO AN UNPUBLISHED SERIO-COMIC POEM.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

I.

DEAR friend, while now the dews are shed
 Along the vintage-crownéd Rhine;
 And day departs with purple tread,
 Fresh dripping from the land of wine:

Here, o'er a flask of Rudesheim,
 Your shade with me shall drain the bowl,
 While in this passing cup of rhyme
 I pour the fulness of my soul.

And you shall drain as I have drained
 The golden goblet of your song,
 Till in my heart a pleasure reigned
 Like Bacchus 'mid his wreathéd throng.

II.

And blame me not, that while she sings
 My Muse not always strives to soar,—
 If, folding her o'erwearied wings,
 She warbles when her flight is o'er.

It may be that more oft than well
 I've woke the melancholy lyre;
 Then frown not if I break the spell
 And touch at times a lighter wire.

If it has been my wont to quaff
 And drain the chalice' darker tide,
 What marvel, if I stop and laugh
 To see the satyrs on its side?

III.

What though you bid me hoard my hours,
 And say you see my life-star pale,
 Have I not walked amid the flowers
 That bloom in the enchanted vale?

Though I had, on a lotus bed,
 Dreamed the wild dreams that few may dare,
 Till the o'ershadowing laurel shed
 Its leaves of poison on my hair;

I do believe the gods are just,—
 They will not break the unfinished chord,
 Nor dash the goblet in the dust
 Until its latest draught be poured.

IV.

Then fill, dear friend, again immerse
 The lip that shall approve the rhyme;
 A richer beauty gilds the verse
 When seen through cups of Rudesheim.

And if within my tuneful task
I wake too oft the mournful note,
Then pour again the golden flask,
For it has laughter in its throat.

And while I deem you sit and quaff,
I shall no longer be alone,
Nor think my dusty pack and staff
My sole companions in Cologne.

VENICE.

I.

NIGHT on the Adriatic, night!
And like a mirage of the plain,
With all her marvellous domes of
light,
Pale Venice looms along the main.

No sound from the receding shore,—
No sound from all the broad lagoon,
Save where the light and springing oar
Brightens our track beneath the
moon:—

Or save where yon high campanile
Gives to the listening sea its chime;
Or where those dusky giants wheel
And smite the ringing helm of Time.

'Tis past,—and Venice drops to rest;
Alas! hers is a sad repose,
While in her brain and on her breast
Tramples the vision of her foes.

Erewhile from her sad dream of pain
She rose upon her native flood,
And struggled with the Tyrant's
chain,
Till every link was stained with
blood.

The Austrian pirate, wounded,
spurned,
Fled howling to the sheltering shore,
But, gathering all his crew, returned
And bound the Ocean Queen once
more.

'Tis past,—and Venice prostrate lies,—
And, snarling round her couch of
woes,
The watch-dogs, with the jealous eyes,
Scowl where the stranger comes or
goes.

II.

Lo! here awhile suspend the oar;
Rest in the Mocenigo's shade,
For Genius hath within this door
His charmed, though transient,
dwelling made.

Somewhat of "Harold's" spirit yet,
Methinks, still lights these crum-
bling halls;
For where the flame of song is set
It burns, though all the temple falls.

Oh, tell me not those days were given
To Passion and her pampered brood;
Or that the eagle stoops from heaven
To dye his talons deep in blood.

I hear alone his deathless strain
From sacred inspiration won,
As I would only watch again
The eagle when he nears the sun.

III.

Oh, would some friend were near me
now,
Some friend well tried and cherished
long,
To share the scene;—but chiefly thou,
Sole source and object of my song.

By Olivola's dome and tower,
What joy to clasp thy hand in mine,
While through my heart this sacred
hour
Thy voice should melt like mellow
wine.

What time or place so fit as this
To bid the gondolier withhold,
And dream through one soft age of
bliss
The olden story, never old?

The domes suspended in the sky
Swim all above me broad and fair;
And in the wave their shadows lie,—
Twin phantoms of the sea and air.

O'er all the scene a halo plays,
Slow fading, but how lovely yet;
For here the brightness of past days
Still lingers, though the sun is set.

Oft in my bright and boyish hours
 I lived in dreams what now I live,
 And saw these palaces and towers
 In all the light romance can give.

They rose along my native stream,
 They charmed the lakelet in the
 glen ;
 But in this hour the waking dream
 More frail and dream-like seems
 than then.

A matchless scene, a matchless night,
 A tide below, a moon above ;
 An hour for music and delight,
 For gliding gondolas and love !

But here, alas ! you hark in vain,—
 When Venice fell her music died ;
 And voiceless as a funeral train,
 The blackened barges swim the tide.

The harp, which Tasso loved to wake,
 Hangs on the willow where it sleeps,
 And while the light strings sigh or
 break,
 Pale Venice by the water weeps.

IV.

'Tis past,—and weary droops the wing
 That thus hath borne me idly on ;
 The thoughts I have essayed to sing
 Are but as bubbles touched and
 gone.

But, Venice, cold his soul must be,
 Who, looking on thy beauty, hears
 The story of thy wrongs, if he
 Is moved to neither song nor tears.

To glide by temples fair and proud,
 Between deserted marble walls,
 Or see the hireling foeman crowd
 Rough-shod her noblest palace
 halls ;

To know her left to Vandal foes
 Until her nest be robbed and gone,—
 To see her bleeding breast, which
 shows
 How dies the Adriatic swan ;—

To know that all her wings are shorn ;
 That Fate has written her decree,
 That soon the nations here shall mourn
 The lone Palmyra of the sea ;—

Where waved her vassal flags of yore
 By valor in the Orient won ;
 To see the Austrian vulture soar,
 A blot against the morning sun ;—

To hear a rough and foreign speech
 Commanding the old ocean mart,—
 Are mournful sights and sounds that
 reach,
 And wake to pity, all the heart.

NIGHTFALL.

IN MEMORY OF A POET.

I SAW in the silent afternoon
 The overladen sun go down ;
 While, in the opposing sky, the moon,
 Between the steeples of the town,

Went upward, like a golden scale,
 Outweighed by that which sank
 beyond ;
 And over the river, and over the vale,
 With odors from the lily-pond,

The purple vapors calmly swung ;
 And, gathering in the twilight
 trees,
 The many vesper minstrels sung
 Their plaintive mid-day memories,

Till, one by one, they dropped away
 From music into slumber deep ;
 And now the very woodlands lay
 Folding their shadowy wings in
 sleep.

Oh, Peace ! that like a vesper psalm
 Hallows the daylight at its close ;
 Oh, Sleep ! that like the vapor's calm
 Mantles the spirit in repose,—

Through all the twilight falling dim,
 Through all the song which passed
 away,
 Ye did not stoop your wings to him
 Whose shallop on the river lay

Without an oar, without a helm ;—
 His great soul in his marvellous eyes
 Gazing on from realm to realm
 Through all the world of mysteries !

L'ENVOI.

I BRING the flower you asked of me,
A simple bloom, nor bright nor
rare,

But like a star its light will be
Within the darkness of your hair.

It grew not in those guarded bowers
Where rustling fountains sift their
spray,

But gladly drank the common showers
Of dew beside the dusty way.

It may be in its humble sphere
It cheered the pilgrim of the road,
And shed as blest an alms as e'er
The generous hand of Wealth be-
stowed.

Or though, save mine, it met no eye,
But secretly looked up and grew,
And from the loving air and sky
Its little store of beauty drew,

And though it breathed its small per-
fumes

So low they did not woo the bee,—
Exalted, how it shines and blooms,
Above all flowers, since worn by thee.

And thus the song you bade me sing
May be a rude and artless lay,
And yet it grew a sacred thing
To bless me on Life's dusty way.

And unto this, my humble strain,
How much of beauty shall belong,
If thou wilt in thy memory deign
To wear my simple flower of song!

SYLVIA; OR, THE LAST SHEPHERD.

AN ECLOGUE.

AND OTHER POEMS.

TO

HENRY C. TOWNSEND, ESQ.

To you, my friend, whose youthful feet have known
The same bright hills and valleys as my own;
Whose eye learned beauty from the self-same scene,
Which, still remembered, keeps our pathways green:
From the same minstrel-stream and poet-birds
Learned what I oft would fain recall in words:—
To you I bring this handful of wild flowers,
By memory plucked from those dear fields of ours;
And when their freshness and their perfume die,
On friendship's shrine still let them fondly lie.

PRELUDE.

THE MERRY MOWERS.

"HERE 'mid the clover's crimson
realm

We'll rest us through the glowing
noon,

Beneath this broad and liberal elm,
Slow nodding to his hundredth
June.

"On this low branch our scythes shall
sway,

Fresh reeking from the field in
bloom;

While, breathing o'er the new-mown
hay,

The air shall fan us with perfume.

"And here the cottage maid shall
spread

The viands on the stainless cloth,—

The golden prints, the snow-white
bread,
The chilly pitcher crowned with
froth.

"And you, fair youth, whose shepherd look
Brings visions of the pastoral
time,—

Your hay-fork shouldered like a
crook,
Your speech the natural voice of
rhyme,—

"Although the world is far too ripe
To hark,—or, hearkening, would
disdain,—

Come, pour along your fancied pipe
The music of some rustic strain.

"We'll listen as we list the birds,—
And, being pleased, will hold it
wise;
And deem we sit 'mid flocks and herds
Beneath the far Arcadian skies."

Thus spake the mowers; while the
maid,
The fairest daughter of the realm,
Stood twining in the happy shade
A wreath of mingled oak and elm.

And this, with acorns interwound,
And violets inlaid with care,
Fame's temporary priestess bound
In freshness round her druid hair.

The breeze with sudden pleasure
played,
And, dancing in from bough to
bough,
Let one slant sunbeam down, which
stayed
A moment on the crownéd brow.

The birds, as with a new-born thrill,
Sang as they only sing at morn,
While through the noon from hill to
hill
Echoed the winding harvest-horn.

With upturned face and lips apart,
He mused a little, but not long;
For clustered in his boundless heart
Sang all the morning stars of
song.

THE ECLOGUE.

I.

In middle of a noble space,
Of antique wood and boundless plain,
Queen Sylvia, regent of all grace,
Held long-descended reign.

The diadem her forehead wore
Was her bright hair, a golden band;
And she, as sceptre, ever bore
A distaff in her hand.

In russet train, with rustling tread,
She walked like morning, dewy-
eyed,
And, like Saint Agnes, ever led
A white lamb at her side.

And she to all the flowery land
Was dear as are the summer skies;
And round her waving mulberry
wand
Swarmed all the butterflies.

Queen was she of the flaxen skein,
And empress of the snowy fleece,
And o'er the silkworm's small domain
Held guard in days of peace.

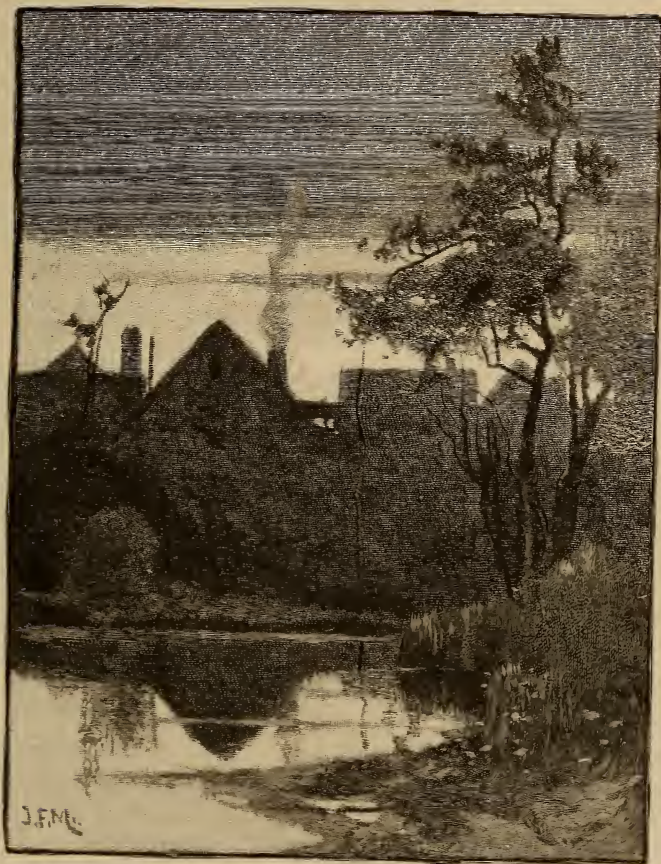
II.

To own her sway the woods were
proud,
The solemn forest, wreathed and
old;
To her the pluméd harvests bowed
Their rustling ranks of gold.

Mantled in majesty complete,
She walked among her flocks and
herds;
Where'er she moved, with voices
sweet,
Sang all her laureate birds.

All happy sounds waved softly near,
With perfume from the fields of
dew;
From every hill, bold chanticleer
His silver clarion blew.

The bees her honey-harvest reaped,
The fields were murmurous with
their glee;



SYLVIA; OR, THE LAST SHEPHERD.

"And the toiling day is done."

And, loyal to her hives, they heaped
Her waxen treasury.

All pleasures round her loved to
press,

To sing their sweetest madrigals;—
She never knew the weariness
Which dwells in grander halls.

III.

WHAT time came in the welcome
spring,

The happy maiden looked abroad,
And saw her lover gayly fling
The flax athwart the sod.

Hither and thither the yellow seed
Young Leon sprinkled o'er the
plain,

As a farmer to his feathery breed
Full hands of golden grain.

As o'er the yielding mould he swayed,
He whistled to his measured tread
A happy tune; for he saw the maid
Spinning the future thread,

Or saw the shuttle in her room
Fly, like a bird, from hand to
hand;

And then his arm, as at a loom,
Swung wider o'er the land.

He wondered what the woof would
be,—

Or for the poor, or for the proud?
A bridal garment fluttering free?
Or formal winding-shroud?

IV.

THEN May recrossed the southern
hill,—

Her heralds thronged the elms and
eaves;

And Nature, with a sudden thrill,
Burst all her buds to leaves.

Loud o'er the slope a streamlet flung
Fresh music from its mountain
springs,

As if a thousand birds there sung
And flashed their azure wings.

"Flow on," the maiden sang, "and
whirl,

Sweet stream, your music o'er the
hill,

And touch with your light foot of pearl
The wheel of yonder mill."

It touched the wheel, and in the vale
Died from the ear and passed from
view,—

Like a singing bird that is seen to sail
Into the distant blue;—

Died where the river shone below,
Where white sails through the
vapor glowed,
Like great archangels moving slow
On some celestial road.

V.

How sweet it is when twilight wakes
A many-voicéd eve in May,—
When Sylvia's western casement takes
The farewell flame of day:

When cattle from the upland lead
Or drive their lengthening shadows
home;

While bringing from the odorous mead
Deep pails of snowy foam,

The milkmaid sings, and, while she
stoops,

Her hands keep time; the night-
hawk's wail

Pierces the twilight, till he swoops
And mocks the sounding pail.

Then sings the robin, he who wears
A sunset memory on his breast,
Pouring his vesper hymns and prayers
To the red shrine of the west.

Deep in the grove the woodland sprites
Start into frequent music brief;
And there the whippoorwill recites
The ballad of his grief.

The ploughs turn home; the anvils
cease;

The forge has faded with the sun;
The heart of the loom is soothed to
peace,
And the toiling day is done.

VI.

A LOVER's heart hath no repose;
 'Tis ever thundering in his ear
 The story of his joys and woes,—
 The light remote, the shadow
 near.

And Leon, penning his fleecy stock,
 Felt hope as painful as despair,
 While one by one heaven's starry
 flock
 Came up the fields of air.

True shepherd,—like the men of
 old,—
 He knew to call each as it came;
 And, as his flock leaped in the fold,
 Each had a starry name.

There, clustered close in slumbrous
 peace,
 He gazed on them with shepherd
 pride,
 And saw each deep and pillowy fleece
 Through Sylvia's soft hands
 glide.

In that still hour, where none might
 mark,
 He leaned against the shadowy bars;
 Soft tearlight blurred the deepening
 dark
 And doubled all the stars.

And, starlike, through the valley dim
 The tapers shot their guiding rays;
 But one there was which seemed to him
 To set the night ablaze.

To his impatient feet it flowed,
 A stream of gold along the sod;
 Then like the road to glory glowed
 The love-lit path he trod!

VII.

OUT of her tent, as one afraid,
 The moon along the purple field
 Stole like an oriental maid,
 Her beauty half concealed.

And, peering with her vestal torch
 Between the vines at Sylvia's door,
 She saw two shadows in the porch
 Pass and repass the floor.

On the far hill the dreary hound
 Saddened the evening with his
 howl;
 In the near grove—a shuddering
 sound—
 Echoed the ominous owl.

Three times, as at a robber band,
 The guardian mastiff leaped his
 chain;
 Three times the hand in Leon's
 hand
 Grew chill and shook with pain.

And Sylvia said, "These, Leon, these
 Are the dismal sounds which three
 nights past
 Came herald to the mysteries
 Of dreams too sad to last.

VIII.

"FIRST of the mournful sights, I
 saw
 Our flocks fly bleating from a hound,
 And many a one his savage jaw
 Dragged bleeding to the ground.

"The rest sought shelter in despair,
 And in a brake were robbed and
 torn;
 The cruel hound had an ally there
 In every brier and thorn.

"In nightmare chains my feet were
 set,
 For I could neither move nor
 scream:
 Oh, Leon, it makes me tremble yet,
 Although 'twas but a dream!

"Anon I struggled forth, and took
 From off our mastiff's neck the
 chain;
 He leaped the gate, he leaped the
 brook,
 And snarled across the plain.

"Then how they fought! My sight
 grew dim,
 In straining to the field remote:
 At length he threw that blood-hound
 grim,
 And held him by the throat!

IX.

"AND then I heard your neighing
train,—

Its silver bells rang down the
breeze,—

And saw the white arch of your wain
Between the roadside trees.

"Announced as by an ocean storm,
A horseman from the east in ire
Rode to retrieve his hound: his form
Was robed in scarlet fire.

"But when you saw our murdered
field—

And saw in midst the struggling
hounds—

And him whose sword made threat
to wield

Destruction o'er our grounds,—

"You loosed the best steed of your
team,

And seized the weapon nearest
hand,—

Then sped the hill and leaped the
stream,

And bade the invader stand.

"Then came the horrid sight and
sound:

At length I saw the foe retreat,
And swooned for joy; but waking
found

You bleeding at my feet!

X.

"I bore you in; with my own hand
I tended you long nights and days;
And heard with pride how all the land
Was ringing with your praise.

"But when your deepest wounds were
well,—

This, Leon, is the saddest part,—

A lady came with witching spell,
And claimed you, hand and heart.

"She came in all her southern pride;
And, though she was as morning
bright,

An Afric bondmaid at her side
Stooped like a starless night.

"She moved as she were monarch
born,

And smiled her sweetest smile on
you;

But scorned me with her lofty scorn,
Until I shrank from view.

"When you were gone, all hope had
flown,—

Grief held to me her bitter crust;
My distaff dropped, my loom o'er-
thrown

Lay trampled in the dust.

XI.

"I KNOW such dreams are empty,
vain;

And yet may rest upon the heart,
Like chillness of a summer rain
After the clouds depart.

"And still the dream went on:—each
hour

Some new-born wonder filled the
dream:

First came the laborers to o'erpower
And chain our little stream.

"A giant prison-wall they made;—
Our brook, recoiling in her fears,
Over our meadows wildly strayed,
And drowned them with her tears.

"And then they reared a stately
home,—

Not one, but many, for this queen;
The gleam of tower and spire and
dome

Through all the land was seen.

"And when her orgies swelled the
breeze,

Loudly a mile away or more
Was borne the voice of her revelries,
The rattle and the roar.

XII.

"You grew to her more fond and near,
And mine no more! Ah, never
more

You brought the antlered forest deer
And laid it at my door.

"And ever round the hall and hearth,
These branching emblems of the
chase
Mocked me with memory of the mirth
Which once made bright the place.

"No more 'neath autumn's sun or
cloud
You paid to me the pleasing tax
Of labor at the swingle loud,
Breaking the brittle flax.

"No more when winter walked our
clime
We woke the evening-lighted room
With laugh and song, still keeping
time
To whirring wheel or loom.

"Nor blazed the great logs as of
yore,
Cheered with the cricket's pastoral
song;
The cider and the nuts were o'er,
And gone the jovial throng.

"The hearth was basely narrowed
down;
The antlered walls were stripped
and bare;
The oaken floor no more was known,—
A foreign woof was there.

XIII.

"AND never more your ringing team
Made music in our happy dale;
Instead, an earthquake winged with
steam
Roared through our sundered
vale.

"And where yon river seaward runs,
The white-winged barges ceased to
roam;
Instead, came great leviathans
Trampling the waves to foam.

"And there was rushing to and fro,
As if the nation suddenly
Made haste to meet some foreign foe
Impending on the sea.

"And all this horrid roar and rage—
The clash of steel and flash of ire—

Was the giant march of the Conquer-
ing Age
Flapping his flags of fire!

"He strode the land from east to
west:—

Then death in my despair was sweet,
And soon above my buried breast
Trampled the world's loud feet.

"The dreary dream is past and told;
But, Leon, swear to still be true,
Even though with charms a thousand-
fold
A queen should smile on you."

This, Leon swore,—swore still to pay
The fealty he long had borne:—
The years which followed best can say
If Leon was forsworn.

XIV.

"FORSWORN!" The fields all sighed,
"forsworn!"
When Sylvia pined into her shroud;
And all the pastures lay forlorn,
O'ershadowed with a cloud.

The homesteads wept with childish
sob,
"Forsworn!" and every wheel was
dumb;
The looms were muffled, each low
throb
Was like a funeral drum.

The maidens hid in Maytime grots,
Their distaffs twined with blossoms
sweet,
With pansies and forget-me-nots,
And laid them at her feet.

"Forsworn!" they sighed, and
sprinkled o'er
Her breast the loveliest flowers of
May;
And then these fair pall-bearers bore
Her gentle dust away.

"Forsworn!" The grandams moved
about
Like useless shadows in their gloom;
And oft they brought their distaffs out,
And sat beside her tomb.

"Forsworn!" All nature sighs, "for-
sworn!"

And Sylvia's is a nameless grave;
The blossoms which above her mourn
'Mid tangled grasses wave.

XV.

PROUD Leon sits beside his bride,
His chariot manned by Nubian
grooms,—

His lady rustling in the pride
Of stuffs of foreign looms.

Secure, important, and serene,
The master of a wide domain,
He looks abroad with lordly mien,—
This once poor shepherd swain.

You scarce would think, to see him
now,

In all his grandeur puffed and full,
He e'er had guided flock or plough
In simple, homespun wool.

The chain of gold is still a chain;—
There may be moments he would
pay

The bulk of all his marvellous gain
For what has passed away!

CONCLUSION.

THE MOURNFUL MOWERS.

THUS sang the shepherd crowned at
noon,

And every breast was heaved with
sighs;—

Attracted by the tree and tune,
The wingéd singers left the skies.

Close to the minstrel sat the maid;
His song had drawn her fondly near:
Her large and dewy eyes betrayed
The secret to her bosom dear.

The factory-people through the fields,
Pale men and maids and children
pale,
Listened, forgetful of the wheels,
Till the loud summons woke the
vale.

And all the mowers rising said,
"The world has lost its dewy
prime;
Alas! the Golden age is dead,
And we are of the Iron time!"

"The wheel and loom have left our
homes,—

Our maidens sit with empty hands,
Or toil beneath yon roaring domes,
And fill the factory's pallid bands.

"The fields are swept as by a war,
Our harvests are no longer blithe;
Yonder the iron mower's car
Comes with his devastating scythe.

"They lay us waste by fire and
steel,

Besiege us to our very doors;
Our crops before the driving wheel
Fall captive to the conquerors.

"The pastoral age is dead, is dead!
Of all the happy ages chief;
Let every mower bow his head,
In token of sincerest grief.

"And let our brows be thickly bound
With every saddest flower that
blows;
And all our scythes be deeply wound
With every mournful leaf that
grows."

Thus sang the mowers; and they
said,

"The world has lost its dewy
prime;
Alas! the Golden age is dead,
And we are of the Iron time!"

Each wreathed his scythe and twined
his head;

They took their slow way through
the plain:

The minstrel and the maiden led
Across the fields the solemn train.

The air was rife with clamorous
sounds,

Of clattering factory—thundering
forge,—

Conveyed from the remotest bounds
Of smoky plain and mountain
gorge.

Here, with a sudden shriek and roar,
The rattling engine thundered by;
A steamer past the neighboring shore
Convulsed the river and the sky.

The brook that erewhile laughed
abroad,
And o'er one light wheel loved to
play,
Now, like a felon, groaning trod
Its hundred treadmills night and
day.

The fields were tilled with steeds of
steam,
Whose fearful neighing shook the
vales;
Along the road there rang no team,—
The barns were loud, but not with
fails.

And still the mournful mowers said,
"The world has lost its dewy prime;
Alas! the Golden age is dead,
And we are of the Iron time!"

AIRS FROM ALPLAND.

TO

MARCUS L. WARD, ESQ.

To you, who, in the broad commercial plain,
Sittest where calm Passaic seeks the main,
I bring these mountain airs,—and wake once more
The minstrel harp you kindly heard of yore:
Beside your fire the heavenward hill would rear,
And give the pleasures of the mountaineer;
Would wake the music of the marvellous pass,
And loose the avalanche's monster mass;
Recall, had I such mastery o'er the strings,
From St. Bernard the tempest's wildest wings!
Assured the dreariest scene would soon depart
Before your glowing hearth and genial heart!

THE LISTENERS.

UNDER the vernal tents of shadowy
trees,—
A druid depth of oaken solitude,
The home of wild flowers and the
haunt of bees,
The native vale of many a min-
strel brood,—
There ran a stream in its bewilder-
ing mood
Of song and silence and low whis-
pering trance;
And stream-like paths went wind-
ing through the wood
From rock to glen, the temples of
Romance,
And there were lawns where Mirth
might lead her wreathéd dance.

Upon a knoll o'ergrown with
mosses sweet,
While dropt the sun adown the
afternoon,
A group of maidens made their
merry seat,—
June all around, and in their hearts
was June;
And on their flowery lips the mel-
low tune
Of early summer; and with fingers
fair
Shaking the wingéd spoilers in
their swoon
From honey-bells of blossoms
bright and rare,
They wove their woodland wreaths
and decked each other's hair.

But when they saw me pass be-
tween the trees,
Slow making toward the streamlet's
yellow sands,
"Come hither, thou new-comer
from the seas,
And sing to us fresh songs of
foreign lands!"
They cried, and placed a harp into
my hands:
And straightway I went stumbling
o'er the strings,
As best I could, to answer their
demands,—
Like some poor bird that with his
trembling wings
Beats at the caging wires, and to his
mistress sings.

THE FAIR PILGRIM.

"Upon her little palfrey white
Ye maiden sitteth eke upright,
Her hair is black as ye midnight,
Her eyes also,
Her cheeks have snary dimples in,
And Cupid's thumb hath touched her chin,
And silken soft her lily skin,
Her lips like crimson rose-leaves bin
About her teeth of snow."

TIME was when, with the unrestraint
Of an enamored soul and hand,—
In lieu of these cold words, that
faint
And waver like a willow wand
Before the vision I would paint,—
I would have seized the ready
brush,
And, with the limner's clearer art,
Poured out the softer hues that
flush
And flow within the painter's heart;
Have shown you where she passed
or stood,
Between the Alpine light and shade;
Her stately form, her air subdued,
Her dark eye mellowing to the
mood
That round her inmost spirit played.
I would have wrought the daylight
through
To give what yet before me beams,
And ceased at eve but to renew
The impassioned labor in my dreams.

But this is past: life takes and gives,
And o'er the dust of hopes long
gone
The vision brightens as it lives,
And mocks the hand that would
have drawn

Along those windings high and vast,
Through frequent sun and shade
she stole,
And all the Alpine splendor passed
Into the chambers of her soul;
For she was of that better clay
Which treads not oft this earthly
stage;
Such charmed spirits lose their way
But once or twice into an age.
Her voice was one that thrills and
clings
Forever in the hearer's bosom,—
As when a bee with flashing wings
Cleaves to the centre of a blos-
som,—
And with the mule-bells' measured
chime
Her fancies rung themselves to rhyme.

SONG ON ST. BERNARD.

OH, it is a pleasure rare
Ever to be climbing so,
Winding upward through the air,
Till the cloud is left below!
Upward and forever round
On the stairway of the stream,
With the motion and the sound
Of processions in a dream;
While the world below all this
Lies a fathomless abyss.

Freedom singeth ever here,
Where her sandals print the snow,
And to her the pines are dear,
Freely rocking to and fro;
Swinging oft like stately ships,
Where the billowy tempests sport;
Or, as when the anchor slips
Down the dreamy wave in port,
Standing silent as they list
Where the zephyrs furl the mist.

Here the well-springs drop their
pearls,
All to Freedom's music strung;
And the brooks, like mountain girls,
Sing the songs of Freedom's tongue.

And the great hills, stern and stanch,
Guard her valleys and her lakes,
And the rolling avalanche
Blocks the path the invader makes,
While her eagle, like a flag,
Floats in triumph o'er the crag!

I HAVE LOOKED ON A FACE.

I HAVE looked on a face that has
looked in my heart,
As deep as the moon ever fathoms
a wave;
As uncomprehended it came to de-
part,
While a sense of its glory was all
that it gave.

Where she passed the Alp blossoms
grew pallid and shrank,
As a taper in sunlight sinks faint
and aghast;
And now o'er her path swims a ter-
rible blank,
A gulf in the air where her beauty
hath passed.

But her light in my heart, which no
time can eclipse,
Seems to brighten and smile in the
joy it confers;
And a voice which is shed from aerial
lips
Breathes a music I know which can
only be hers!

THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER.

"THERE!—see you not upon the face
Of yonder far and dizzy height
A something with slow-moving pace,
Now faintly seen, now lost to
sight?
And now again, with downward
spring,
As if supported by a wing,
It drops, then scarcely seems to crawl
Along the smooth and shining wall.
Is it a bird? or beast whose lair
Is hid within some cavern there?
Or some adventurer who hath striven
To scale that Babel wall to heaven?"

In sooth, methinks, there never
yawned
A passage to the world beyond
Of shorter access than now lies
Around that climber in the skies."

Then spake the guide:—

"Unless I err,
There is but one adventurer
From Basle unto Geneva's lake,
From Neufchatel to Splügen pass,
Of all who freely scale the brow
Of ice that crowns the Mer-de-glacé,
Or climbs the slippery Rosenlau,
Who dares that dreadful path to
take.

Not him who sprang from ridge to
ridge,
And passed us on the Devil's Bridge,
And told you all that perilous tale
Which made your rosy cheeks grow
pale.

Nor him who in the Grimsel sang
Among his fellows of the chase,
Until the laughing rafters rang
And scared all slumber from the
place;

Or, if the weary traveller slept,
Through all his dream the chamois
swept.

There never yet was hunter born
So fierce of soul, so lithe of limb,
So fearless on the mountain's rim,
As Herman of the Wetterhorn.
He robbed the Jungfrau of her fame,
And put the chamois' flight to shame;
He takes the wild crag by the brow,
As boatman might his shallop-prow.
The avalanche he loves to dare,

To shout amid the wild uproar
Until the thundering vale is
full,—

Then stands upon the ruins there,
Like some brave Spanish matador
With foot upon the fallen bull!

"If all goes well as it should go,
Two toiling hours of steady pace
Must bring us to the ribs of snow
That lie around the broken base
Of that far height, and one hour more
Should find us at the convent door;
And there perchance will Herman be,
His shoulder laden with chamois,
His heart a mountain well of glee,
His voice an alpine gust of joy."

Two hours they toiled with steady pace,
And they had gained that rocky base.
But when the winding line had earned
A jutting crag and partly turned,
A sharp and sudden rifle-crack

Broke through the thin and icy air,
Jarring the frozen silence there,

And rattled down the steep hill-side;
But ere the snow-cliffs gave it back,
A wounded chamois in their track

Rolled bleeding, and there died!
The startled rider checked his rein;
And the pedestrian stayed his pace:

With looks of wonder or of pain
Each stared into the other's face.

And when the maid's first shock of fear
In gentle tremblings passed away,
Her dark eye glistening with a tear,

She gazed where the dead creature
lay.

The graceful head,—the slender
horns,—

The eyes which Death seemed
scarce to dull,

So wildly sad,—so beautiful!

The polished hoofs,—the shining
form,—

The limbs that had outsped the
storm,

Thrilled her with wonder and with
woe,

Until she would have given a part
Of the dear life-blood of her heart
To wake once more that gentle eye
And bid the eagle's rival fly

Unto his native crags of snow.

Before their wonder all had passed,
A voice came down the rising blast,—
A voice that gayly soared and fell
Along the wild winds' wandering
swell;

A carol like a flying bird's—

Faint were the notes at first, and
then

The sounds ran eddying into words
That sang of mirth and Meyring.

SONG OF THE CHAMOIS- HUNTER.

Oh, brave may be those bands, per-
chance,

Who ride where tropic deserts
glow,—

Who bring with lasso and with lance
The tiger to their saddle's prow:—
But I would climb the snowy track
Alone, as I have ever been,
And with a chamois on my back,
Descend to merry Meyring.

Oh, they may sing of eyes of jet,
That melt in passion's dreamy
glance,—

Of forms that to the castanet
Sway through the languor of the
dance:—

But let me clasp some blue-eyed girl,
Whose arms impulsive clasp again;
And through a storm of music whirl
The dizzy waltz at Meyring.

And they may sing, as oft they will,
Of joy beneath the southern vine,
And in luxurious banquets fill
Their goblets with the orient
wine:—

But when the Alpland winter rolls
His tempests over hill and glen,
Let me sit 'mid the steaming bowls
That cheer the nights at Meyring.

Brave men are there with hands adroit
At every game our land deems
good,—

To wrestle, or to swing the quoit,
Or drain the bowl of brotherhood:—
And when the last wild chase is
through,

We'll sit together, gray-haired men,
And, with the gay Lisette to brew,
Once more be young in Meyring.

THE WARNING.

THE song was done; they raised their
eyes,

And saw between them and the skies
A figure standing dark and mute

That on a gleaming rifle leant,
And all his form from head to foot

Was painted on the firmament.

So still he stood, the quickest eye
In its first gazing toward the sky

Glanced twice, before discerning if
The dusky shape were man or cliff.

At length, a voice—so high and loud
It seemed descending from the cloud—

Swept down along the swelling gale,
 And made the stoutest hearer quail.
 "I charge ye, on! I charge ye, speed!
 And every gust proclaims the need.
 By all the surest mountain signs,
 By all the wailing of the winds,—
 And by the sobbing of the pines,—
 And by that avalanche which now
 Gives warning through the vale
 below,—

By yonder rising cloud, whose wrath
 Makes desperate the safest path,
 I know the blast must soon perform
 The bidding of the monarch storm."

STORM ON ST. BERNARD.

OH, Heaven, it is a fearful thing
 Beneath the tempest's beating wing
 To struggle, like a stricken hare
 When swoops the monarch bird of air;
 To breast the loud winds' fitful spasms,
 To brave the cloud and shun the
 chasms,
 Tossed like a fretted shallop-sail
 Between the ocean and the gale.

Along the valley, loud and fleet,
 The rising tempest leapt and roared,
 And scaled the Alp, till from his seat
 The throned Eternity of Snow
 His frequent avalanches poured
 In thunder to the storm below.

The laden tempest wildly broke
 O'er roaring chasms and rattling
 cliffs,

And on the pathway piled the drifts;
 And every gust was like a wolf,—
 And there was one at every cloak,—
 That, snarling, dragged toward
 the gulf.

The staggering mule scarce kept his
 pace,

With ears thrown back and shoul-
 ders bowed;

The surest guide could barely trace
 The difference 'twixt earth and
 cloud;

And every form, from foot to face,
 Was in a winding-sheet of snow:
 The wind, 'twas like the voice of
 woe

That howled above their burial-place!

And now, to crown their fears, a
 roar

Like ocean battling with the shore,
 Or like that sound which night and
 day

Breaks through Niagara's veil of
 spray,

From some great height within the
 cloud,

To some immeasured valley driven,
 Swept down, and with a voice so
 loud

It seemed as it would shatter
 heaven!

The bravest quailed; it swept so near,
 It made the ruddiest cheek to
 blanch,

While look replied to look in fear,
 "The avalanche! The avalanche!"

It forced the foremost to recoil,
 Before its sideward billows
 thrown,—

Who cried, "O God! Here ends our
 toil!

The path is overswept and gone!"

The night came down. The ghostly
 dark,

Made ghostlier by its sheet of
 snow,

Wailed round them its tempestuous
 woe,

Like Death's announcing courier!
 "Hark!

There, heard you not the alp-hound's
 bark?

And there again! and there! Ah, no,
 'Tis but the blast that mocks us so!"

Then through the thick and blacken-
 ing mist

Death glared on them, and breathed
 so near,

Some felt his breath grow almost
 warm,

The while he whispered in their ear
 Of sleep that should out-dream the
 storm.

Then lower drooped their lids,—when,
 "List!

Now, heard you not the storm-bell
 ring?

And there again, and twice, and
 thrice!

Ah, no, 'tis but the thundering
 Of tempests on a crag of ice!"

Death smiled on them, and it seemed good

On such a mellow bed to lie :
The storm was like a lullaby,
And drowsy pleasure soothed their blood.

But still the sturdy, practised guide
His unremitting labor plied ;
Now this one shook until he woke,
And closer wrapt the other's cloak,—
Still shouting with his utmost breath,
To startle back the hand of Death,
Brave words of cheer ! “ But, hark again,—

Between the blasts the sound is plain ;
The storm, inhaling, lulls,—and hark !
It is—it is ! the alp-dog's bark !
And on the tempest's passing swell—

The voice of cheer so long debarred—

There swings the Convent's guiding-bell,

The sacred bell of Saint Bernard ! ”

Then how they gained, though chilled and faint,

The Convent's hospitable door,
And breathed their blessing on the saint

Who guards the traveller as of yore,—

Were long to tell :—And then the night

And unhoused winter of the height,
Were rude for audience such as mine ;

The harp, too, wakes to more delight,
The fingers take a freer flight,

When warmed between the fire and wine.

The storm around the fount of song
Has blown its blast so chill and long,

What marvel if it freeze or fail,
Or that its spray returns in hail !

Or, rather, round my muse's wings
The encumbering snow, though melting, clings

So thickly, she can scarce do more
Than flounder where she most would soar !

The hand benumbed, reviving, stings,
And with thick touches only brings

The harp-tones out by fits and spells,—

You needs must note how all the strings

Together jar like icicles !
Then heap the hearth and spread the board,

And let the glowing flasks be poured,
While I beside the roaring fire
Melt out the music of my lyre.

FANCIES IN THE FIRELIGHT,

IN THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

OH, it is a joy to gaze
Where the great logs lie ablaze ;
Thus to list the garrulous flame
Muttering like some ancient dame ;
And to hear the sap recount
Stories of its native mount,
Telling of the summer weather,
When the trees swayed all together,—
How the little birds would launch
Arrowy songs from branch to branch,
Till the leaves with pleasure glistened,
And each great bough hung and listened

To the song of thrush and linnet,
When securely lodged within it,
With all pleasant sounds that dally
Round the hill and in the valley ;
Till each log and branch and splinter
On the ancient hearth of Winter
Can do naught but tell the story
Of its transient summer glory.

Oh, there's tranquil joy in gazing
Where these great logs lie a-blazing,
While the wizard flame is sparkling,
The memorial shadows darkling
Swim the wall in strange mutation,
Till the marvelling contemplation
Feeds its wonder to repletion
With each firelight apparition.

There the ashen Alp appears,
And its glowing head uprears,
Like a warrior grim and bold,
With a helmet on of gold ;
And a music goes and comes
Like the sound of distant drums.

O'er a line of serried lances
How the blazing banner dances,
While red pennons rise and fall
Over ancient Hannibal.

Lo, beneath a moon of fire,
Where the meteor sparks stream by
her,

There I see the brotherhood
Which on sacred Grütli stood,
Pledging with crossed hands to stand
The defenders of the land.

And in that red ember fell
Gessler, with the dart of Tell!

Still they fall away, and, lo!
Other phantoms come and go,
Other banners wing the air,—
And the countless bayonets glare,
While around the steep way stir
Armies of the conqueror;
And the slow mule toiling on
Bears the world's Napoleon.

Now the transient flame that flashes
'Twixt the great logs and the ashes,
Sends a voice out from the middle
That my soul cannot unriddle,
Till the fire above and under
Gnaws the stoutest wood asunder,
And the brands, in ruin blended,
Smoking, lie uncomprehended,—
While the dying embers blanch,
And the muffled avalanche,
Noiseless as the years descend,
Sweeps them to an ashen end.
Thus at last the great shall be,
And the slave shall lie with them,—
Più Jesu Domine
Dona eis requiem!

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,

With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

In lofty lines,
'Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

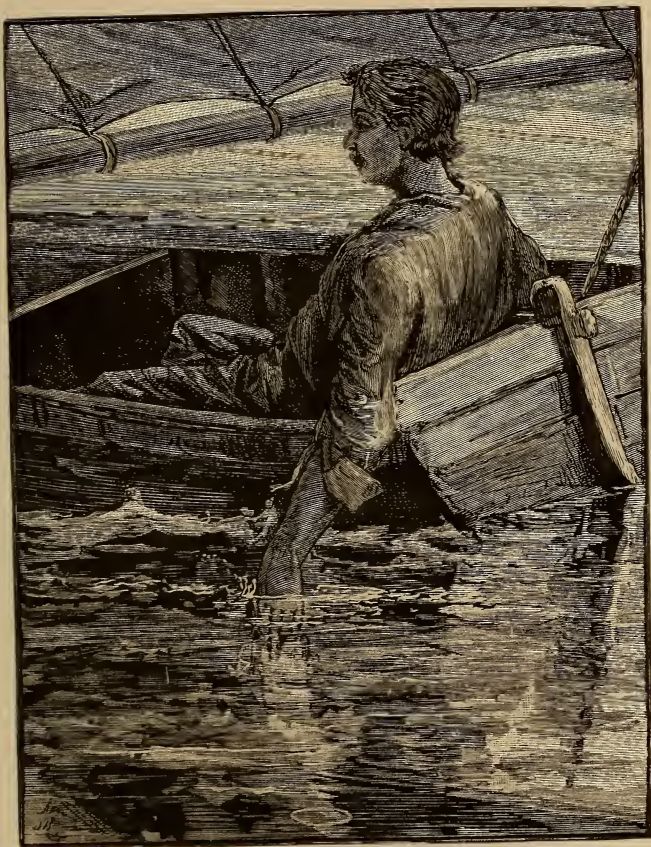
Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring
keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies:
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling
kid;



DRIFTING.

*"Over the rail my haul I trail,
Within the shadow of the sail."*



DRIFTING.

*"With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!"*

Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand be-
guiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep barque goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of
snows ;—

This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip !
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise !

THE NEW PASTORAL.

INTRODUCTION.

IF from this oaten pipe—
Plucked from the shadow of primeval woods,
And waked to changeful numbers by strange airs,
Born by my native stream, in leafy depths
Of unfrequented glades—somewhat of song
Pour through its simple stops, and wake again
In other hearts what I have felt in mine,
Then not in vain I hold it to my lips,
And breathe the fulness of my soul away.

My theme, the country—worthier theme is not
In all the tomes which star the centuries,
From blind Mæonides to Milton blind !
Oh ! would that I, with all my living sight,
Might see the least of what their blank orbs saw ;
And, seeing, wake but once their kindling note,
And, unappalled, attempt their solemn bass ;
Then would the song behind the argument
Halt at less distance. As it is, I sing
Conscious of the disparity, and tremble,—
As who might not ? But what mine eyes have seen,
Ears heard, heart felt, my muse shall teach in numbers ;
Not with a bondmaid's hand, but housewife's care,
Who holds chaste plenty better than rich waste.
And not of wars terrestrial, or of heaven,
Or of a hero, whose great name, ablaze
With glory, lights the annals of an era,
My pipe proclaims ; but of that pastoral phase,
Where man is native to his sphere, which shows
The simple light of nature, fresh from God !—

That middle life, between the hut and palace,
 'Twixt squalid ignorance and splendid vice ;—
 Above, by many roods of moral moves,
 The Indian's want, and happily below—
 If the superior may be called below—
 The purple and fine linen ;—the broad plain,
 Where rests the base of our protecting walls,
 Where many labor, though but few take note,
 And prop the world, as pillars prop a dome.
 Of trial and of triumph is my song,
 Of maidens fair and matronhood sublime,
 Of iron men who build the golden future,—
 Heroic wills, by which the hugest oak
 Is broken like a sapling ; and to which
 The wilderness, the rank and noxious swamps,
 Inhospitable hills, renouncing all
 The incumbrances of ages, bow and bear
 The burthen of the harvest.—This my song.
 Scorn not the muse because 'mid scenes like these
 She loves to wander ; and, with calm delight,
 Prefers to dwell among the rustic homes,
 Where sweet Content, beside the well-swept hearth,
 Sits like an angel, and will not depart.
 To this the plush and curtains of the proud,
 The stucco and thin gilding of the town—
 In halls where Luxury, excited, sees
 A thousand repetitions of herself
 Caught into shadowy corridors, afar,
 Of glass in glass interminably lost—
 Were cold and naked as the winter shed,
 Through which the snow falls filtered to the floor,
 Piling the cheerless drift. Let me but look
 On Nature through the tranquil change of day—
 The common shade and sunshine—and on life
 Which, unambitious, seeks no other hues
 To show her fair, or hide deformities.
 Ye who would seek for aught, beside such light
 And beauty as are found in summer fields,—
 For theories new, where splendid errors shine,
 And charm like sirens, while they drown the soul,—
 For aught of song which, covertly, dispreads
 The seeds which shall breed poison in the dews,
 And round the foot of our great sheltering Tree,
 Give root to vines, with odors breathing bane,—
 For any mystery deeper than which lies
 Between the bounds of human woe and bliss,—
 May close these harmless pages and pass on :
 The truths I seek lie round us in the sun.
 There are whom neither sun nor shade delights—
 One warming not, the other is not grateful ;
 Who rest so deeply dungeoned in themselves,
 No sound can waken, and no light attract ;
 Who lay approving hands on Nature's head,
 Too wise to sit, recipient, at her feet :
 The applause of such lies not within the pale
 Of my ambition. Though my song may be

The transient music of a spring-time runnel,
 Which may not last the season through ;—or though
 My light be only as an evening taper
 Placed in the casement of a hill-side home,
 Which, ere the midnight, in the socket dies ;—
 Still will I hold the satisfying trust,
 That some there are who, in a transient brook,
 Can find a music which may give them joy ;
 Or pleasure in the taper, lit at eve
 To send its ray aslant the peaceful vale.
 And yet one higher hope still lights my toil,
 And cheers the darkness when the lamp grows dim ;
 And I have pledged me in the heart to fill
 The compass of this wish, if in me lies
 Strength, native and achieved—and heaven vouchsafe
 What else is needful, equal to the task !—
 Let me but place one stone within the wall—
 While the stout masons, with great plumb and line,
 Are laying the foundations, broad and deep,
 Of native mind, to be a temple, and
 A future tower of strength,—let me but place
 One stone within the wall, where worthier are,
 Inscribed with Poesy !—no other word !
 Whether the name of him who placed it there
 Go with it, is but little ; and should be,
 In the just balance of true poets,—naught !

Florence, 1854.

PRELUDE.

A VISION strode before me toward the west,
 What time the day let drop its golden shield—
 A giant form with sun-illuminated face :
 His hue was like the last dull bar that falls
 At eve athwart the hill-tops. From his brow,
 A plume of many colors 'gainst the sky
 Blazed like a torch-flame. In his tawny hand
 A mighty bow he bore—so tall, its top
 Flamed in the sun-down, while the low extreme
 Trailed the dusk dews, unseen, along the vale.
 His eyes were deep, cavernous, unsubdued—
 So deep, a curse seemed crouching in their depth—
 And bent with fixed and melancholy stare ;
 The sun a target to his arrowy sight.
 He took no note of where his footsteps fell—
 No sound of tread, no rustle in the grass,
 Ran herald to his coming—all was soft
 And noiseless as the owlet's wing. His lips
 Were set in uncomplaining firmness ; his right hand
 Grasped, as with joy, the trophies at his girdle.
 From his huge breast no word of sadness broke—
 Not even a sigh to startle the calm hour !
 And yet not voiceless was the air ; small sounds,
 Faint murmurs, delicate whisperings and low songs—
 The cadence of invisible choirs, perchance,

Of aboriginal elves, which fly the haunts
 Of pallid Saxons as a child a ghost;—
 A choral sorrow, as if leaves and flowers,
 The sprites of wood and stream and water-fall,
 Were pouring out a burthen of despair,
 Filling the ear of twilight, rose and rose,
 Thrilled to the faint stars brightening overhead,
 And fell and fell, until the deep lake heard
 The shy nymphs answering from their caves forlorn.

• CHORUS.

I.

O, mighty spirit, flying, ever flying!
 We are the woodlands—hearken to our wail!
 Our poplars trembling and our maples sighing,
 Our great oaks bowing, as before a gale,
 Our pines all sorrowing and our aspens dying,
 Our sycamores with terror growing pale,
 All mourn thy flight. Oh! turn to their embraces,
 Nor let the sunshine gloat upon their vacant places!

II.

O, mighty spirit, speeding, ever speeding!—
 We are the hills and valleys thou hast loved!
 Here rest your sires, their dead hearts freshly bleeding
 Beneath thy flight, while they lie unremoved!
 Above their shrines dull foreign herds are feeding,
 And glides the grating ploughshare unproved.
 Oh! turn again—repel the foe's advance—
 Rebuild your midnight fires, and weave your warlike dance!

III.

O, mighty spirit, fading, ever fading!
 We are the springs and brooklets, rivers, lakes!
 We miss your maidens—miss your children wading
 Along our sands and pebbles; and where breaks
 Our lightest ripple now, it dies upbraiding
 The lonely marge, and every fountain aches!
 Your light canoes lie warping on the shore,
 Half buried in the sand! Oh! turn to us once more!

CHORUS OF ALL.

O, mighty spirit, flying, ever flying!
 Thou wilt not stay and smile on us again:
 Our hopes are ashes, and our hearts are dying,
 Our garlands are transmuted to a chain;
 Our necks beneath the conquerors are lying,
 The toiling yoke succeeds thy peaceful reign!
 The clouds have ta'en thee! We have looked our last,
 And mournful memory now alone can bring the past.

The song was ended and the shade was gone,
 Lost in the fiery forests of the sun.
 But often since, as Eve her mantle drew
 O'er her chaste bosom, stepping from her cave,
 Where all the day she nods above her urn
 Of dew and perfume, sentried by her owl—
 The muse has watched in the departing west,
 'Mid visionary landscapes, rivers, lakes,
 O'er purple prairies, and through golden woods,
 This flying shadow with his blazing bow
 And flashing arrows, flaming as they flew,
 Chasing the deer whose antlers 'mid the stars
 Flung up the lustre of the dying day;
 Or o'er the fallen bison saw him stand,
 His red foot glowing in its gorgeous mane.

Such was the vision and its flight: and when
 All this had passed—the shadow and the song—
 A lovelier music to the spiritual ear
 Swelled through the starry air and filled the vale,—
 Sounds which seemed born in heaven, and poured
 From out the constellations in the East.
 Scarce sweeter were the melodies, methinks,
 Heard by the shepherds on far Bethlehem's plain,
 What time the flocks, waked by the midnight dawn,
 Greeting the fancied advent of the day,
 Arose, their fleeces dripping fresh with dew,
 And cropt the wet grass in the amber light
 Of that one star which ushered in a morn
 That circles all the years, and, brightening, sheds
 Its radiance through the ages.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

FIRST SPIRIT.

I am the fairest spirit breathed from God—
 Not mine the praise, but His—
 And where my footprints sanctify the sod
 There peaceful plenty is.
 Hail, happy land! your ancient night is through—
 Receive us and be blest!
 From this celestial urn of holy dew
 I here baptize the West!

SECOND SPIRIT.

I am the child of her whose voice but now
 Made musical the air;
 I bring the laurel which shall bind your brow,
 I come to place it there.
 I bring the sword so tempered in the glow
 Of Courage, Truth, and Right,
 Its keen edge severs at one steady blow
 The tyrant's chain of might!

Unsheathed still let it gleam athwart the land,
 The light of peace or ire;
 Its flash shall be as lightning in your hand—
 Its stroke, a bolt of fire!
 I bring the buds of future centuries
 To bloom upon your breast—
 They hold the dews of Freedom—and with these
 I here baptize the West!

THIRD SPIRIT.

I am that spirit born in Paradise,
 When man's first parents erred,
 And the deep judgment thundered from the skies
 The dread commanding word.
 I walked with them through far and thorny lands,
 In desert realms unknown,
 And taught them toil, until their tender hands
 Were tawny as my own.
 I bring the axe, the sickle, and the plough,
 Whose use alone gives rest—
 And with the dews which fell from Adam's brow
 I here baptize the West!

FOURTH SPIRIT.

I am that spirit who, in ages gone,
 No certain shelter found;
 But here, at last, I hail the peaceful dawn,
 And bless the sacred ground.
 Mine was the name the joyous angels sung,
 To cheer the shepherds' ear;
 And with that Star I into being sprung,
 And with that Star am here.
 And with this palm-branch, plucked from off the stem
 Of Heaven's own tree of rest,
 And dipped in dews which fell o'er Bethlehem,
 I, too, baptize the West!

The chorus died; and presently the sound
 Of falling forests, and the woodman's blow,
 Of mill-wheels laboring in the stream, replied,
 With one loud voice, to welcome in the band:
 Then all was silent as befits the night.

BOOK FIRST.

FAIR Pennsylvania! than thy midland vales,
 Lying 'twixt hills of green, and bound afar
 By billowy mountains rolling in the blue,
 No lovelier landscape meets the traveller's eye.
 There Labor sows and reaps his sure reward,
 And Peace and Plenty walk amid the glow
 And perfume of full garners. I have seen

In lands less free, less fair, but far more known,
 The streams which flow through history and wash
 The legendary shores, and cleave in twain
 Old capitals and towns, dividing oft
 Great empires and estates of petty kings
 And princes, whose domains full many a field,
 Rustling with maize along our native West,
 Outmeasures and might put to shame! and yet
 Nor Rhine, inebriate reeling through his hills,
 Nor mighty Danube, marred with tyranny,
 His dull waves moaning on Hungarian shores—
 Nor rapid Po, his opaque waters pouring
 Athwart the fairest, fruitfullest, and worst
 Enslaved of European lands—nor Seine,
 Winding uncertain through inconstant France—
 Is half so fair as thy broad stream whose breast
 Is gemmed with many isles, and whose proud name
 Shall yet become among the names of rivers
 A synonyme of beauty--Susquehanna!
 But where, fair land, thy smaller streams invite
 With music among plenteous farms, I turn,
 As to a parent's fond embrace, and lay,
 Well pleased, my way-worn mantle by, and shed,
 With grateful heart, from off my weary feet
 The white dust gathered in the world's highway.
 Here my young muse first learned to love and dream—
 To love the simplest blossom by the road—
 To dream such dreams as will not come again.
 And for one hour of that unlettered time—
 One hour of that wild music in the heart,
 When Fancy, like the swallow's aimless wing,
 Flitted eccentric through all moods of nature—
 I would exchange, thrice told, this weary day.
 Then were yon hills, still beautiful and blue,
 Great as the Andes; and this rushy brook,
 Which the light foot-board, fallen, turns aside,
 A torrent voluble, with noisy falls
 And gulfy pools profound; and yonder stream,
 The fisher wades with ease to throw his bait
 Into the larger ripple, was a river
 To measure Jordan by! For then my thoughts
 Were full of scriptural lore, oft-heard at morn,
 And in the evening heard, until the place
 Became a Palestine, while o'er the hills
 The blue horizon compassed all the world.
 Adieu to Fancy! Let me ope the gate,
 Wide as the lane it bars, and cool my feet
 Along the grassy path, and turn with joy,
 As erst, to yonder chapel on the hill.
 Lo! the calm Sabbath sanctifies the air,
 And over all, from God's uplifted hand,
 The silence falls, and like a blessing lies
 The stillness on my spirit. The sweet sounds,
 Which unprohibited from Eden time till now
 Have charmed alike the day of toil and rest,
 Alone assail the ear, making the quiet heard,

Soothing the soul as with a psalm! Yon bird
 Which soars and falls, swinging its way through heaven
 On airy billows, and this brook which sings
 The better for the obstacles opposed,
 As bards have done, together with the sounds
 Of lesser note, which come from those small choirs
 In leafy chapels closed, make to the ear
 A music lovelier than the brazen notes
 Blown through the serried pillars of cathedrals.

It is the Spring-time: April violets glow
 In wayside nooks, close clustering into groups,
 Like shy elves hiding from the traveller's eye;
 The mellow air, which from the woodland comes,
 Is full of perfume shed from opening buds.
 There the young maple, earlier putting forth,
 In memory of the past dead Autumn gleams,
 And waves its purple torch; and o'er the spring,
 The willow its own sprouting in the pool
 Hangs watching; while the dryad in its branches
 Is dreaming of the hours when that fair maid,
 The child and light of yonder cot, shall come
 And, kneeling, laugh above her urn to see
 Her sweet face wrinkled by prophetic waters.
 The plough in this broad field with upthrown share,
 There left at yester sunset, lies at rest
 Along the midway furrow. Here the maize
 Shall rustle through the summer; while near by
 Already the live grain, which 'neath the snow
 Slept the white winter through, sends up its green
 And whispers in the sunshine.

Lo! anon,
 From hill-side homes and hamlets in the vale,
 One after one, in Sabbath garb arrayed,
 Their mantles breathing of deep oaken drawers
 And antique chests, the people throng, and take
 The various pathways which converging lead
 Here to this quiet shrine among the elms.
 Oh, happy hour, beloved of peace and heaven!
 Around and over all, the white calm lies
 Flooded with perfume and mysterious light;
 So sweet, so beautiful, it seems a day
 Lost out of Eden! See, where children come,
 Like hopes unchecked, still running in advance,
 With innocent laughter, but not over loud,
 Plucking the purple violets by the way;
 While from their feet the butterfly, released
 But yesterday from out his winter cell,
 Darts up with devious flight, and, like a wisp,
 Wavers across the meadow! Happy sounds,
 By happier faces followed, still approach.
 What round and ruddy cheeks are there, to which
 Health, like the sun, with daily welcome comes,
 Leaving the impress of his glowing hand!
 But suddenly their tongues to whispers low
 Drop, as their eyes look wondering on the stranger,
 And into decorous columns, two by two,

They file before me with shy glances cast
From shadowy brims and snowy hoods turned back,
By matron care arranged. Some in their hands
Bear the small volume—book of praise or prayer;
And some with freedom-loving feet released
Printing the dusty path, their little shoes,
For Sunday polished, carry at the side,
To be resumed at yonder stile which gains
The highway near the church. And, following, soon
The larger people come; the youths and maids
Joining their steps as chance or fancy leads;
And, after these, stout men with faces brown,
And browner hands which on the plough-helves took,
Ungloved, the last week's sunshine. At their side
The matrons with fair brows but half-way cleared
Of household cares, which, oft accomplished, still
As oft recur, monotonous, only cheered
By virtuous sense of duty and the light
Of happy children, or encouraging words
Heard at the well-served meal; or, better still,
Finding approval in their own calm hearts,
Whose gentle tempers round their daily toil
Shed music and a halo else unknown.
Here following still, with reverend steps and slow,
Their garments venerable with age, and out
Of joint with modern custom, come the sires
And mothers of the country, silver-haired.
One leans upon his cane, with knotted hands,
An oak long bowed and gnarled by tempests; one
Stands upright as a winter pine. To-day
He comes not in his long surtout of drab—
The coat of many capes and sweeping skirt,
Brushing the stubble, proof to winds rheumatic—
Now laid aside until November calls,
But in the spring-time garments of the past.
See what a brow is there, where Time delights
To place the warning record of the years!
Note the calm eye, grown mild with light of wisdom!
Assisted by his arm, his partner, bowed,
Walks tottering, with a palsy-shaken head,
And mumbling to herself. Perchance she dreams,
Within her hazy brain, of that bright hour,
Now buried beneath half a century,
When on that self-same arm she proudly leaned,
And, with the blush of youth upon her cheek,
Crossed this same pasture, and, returning, heard
And answered to another name. Her hopes
Of earth have all been realized—her dreams
Have, one by one, gone floating down the past,
Like bubbles in the sun, where envious years
Have touched them into nothing, and now point
Derision at the empty places. Thus
Full many a heart grows old, and spirit bowed,
In intellectual want—a poverty
Scarce second to the need of bread! For what,
When all the joys which stir our inward life,

And wake a pleasure in the blood, are dead
Or dying at their sources, can renew
Long-past enjoyment, like the power of thought
Drawn from a wisdom gleaned in fields of knowledge?
And many a life, before its time, thus wilts
And withers to the root, and to each wind,
Adverse or fair, rustles its sad complaint,
Which else should sway with music. They should store,
Like bees in summer, for their winter want,
Nor leave improvidence to clip their wings.
Not so the form she leans on : unto him
Each sight and sound of Nature is a page
Full of fresh thought and pleasing contemplation.
A man not deep in books, but in research,
Among the hidden lore which round him lies
Most practical ; and all the neighborhood
Holds him an oracle, and reverence pays,
As well they may ; for he, within these bounds,
Has held the keys of knowledge many a year,
Teaching in yonder rude house in the grove.
All these are of his scholars—first to last
Have laid their little books upon his knee,
And stumbled through their lessons undismayed,
Guided with kindness ; and in every heart
Is Master Ethan filially remembered.
His son, a man of mild and easy mood—
A nature far more gentle than befits
One who must struggle with a stubborn soil—
Walks hearkening to his sire's discourse. And next,
Lo, the staid matron, with emphatic step,
Whose every movement speaks her stately soul—
The undaunted mistress of her narrow realm,
With all th' amenities which goodness gives—
A woman fit for heroes to call mother !
With form less tall and full, the daughter comes,
Her blonde hair waving round her gentle brow—
A face to be remembered, and, methinks,
Not easily forgotten ; for that eye,
So deep and blue, where starry truth abides,
As in the fabled well, once on your own
Falling, with its miraculous pure light,
Stays not upon the face, but to the heart
Looks in, as through a casement, and the soul
Then feels as if an angel, going by,
Had glanced within, and left its smile in passing !
And should your feet e'er wander to these vales,
The farms of Hazel-meadow, many a tongue
This picture shall attest, and, as they speak,
Mark if the sigh comes not with confirmation.
For there are hearts to which that face hath grown
A part and a necessity, as grows
A child unto the sunshine of a household ;
And oft the neighboring groves shall hear her name,
As some lone peasant takes his woodland way,
Recalling the bright summers of the past.
“ Olivia ! ” they'll sigh, with slackened pace,

And all the leaves reply, "Olivia!"
 Yet unattended by the swains gallant,
 Nor yet free mingling with the joyous groups
 Of neighbor-maidens, from her childhood known,
 She keeps her Sabbath way; still cheerful, though
 Her eyes are now more kin to tears than smiles.
 Nor are cold glances, sidelong looks unkind,
 And jealous hate, accusing her of pride,
 From former playmates cast upon her now;
 But words all gentleness, and eyes all love,
 Meet her where'er she turns, which kindly say,
 If not in language, in each tone and act,
 "We know, dear friend, the secret which you keep,
 And whence the fountain of that springing tear
 The smile not wholly hides. We know the pain
 Which cankers at that rose upon your cheek.
 We also grieve the absence which you grieve,
 And mourn the distance 'twixt his heart and ours,
 And pray for his return. Ships come and go,
 The sea gives up its living, day by day,
 And presently our Arthur shall return,
 Full of brave life and wisdom—shall return,
 Glowing with noble thoughts and filled with hope,
 The promise of great actions. Then, beneath
 The summer shade, or by the blazing hearth,
 His voice shall cheer the noonday or the eve,
 Recounting, with accustomed eloquence,
 Rare tales of travel, intermixed with song."
 Such is the comfort in each look and word
 Which soothes awhile her fancy, but not long;
 For absence is a shadow which no light
 Can utterly dispel—a prison door,
 Before the spirit, made of grated bars,
 Through which the brightest day can only send
 A checkered sunshine. Here next, following, come
 The happy members of the parson's household;
 And last, with thoughtful care conning, perchance,
 The plain, unwritten sermon of the day,
 The parson walks, a man of fifty years,
 Who half his life has labored in this field,
 Baptizing, marrying,—and burying oft
 Where death had put asunder. His broad brow
 The quiet storehouse is of wisdom, learned
 From open nature, and vouchsafed from God.
 All week he tends within his noisy mill,¹
 Whose wheel now hangs and dreams o'er yonder stream,
 And bends his brawny shoulders to the sacks
 Which daily cross the threshold; or among
 The ceaseless jar and whirl of rumbling stones,
 And clattering hoppers, garrulous with grain,
 He walks amid the misty meal, and plans
 The solemn lesson for the coming Sabbath
 His heart is full of boundless sympathies:
 The stranger and the friend, the erring or
 The good, come not within his genial voice
 Or smile, but they go hence with firm resolve

For happy change, or strengthened in the right.
 The old or young, departing, bear away
 The influence of his spirit in their hearts,
 E'en as they bear the mill-dust on their garments.
 The sire of Arthur he, the youth who now
 Wanders in foreign lands, by romance led,
 Bearing the hearts and hopes of many hence;
 But chiefly hers, long deemed by all his choice.

By various ways the people still come in:
 Here on the hill-side path, with swinging arms,
 Weaving the air with visionary shuttles,
 Gaunt Bowman mounts, ascending as on treadles—
 Bowman, chief weaver of the vale; his wife
 Close following, like himself, arrayed in suit
 Of home-made russet. Down the dusty road
 The vehicles, of various forms, approach:
 The rattling wagon, out of joint and loose,
 With temporary seats, and difficult
 For unaccustomed riders; and the chaise
 With rocking motion, easy as a chair,
 Drawn by a jogging steed whose shoulders still
 Feel the fresh record of the yester plough.
 Some, rudely mounted as equestrians, come;
 The switch held upward, like a sword; the horse,
 With swinging head, blowing the foam in air:
 And here, anon, the family steed is seen,
 Bearing a double burthen with slow pace.
 How all the landscape, with the Sabbath scene,
 Smiles with a bland and staid propriety!

About the chapel door, in easy groups,
 The rustic people wait. Some trim the switch,
 While some prognosticate of harvests full,
 Or shake the dubious head, with arguments
 Based on the winter's frequent snow and thaw,
 The heavy rains, and sudden frosts severe.
 Some, happily but few, deal scandal out,
 With look askance pointing their victim. These
 Are the rank tares in every field of grain—
 These are the nettles stinging unaware—
 The briars which wound and trip unheeding feet—
 The noxious vines, growing in every grove!
 Their touch is deadly, and their passing breath
 Poison most venomous! Such have I known—
 As who has not?—and suffered by the contact.
 Of these the husbandman takes certain note,
 And in the proper season disinters
 Their baneful roots; and, to the sun exposed,
 The killing light of truth, leaves them to pine
 And perish in the noonday! 'Gainst a tree,
 With strong arms folded o'er a giant chest,
 Stands Barton, to the neighborhood chief smith;
 His coat, unused to aught save Sunday wear,
 Grown too oppressive by the morning walk,
 Hangs on the drooping branch: so stands he oft
 Beside the open door, what time the share
 Is whitening at the roaring bellows' mouth.

There, too, the wheelwright—he, the magistrate—
 In small communities a man of mark—
 Stands with the smith, and holds such argument
 As the unlettered but observing can ;
 Their theme some knot of Scripture hard to solve.
 And 'gainst the neighboring bars two others fan,
 Less fit the sacred hour, discussion hot
 Of politics ; a topic which, inflamed,
 Knows no propriety of time or place.
 There Oakes, the cooper, with rough brawny hand,
 Descants at large, and, with a noisy ardor,
 Rattles around his theme as round a cask ;
 While Hanson, heavy-browed, with shoulders bent,
 Bent with great lifting of huge stones—for he
 A mason and famed builder is—replies
 With tongue as sharp and dexterous as his trowel,
 And sentences which like his hammer fall,
 Bringing the flinty fire at every blow !

But soon the approaching parson ends in peace
 The wordy combat, and all turn within.
 Awhile rough shoes, some with discordant creak,
 And voices clearing for the psalm, disturb
 The sacred quiet, till, at last, the veil
 Of silence wavers, settles, falls ; and then
 The hymn is given, and all arise and sing.
 Then follows prayer, which from the pastor's heart
 Flows unpretending, with few words devout
 Of humble thanks and askings ; not, with lungs
 Stentorian, assaulting heaven's high wall,
 Compelling grace by virtue of a siege !
 This done, with loving care he scans his flock,
 And opes the sacred volume at the text.
 Wide is his brow, and full of honest thought—
 Love his vocation, truth is all his stock.
 With these he strives to guide, and not perplex
 With words sublime and empty, ringing oft
 Most musically hollow All his facts
 Are simple, broad, sufficient for a world !
 He knows them well, teaching but what he knows.
 He never strides through metaphysic mists,
 Or takes false greatness because seen through fogs ;
 Nor leads 'mid brambles of thick argument
 Till all admire the wit which brings them through ;
 Nor e'er essays, in sermon or in prayer,
 To share the hearer's thought ; nor strives to make
 The smallest of his congregation lose
 One glimpse of heaven, to cast it on the priest.
 Such simple course, in these ambitious times,
 Were worthy imitation ; in these days,
 When brazen tinsel bears the palm from worth,
 And trick and pertness take the sacred desk ;
 Or some coarse thund'rer, armed with doctrines new,
 Aims at our faith a blow to fell an ox—
 Swinging his sledge, regardless where it strikes,
 Or what demolishes—well pleased to win
 By either blows or noise !—A modern seer,

Crying destruction ! and, to prove it true,
Walking abroad, for demolition armed,
And boldly levelling where he cannot build !

The service done, the congregation rise,
And with a freshness glowing in their hearts,
And quiet strength, the benison of prayer,
And wholesome admonition, hence depart.
Some, loath to go, within the graveyard loiter,
Walking among the mounds, or on the tombs
Hanging, like pictured grief beneath a willow,
Bathing the inscriptions with their tears ; or here,
Finding the earliest violet, like a drop
Of heaven's anointing blue upon the dead,
Bless it with mournful pleasure ; or, perchance,
With careful hands, recall the wandering vine,
And teach it where to creep, and where to bear
Its future epitaph of flowers. And there,
Each with a separate grief, and some with tears,
Ponder the sculptured lines of consolation.

"The chrysalis is here—the soul is flown,
And waits thee in the gardens of the blest !"
"The nest is cold and empty, but the bird
Sings with its loving mates in Paradise !"
"Our hope was planted here—it blooms in heaven !"
"She walks the azure field, 'mid dews of bliss,
While 'mong the thorns our feet still bleed in this !"
"This was the fountain, but the sands are dry—
The waters have exhaled into the sky !"
"The listening Shepherd heard a voice forlorn,
And found the lamb, by thorns and brambles torn,
And placed it in his breast ! Then wherefore mourn ?"

Such are the various lines ; and, while they read,
Methinks I hear sweet voices in the air,
And winnowing of soft, invisible wings,
The whisperings of angels breathing peace !

BOOK SECOND.

WHERE now Olivia, joined by her one friend
And confidante, Amy, the wheelwright's daughter,
Turns from the church, a youth from yonder town,
The village of the vale, the postman's son,
With courteous greeting, unobserved bestows
A missive blurred with foreign stamps, through which
The ciphers of her name are dimly seen.
Swift darts the flush across her cheek and brow ;
Her brain is reeling with the sudden joy ;
She clasps the letter as 'twere Arthur's hand,
Then slips it in her bosom, where it hears
The impatient fluttering of her happy heart.

Both silently pursue their homeward walk,
With arm affectionate at each other's waist.

No lovelier picture e'er shall bless the vale
 Than those two maidens strolling down the fields,
 Their faces beautiful with various thoughts ;
 One lost 'mid visions rising in her soul,
 Until her eyes grow dreamy with love's dew ;
 The other, with warm pressure of the arm,
 And tender looks, pronouncing sympathy !
 Their pleasing pathway leads by yonder grove ;
 But scarce their footsteps skirt the silent wood,
 When Amy, with a shudder, checks her pace ;
 Olivia recoils, and both stand still !
 Lo ! the weird dame of Oakland stops their path !
 A beldame, bowed, bearing a bunch of sticks
 To light her evening fire. Her shreds of hair
 Floating in snowy wisps beneath her hood,
 The toothless visage, shrivelled, pinched, and cramped
 By years which wellnigh span a century's gap,
 Make her, to youthful eyes, a sight uncouth ;
 And even the whisper of her name oft sends
 An ugly phantom to the urchin's pillow,
 Smoothing his wry face in the covers hid.
 Her voice is like the creak of withered boughs !
 And, with a smile across her frosty face,
 She summons the half-timid maids approach.
 Lo ! there the living allegory stands
 Of Winter beckoning to young May and June !
 " Hey-day ! fair lasses, I've a word for you !"
 She cries, and holds her shrivelled finger up.
 " Can you tell why the bluebird, on yon branch,
 Is singing so ? Ah, silly hearts, to say
 It sings for simple pleasure ! Know you why
 This brook, which through your fathers' meadows flows,
 Makes such sweet music and so swiftly runs ?
 Ah, no ; you have not pondered on it well.
 The bluebird is a young man's heart, forsooth ;
 The brook, the heedless fancies of a maiden.
 One sings, with all its art, to win a mate ;
 The other hurries, without knowing why,
 Until it meets the river. There—go ! go !
 And when your sweethearts next shall clasp your hands,
 Ask them, in autumn, whither fly the birds ?—
 If they depart in singing pairs together ?
 And tell them how the winter shall come in,
 And choke the brook with ice till it is dumb !
 Yet, stay ! you are, I see, the wheelwright's daughter.
 What doth he with the chips about his door,
 That a poor soul is not allowed to have
 A shaving but to light her fagots with ?
 Who grudgeth splinters may, himself, want logs ;
 Who gives no drink may have his well go dry !
 The kind man's wheat is seldom trampled down,
 Nor oft his fence-rails feed the poor man's oven ;
 His herds come home, not worried by the dogs ;
 His horse, astray, is not put into pound !
 When you are married, teach your husband this,
 If you would have him thrive. But, mark you, first,

Beware the brightness of your coal-black eye,
 For it may fascinate to your own harm !
 I have a parable for you :

A little bird there was would sing,
 Would sing with all its throat,
 And sang so loud that every wing
 Came hurrying to the note.
 A sailing hawk, among the rest,
 On spotted pinions came,
 And floated east, and floated west,
 Still circling near his game,
 Until she fancied every breast
 Must feel an envious flame !

His eye was on the silly bird,
 It made her heart rejoice ;
 She thought, too true, the great hawk heard,
 With deep delight, her voice.
 And, nearer still, she saw him stoop,
 On wheeling pinions gay—
 The noblest wing, of all the troop,
 She fancied his that day—
 Till, with one sudden, cruel swoop,
 He bore her far away !

Your sky now shines as bright as this o'erhead,
 But I can see, as over yon blue hills,
 The white clouds rising which, before the night,
 Shall fill the land with thunder and with rain.”
 Thus speaking with a frown, she clears her brow
 And to the other turns :—“ And you, I see,
 Are daughter to good neighbor Baldwin here.
 You have a lover—ay, I know it well—
 I rocked his cradle when he was a child,
 And promised him a sweetheart fair and kind ;
 And as I said a sweetheart, how he laughed,
 And clapped his dimpled hands, as if the word
 He could not comprehend, had music in't.
 And then, upon the day that you were born,
 I took you, in your little robes of white,
 And, on a pillow, bore you to the window.
 ‘ See there,’ said I, ‘ your sweetheart, in the field,
 Is chasing butterflies among the clover !’
 And then you smiled. It may be fancy, still,
 Methought, I saw you smile as you smile now !
 Come to my cot, anon, if you would know
 The mystery of the future—when the moon
 Is in the crescent, come ! And mark you well
 To view her o'er the shoulder on the right ;
 For she is jealous, and, viewed otherwise,
 Can work you direful mischief. When you plant,
 Either your hopes or flowers, oh ! then beware !
 Consult her pleasure, and look out the signs,
 Else will they bear you thorns, and never roses,
 And tear the hand which planted ! Call me witch,



THE NEW PASTORAL.

*"Call me witch,
Or what you will; but only this remember,
When evil I predict, beware—beware!"*

Or what you will ; but only this remember,
 When evil I predict, beware—beware !”
 Thus saying, she adjusts her twisted load
 Of gnarled sticks, and turns into the grove,
 Shaking her warning finger as she goes.
 “ Nay, Amy dear, mind not the snarling dame !”
 Speaks mild Olivia, comforting her friend ;—
 “ Her brain is far more crooked than her body ;
 Her temper is as crabbed as a thorn,
 Which, when an ill wind blows, can only chafe
 And worry its own branches ! Mind her not !
 ’Tis evident she holds a harmless grudge.
 Poor soul ! I needs must pity her—so old,
 And so forlorn—she must be miserable !”
 To which the other answers, with a shudder,
 “ Some say she is a witch, and can work harm,
 Send sickness ’mong the cattle, and brew storms !”
 “ Mere superstition !” cries her friend. “ ’Tis wrong,
 ’Tis sinful, to hold such belief of one
 Whom God has made, even as he has us !
 The height of her pretence is but to tell
 The fortune, from the hand, as many do,
 Which hath no further harm in it than this,
 That some there are, who, foolishly, have faith,
 And wait her promises, with hope or dread.
 Why, I, myself, will turn a cup, and read
 The accidental figures in the grounds,
 And thereby, with shrewd guesses, tell the future ;
 And yet I am no witch ! I pity her :
 And I have heard my grandsire often say,
 There was a time when she was young and fair,
 And light of heart, as either you or I ;
 And how she was betrothed, and how the war
 Left her as friendless as we see her now.
 Suppose—but, no, we will not think of that ;
 But let us pity the poor crone, and pray,
 When we grow old, we may not be like her.”
 Thus saying, they approach diverging paths,
 And, after sweet adieus, take separate ways.

BOOK THIRD.

How, o’er the silent fields, the white heat gloats
 And shimmers like a silver swarm ! Anon,
 A distant rumbling shudders through the air,
 Shed from those domes of thunder in the west,
 Which swell and rise, and, brightening, as they swell,
 Show the black walls beneath, from out whose ports
 The flash shall lighten and the rain be poured !
 The warning given, the various stragglers hear,
 And note it well, and hasten to their homes.
 Olivia, now, hath crossed her native porch,
 Where, earlier arrived, the family sit.
 There, unappalled by unmolesting friends,
 The russet wren glides in among the vines,

And adds another strand unto its nest,
 Then, on the neighboring trellis, pours its song.
 The poor man's cottage is its favorite haunt;
 And he is poor, indeed, who to his roof
 Can welcome not the yearly visitor,
 To cheer his door with music! There, too, comes,
 But less to be desired, the boring bee,
 Blowing his warning horn, and in the wood
 Mining his secret galleries secure.
 A carpenter is he who for himself
 Builds, and destroys for others; while the dust
 Of his incessant saw upon the floor
 Demands the busy broom. Some on the face
 Wear the white badge of innocence, and these
 Fall frequent captives to the boy who frights
 The smaller children with the stingless shape.
 The wayward swallows flicker through the air,
 Or, safely sheltered 'neath the mossy eaves,
 Sit chattering scandal at their clay-built doors;
 While others, with a taste for soot and smoke,
 Dart down the chimney, with a muffled noise,
 Echoing the distant thunder. For these sounds
 Olivia hath no ear, nor any eye
 For aught save that dear page o'er which she pores,
 Reading it with her heart as with her sight!
 Secure from all intrusion, there she sits
 Beside her chamber-window. O'er the sill
 The creeping vine looks in, and on her brow,
 Flushed with delight, the passing air is shed
 Fresh with the perfume of the coming rain;
 And ere she is aware the darkness falls,
 Deeper than twilight, and the first big drops
 Rattle like pebbles on the sultry shingles,
 And splash the window-ledge. Then bursts the shower,
 And roars along the roof. The while, outside,
 The house-top smokes with the rebounding spray;
 The troughs with fulness choke and overrun;
 And noisy water, streaming from the eaves,
 Deepens the furrows in the earth beneath.
 Or, if the shower abates a breathing-spell,
 The crooked flash blinds the calm instant, when
 The sudden thunder stamps upon the storm,
 And fiercer, fuller, louder than before,
 The drowning deluge pours, and frights the house
 To silence and to wonder. Still she reads,
 And thus the tenor of the letter runs:—

"The lands which I most wished to tread,
 The scenes which I most wished to see,
 The shrines of the immortal dead
 Have known me, and I now am free.

"There is no chain the tyrant makes
 So strong as that of young Desire,
 No chord the siren Music wakes
 So sweet as Fancy's pilgrim lyre.

"I've traced the chain which led me on,
And saw it fall, like links of sand,
And followed till the charm was gone
From Fancy's harp-awaking hand.

"If for myself I lived alone,
If there was no fond heart to greet
With love the fulness of my own,
I here could deem my life complete.

"Desire achieved is pleasure lost—
Hope dies when cold possession comes—
And Memory poorly pays the cost
With her exact and formal sums."

Thus far she reads, and with a tremor stops.
A tear is on the page—one mournful tear—
As it would blot the last sad verse away.
Who tells me Love is blind? Oh, say not so!
He is an Argus in the soul which sits
And watches with an hundred tireless eyes—
A diligent recorder of each act
And word is he. The steward of his house
Sleeps not in indolence beside the wine,
Or squanders among strangers, unrebuked,
The master's wealth! And still Olivia reads:—

"If I have said, a hope achieved
Is something lost, oh! do not frown;
Nor let your gentle mind be grieved
That love when won is pleasure flown.

"For, in my inmost heart, I hold
Our love was never here begun;
But, old as our two souls are old,
It dates more cycles than the sun.

"That somewhere, in God's outer space,
Our spirits had together birth,
With kindred ties, no time or place
Can utterly destroy on earth.

"Then since our love was never won,
And cannot wilt in sun or frost,
Still let me sing, as I have done—
'Desire achieved is pleasure lost!'"

Her heart, rebuked, is touched to tenderness,
And through the starry light of swimming tears,
Too happy to be shed, she reads again:—

"Thy brightness so encircles me
I cannot reach its bounds,
What though my footsteps daily trace
The paths of foreign grounds?

"I walk in an unbroken dream
 Of thy remembered light,
 A moving dome it glows by day,
 A sheltering arch by night!
 My waking hours in peace are spent—
 I sleep as in a guarded tent!"

Oh, love, thrice happy love, that thus can make
 A day of darkness, and, at noontime, shed
 A light which gilds the sunshine! Naught she hears,
 Nor sees the swelling feshet in the vale,
 The stream, a roaring torrent, bearing down
 Dead limbs and fallen trees, and in its wrath
 Leaving the meadows fenceless, and, anon,
 Robbing the woodman of his winter cords.
 Still, as the rain assaults the roof, she reads:—

"I see Italia, with her spires and domes,
 Her pinnacled cathedrals and her towers,
 Her castles, and gray ruins, and the homes
 Of splendid infamy in princely bowers!
 Here Sin and Shame together herd, like gnomes
 Mining in secret, and here Hunger cowers,
 And squalid Want before the palace waits,
 And stays the stranger passing at the gates!

"Where Art, of all the good which hath been, lives,
 Holding decaying state, half imbecile,
 Like Tyranny, and now no more receives
 The aid of genius, but with fading smile
 Lives on the past; or, if a new hand gives—
 As Allston and Thorwaldsen gave erewhile—
 An impulse to her old triumphal car,
 It is not native here, but comes from far!

"Where once the North, in swift destruction skilled,
 Trampled the arts to ruin, now, behold,
 Across the Alps it comes again to build;
 And the New World, with reverence for the Old,
 Sends her few sons, with native ardor filled,
 Lending new life where all is dead and cold.
 The Tuscan capital and haughty Rome
 Grow prouder while they hold our sculptor's home.

"But all these glorious galaxies of art—
 This antique world—this garden of the past—
 Not long can bid the dream of home depart.
 The marble Venus hath a charm to last
 With those alone who wear a wandering heart.
 Beside the Apollo, watching where is cast
 His long-gone arrow, oft I stand and see
 Its far flight ever guiding back to thee.

"Oh for one hour along the quiet lane
 Which leads between the school and thy dear home,
 To breathe those tender April vows again!
 Or by the stream, or through the woods to roam,

As we were wont when summer held her reign,
 Conversing love, though from our lips might come
 No sound of words! Oh, sighing hearts, give o'er,
 Ye yet shall sing together as of yore!"

The page is finished, and a sudden glow,
 Sent from an iris towering in the east,
 Sheds o'er her face its lustre, till she sees
 And blesses the bright bow, as happy sign
 And confirmation of her lover's words!

BOOK FOURTH.

THE storm is past; but still the torrent roars,
 Louder and louder, with incessant swell.
 The brook, near by, hath overswept its bounds,
 Drowning its tallest rushes; and the board
 Which made the path continuous to the school—
 And where the children loitered to behold
 The minnows playing—now is borne afar,
 Sweeping above the bowing hazel tops.
 Within the opening west, the careful sun—
 Like one who throws his mansion doors apart,
 And looks abroad, to scan his wide estate—
 Is forth to note the progress of the storm,
 And what its rage hath wrought. Afar and near,
 The clouds are all ablaze with amber light;
 The earth receives it, and the fields look glad;
 And still the rainbow, brightening as it grows,
 Rises and bends, and makes the perfect arch.
 All crowd the porch, and wonder at the flood,
 With various surmises and alarms;
 And Master Ethan takes his hat and cane,
 ("Pilgrim," he calls the cane, for it hath been
 Through many generations handed down,
 Since first some long-gone ancestor had found
 The straight stem growing in an English grove
 And gave the ivory top,) "Pilgrim" he takes,
 And strides across the vale. Not winding round
 By easy paths, but with a course direct,
 O'er fences and ploughed fields, to younger feet
 Forbidding, bends his steps, and gains the mill;
 And lo! the sad fulfilment of his fears!
 The dam has burst! and, with a roar of triumph,
 The freshet mocks the miller as it flies.
 There stands the parson, there his good wife stands,
 Surrounded by their children, and with words
 Of wonder and of comfort Ethan comes.
 The miller takes his sympathizing hand,
 And in reply makes answer with a sigh—
 "He rules the storm, the floods are in His hold,
 He gives and takes, and doeth all things well!"
 The sun goes down; the day departs in peace;
 And through the vale the starry tapers gleam,
 Signals of household calm, from cottage homes;

And here and there, perchance, the slender ray
Conducts the venturous feet of rustic swain,
Who seeks the fireside where the maiden sits
Expectant of his step and welcome knock.
Not thus Olivia waits; but even thus,
Beside the wheelwright's evening-lighted hearth,
Her gentle friend, with an uneasy breast,
Holds anxious quiet till her lover comes.
Not long she waits, but, with a fluttering heart,
Hears his approach, and welcomes him with smiles
And maiden blush discreet. The well-pleased sire
Takes, with rough grasp, the youth's smooth hand in his,
And points the place of honor by the fire.
The matron, with misgivings in her mind,
Bends the cold nod, and, bustling for a while
About her household cares, withdraws in doubt,
Shaking her dubious head. Not so the squire:
He sits and lights his pipe, in social mood,
Which, oft as jovial converse lets go out,
As oft the glowing ember reillumes.
At last, with easy tapping at the jamb,
The ashes fall; the pipe is laid aside,
And he departs, and leaves the room to love—
To happy whisperings, breathing words so low
That naught is heard except the cricket's song,
In chorus with the simmering of the log
And muttering flame, which hath a voice prophetic.
Oh, Muse, forbear! Although 'mid scenes like this,
Thy wont is ever to draw softly near,
And sit eavesdropping at the door of Love!
Forbear, forbear! and be no record kept,
Except within the pages of their hearts,
For Time hereafter to peruse with joy,
Or Grief to blot with tears. Or if to note
Thou needs must lend thine ear, approach, invade
The sanctuary, by intruding feet
Seldom assailed—chief bedroom of the house—
And say the tenor of the long dispute.
“He is no choice of mine,” so speaks the spouse.
To which the squire demands, with testy words,
“A reason, wife, a reason?—without that
Your talk is but an idle wind, to which
My set conviction is no weathervane.”
“Well, call it but a wind,” the wife replies;
“But 'tis a wind which runs before the storm,
And tells which way the bitter cloud is coming.
And as for reason, it is quite enough
My heart mislikes him, and I never found
My instincts wrong. Besides, you know the dream
I told you of.” To which the husband answers,
With growing tartness, “Wind—heart—instinct—dream!
A woman's reason truly! Now hear mine:
The youth is comely, and our daughter loves him,
And, fresh returned from college, is well bred,
With so much learning that the neighborhood
Looks on him wondering, and the loutish swains

Eye him with jealousy. Who, more than I,
 Should know the advantage of a well-stored mind?
 Hence am I magistrate; and he may be,
 As he is like to be, the people's choice,
 And take his seat in Congress. Then remark
 What honor follows, which must e'en reach us."
 To which the wife—"Were he the Governor,
 I would not bate a jot what I have said.
 Where goes my liking not, I ask no honor.
 He is no choice of mine. You may despise
 The dream I told you; but I say his eye
 Is just the eye that glittered in the snake;
 So like that, when he looks at me, I shudder,
 And chiefly when he smiles. And he wears rings—
 I like not that—the snake was also ringed."
 "Tush, woman!" cries the squire, interrupting;
 "Look Reason in the face, and put to blush
 Your childish superstition! Answer this:
 Who hath the largest farm in all the State?
 Who the best cattle? Who the fullest purse?
 And is not this his heir?" The spouse replies,
 With bitterness which gives each sentence strength:
 "How was the farm procured? Bit after bit,
 By cunning tricks of law. If each had theirs—
 The poor man, and the widow, and the orphan—
 Those cattle would go home to different stalls.
 Case after case hath come to you for trial;
 And you should know—for it hath oft been said,
 Oft been a taunt our children heard at school—
 That you gave favor 'gainst the poor man's cause.
 Oh, Walters, many a time as I have heard
 Some neighbor here recount to you his wrongs,
 My heart has ached, and indignation flamed,
 Until I wished that, in your icy stead,
 I might sit there and hold the whip of Justice!
 He, too, is maker of that poison drug
 Which blights the land with poverty and woe.
 His still-house knows no rest, by day or night,
 Until one needs must think a demon tends it.
 Oh, he hath much to answer for, and grows
 More fat in sin than body! E'en the swine
 He yearly bloats for slaughter at his troughs
 Roll in less ugliness than he to me."
 The husband, angered, scarce can find reply;
 He feels the truth, but will not leave his point;
 His judgment, like a wayward child rebuked,
 Grows sullen and determined in the wrong,
 But presently responds:—"Well, say no more;
 When weds the maid, the maid shall have her choice.
 And if it be this youth—so let it be."
 To which the wife makes answer with resolve:
 "I shall forbid, and if against my voice,
 Encouraged on by you, the girl shall go,
 Then be what mischief follows at your door—
 I'll none of it." The voices cease; and now
 The stars of midnight glimmer o'er the vale;

The wheelwright's gate swings in the silent dark,
And one lone rider occupies the road.

BOOK FIFTH.

THE lamp, renewed, still sheds a cheerful light,
Hope lends a halo to its steady blaze;
And through the casement beam the westward stars,
Taking their noiseless way, and shining still,
Though sleeps the world and there are few to note.
And thus, encouraged by example high,
The Muse awakes her simple theme and sings,
And breathes, in the attentive ear of night,
The song to-morrow may refuse to hear.
When comes the tumult of the noisy day,
And the great city, like a cataract, swells,
Pouring its drowning tide of toil and trade;
Not Pan's own pipe might bid it turn and hark,
And, hearkening, be refreshed, much less the tune
Floating unskillful from these rustic stops.
Oh, thou To-morrow! wherefore wilt thou rise,
And shake the quiet from thy garment's fold,
E'en as a lion shakes the dream of peace
From out his mane, and springs upon his prey?
As on the Sabbath, birds and brooks will sing,
The flowers come forth, and gentle airs shall breathe.
Laden with perfume; yet wilt thou go forth,
Girded with love of transient gain and power
As if the world of beauty and of song
Behind the gates of yesterday lay closed!
Oh, rapid Age, where tends thy noisy course?
Thy roaring wheels affright me, and I shrink—
Shrink to the wayside hedge, and stand appalled;
And, 'mid the smoke and discord, blindly ask
The question none will spare the time to answer!
Where tends thy course? To that white mart of Peace
Where Wisdom, on the perfect throne of Knowledge,
Reigns absolute, and Justice, loving all,
And by all loved, hath dropped her useless scales?
Or to the realm of Discord, where the walls,
For their stupendous height, shall one day fall,
With louder ruin, round the homes of men;
And this huge tower aspiring to the heavens,
Which Science daily rears, be stayed at last
With multitudinous jargon of wild tongues?
Vain question, where no voice will make reply.
Time only answers in the distant future,
So far his words faint in the midway air,
Or come in broken murmurs, like the sea's,
Dying uncomprehended. Still my soul
Holds faith in man, and in his progress faith;
Since not alone 'tis his, but God's.

Day dawns,
And with it swell the sounds, afar and near,
Of lowing cattle and the crowing cocks.

From farm to farm the wakening signals run,
And the blue smoke ascends. The sheep, released,
Leap the low bars and, following their bell,
Go bleating to the pasture. And, anon,
The ploughman drives his team into the field,
And treads the furrow till the horn recalls.
Meanwhile the kine their generous udders yield,
And fill the sounding pail, till it o'erruns,
And drips the path with foam. Then, at the spring,
The snowy liquid poured in careful rows,
And on the watery slabs arranged to cool,
Gleams like a series of full moons. Afar
The giant forge, at labor 'mid the hills,
Throbs sullen thunder from its iron heart,
And 'neath yon poplar, bursting into bloom,
The lesser anvil rings. While from the cot
Which on the breezy upland greets the east,
The windows blazing with the morning red,
The loom makes answer with its busy beat.

Look in to-day upon the murmuring school.
There sits the old man at his wonted desk,
Round which the scholars stand in crescent rows,
Class after class, the oldest coming first ;
Then, gradually descending, till the child
In russet slip comes tottering to his feet,
And finds a place upon the knee of Age,
Where dimpled fingers point the letters wrong,
Or stray unchided to the master's watch-seals.
How like a hive, the busy school-house hums !
Till comes the hour of recess, when in streams,
With laughter loud, they pour into the air,
And join in various games. Two desks there are,
Which hold for all especial charms ; and oft
The smiling children mark them out, and point
On one the deep-carved " O." Six times the Spring
Hath breathed its odors round the sacred place,
Since here the boy engraved the charmed cipher ;
And yearly the tradition is passed down,
" There sat Olivia, and here Arthur sat."
Now bloom the orchards, and the noisy bees
Sing like a wind among the snowy boughs.
The occupants of neighboring garden hives
Are there, in full communities, to mine
The odorous Eldorado ; and the wasp
Dropping his long legs, like a flying crane,
Lights on the flower, and, with his ready sting,
Threats the intruder. There the humble-bee
Comes booming, and departs with laden thighs.
The yellow-jacket, small and full of spite,
Bedecked in livery of golden lace,
Comes with the fretful arrogance of one
Who plays the master, though himself a slave ;
And over all, the tyrant of the hour,
The kingbird, hovers, darting on his prey ;
And takes the ventured argosy of sweets,²
Then boasts his conquest on the adjacent branch,

Where, like a pirate hauled against the wind,
 He waits another sail. From limb to limb,
 The birds which here delight to build their nests—
 The bluebird, and the robin, and the small
 Gray woodpecker—now flit among the flowers,
 Until the air is full of life and song,
 As it is full of perfume. Now begins
 The housewife's happiest season of the year.
 The ground already broken by the spade—
 The beds made level by the passing rake—
 The almanac consulted, and the signs
 Conspiring favor—forth with apron full
 Of choicest seeds, the best which last year gave,
 She sallies to the garden, where, all day,
 Breathing the pleasant odor of the mould,
 She bends and plants, while, to her eye of hope,
 Here springs the early pea, and there the bean,
 The lettuce and the radish, and what else
 Her culinary providence requires.
 But chief of all, with careful hands, she sets
 The slips, and bulbs, and seeds which, round each bed,
 Shall make a bright embroidery of flowers.
 Thus the dame Baldwin in her garden bends.
 Meanwhile, Olivia by the mellow air,
 Her winter task of flax not wholly spun,
 Is wooed unto the porch, where at her wheel,
 Where sat her grandam generations since,
 She sits and sings, not loud, but low, until
 The little wren to listen stops his song,
 And wonders on the woodbine. Thus she sings:—

“A damsel dwelt in a mansion old,
 Her eyes were blue, her hair was blonde;
 The hills were bright, the sky was gold,
 Where rose the flaming sun beyond.

“The red stream of the rising day
 Set all her windows east aglow,
 And on her face the morning ray
 Still stole, as it were loath to go.

“And there she spun the silver flax,
 But guessed not what the woof would be,
 While, through her hands of snowy wax,
 The white thread ran incessantly.

“As fair as any queen, in sooth,
 She toiled and held a noble trust;
 Her heart had whispered this one truth—
 What work would brighten, sloth would rust.

“‘There is a loom,’ she said, ‘receives
 Whatever skeins my reel shall bear;
 There is a weaver, daily weaves
 The woof which I, perforce, must wear.

“ ‘ And be the thread or coarse or fine,
 The loom is still the sure receiver ;
 Whate’er I spin, the same is mine,
 Returned in full from Time the weaver ! ’ ”

BOOK SIXTH.

ALONG the roads, with busy pick and spade,
 The neighbors gather, and, in cheerful groups,
 Repair the way. Some hold the heavy plough,
 Which grates and scours along the sandy side,
 Or from the rock rebounds, with sudden jerk,
 Or, caught beneath the deep-laid elm-root, stalls.
 Some fill the gullies which the winter made,
 And with broad shovels smooth the gravelly ground ;
 And all, with frequent jest and laugh, pursue
 Their labor, making holiday of toil ;
 And, when the work is done, turn cheerly home,
 Well pleased to know the yearly tax is paid.
 Now comes the mid-week ; and, from various roads,
 Behold the frequent chaise, with easy jog,
 Taking its tranquil way to yonder grove—
 A grove of Lombard poplars, tall and saint-like—
 And under which the long, low building stands,
 Gray with the touches of a century,—
 A house of meditation and of prayer,
 The favorite temple of meek-handed Peace.
 There meets the calm community of “ Friends,”
 The old and young, in rigid garb arrayed ;
 The same their grandsires wore, and, in their hope,
 The same their far descendants shall put on,
 Remembering their fathers, and their faith
 And simple piety. The ample brim
 Shades the white patriarchal hair of age,
 And the brown locks of youth. There maidenhood,
 Its gay soul glancing from meek bending eyes,
 Walks, like the matron, in staid habit dressed.
 How beautiful, in those straight hoods of silk,
 And scrupulous lawns which shield their tender necks,
 The gentle Rachels, Ruths, and Deborahs pass !
 There oft the Christian virtues come in name,
 And oft in spirit, walking hand in hand—
 Hope cheering Faith, with Charity between.
 But this, alas ! is fading ; year by year
 From out the Quaker chrysalis are born
 The wings which wear the changing hues of fashion ;
 And feet, released, forget their ancient thrall,
 And for the late constraint, with lighter tread,
 Lead through the mazes of the intricate dance,
 Imported fresh from foreign capitals.
 Their mission is accomplished ; and the march
 Of this calm band, which, in the van of Peace,
 Walked, conquering with forbearance, ’mid reproach,
 And jeers of ridicule, is o’er ; and now
 The few who still surround the saintly tent,

And prop it 'mid the advancements of the time,
 May rest upon the memory of the past,
 Content with its results. The future comes,
 And things, which have been useful in their day,
 Are driven into the bygone realms of old,
 And leave no vestige of their powerful camps.
 The good, which they have wrought, alone survives—
 The form in which it came, departs, and this
 Is undistinguishably merged at last,
 And in the general stream of progress lost.
 New orders come, as old ones take their leave;
 And "welcome" sounds not oftener than "adieu."

The streams, which late the storm had overcharged,
 Have fallen, and left the record of their height
 Marked on the woodland trunks; while here and there,
 Where obstacles opposed, the muddy drift
 Is lodged to dry, and in the summer sun
 Become the nest of reptiles, and what else
 In such vicinities consort. When comes
 The mantled winter, this may be the haunt
 Of timid rabbits, and the flocking quail;
 Where oft the hunter, with his dog, shall steal,
 Tracking the knee-deep snow; and shivering here,
 The children of the poor shall frequent come,
 And tear the tangled drift apart, and bear
 The frozen branch to light their dreary hearth.
 The stream has fallen; and at the miller's dam,
 The neighbors, by good Master Ethan called,
 Collecting come with crow-bar, pick, and spade,
 And in the breach begin the swift repair.
 How like a miracle the progress is
 Of cheerful labor, wrought by numerous bands
 Working in concert, where the heart and hand
 Conspire, well pleased, to do a generous act!
 No hope of recompense, which wealth can give,
 Sends such alacrity to hands humane,
 As doth the sense of doing noble duty.
 The day which sees a liberal deed complete,
 A fellow-creature in misfortune helped,
 Falls round the doer, at its evening close,
 With gentle airs and loving dews of peace;
 Sleep, like an angel, at his pillow sits,
 And charms his lids 'gainst ill-intruding dreams.

The week draws near its close, and now the school
 Takes wonted holiday. It is a time
 The older children are required at home.
 The wide-mouthed oven must be set a-roar,
 Well filled by such light brush and broken rails
 As fence and woodland yield. These bring the boys,
 Dragging the crackly loads with shouts of glee.
 At home the girls, delighted, tend the babe,
 And teach it by the sliding chair to walk—
 How beautiful to watch their loving care,
 The future mother swelling in their breasts!
 While those, which date nor yet so young nor old,
 Beneath the orchard crowd the little swing,

Or in the barn disturb the secret nest.
 Some by the roadside build the mimic house,
 With moss and broken ware set out. Meanwhile
 The busy matron, o'er the floury tray,
 Kneads the huge loaf; or on the snowy board
 Rolls the thin crust, and crimps the juicy pie.
 Then, from the paddle broad, the pan and dish
 Glide grating to the heated cave to bake.
 By noon, the ample tables and the shelves
 Groan with the weight of swollen loaves, embrowned,
 And pies arranged to cool; and all the air
 Is redolent with the delicious scent
 Which wakes the appetite with expectation,
 And whets the watery tooth!

From the warm south
 The whispering breezes flow; and the calm sky
 Is flecked with shadowy vapors, scarcely clouds,
 Through which the sun rolls lazily and red.
 This Master Ethan notes, and takes his rod—
 For he has heard, for weeks, the whistling swamps,
 A welcome signal to the fisher's ear—
 And, with the feeling fresh as when a youth,
 Makes through the meadow, where the stream invites,
 And to the surface gives the tempting bait.
 And there the well-pleased grandchild bears the string—
 No lore of gentle Walton charms his brain;
 His art is such as anglers only know
 Who from experience learn to trim the hook
 And swing the whip-like line. The bait is rude;
 No artificial fly, with golden wing,
 Flits o'er the ripple; yet, as oft he throws,
 The round chub, whirling on its watery wing,
 Darts through the wave, then flutters on the land.
 Above, below—they will not mar his sport—
 The ploughmen, boisterous from their finished fields,
 With nets relentless scoop the deepest pools,
 And throw the heterogeneous tribes ashore.
 Some whose long task detains them through the day,
 Treading the furrows, when that eve sets in,
 Will come with torch and spear, and wade the stream;
 Or at the rude boat's prow, beneath the blaze
 Dripping with flaming pitch, with watchful eye
 And steady hand direct the sure harpoon.

Another week comes in. The Sabbath past,
 The old and young are gathered to the fields.
 Some walk the furrow, and let drop the maize,
 With measured space between; while some, behind,
 With hoe industrious conceal the grain,
 And form the little mounds, ere long to sprout
 And wave their rustling plumes. This done, behold,
 The hideous shape is throned upon the field!
 A figure built awry, with outstretched arms,
 And, like a drunkard maudlin, in the wind
 Flutters its rags, and frights the pilfering crow.

Now blooms the lilac, sweetening all the air;
 And by the brook the alder; and the rose,

Propt at the cottage door with careful hands,
 Bursts its green bud, and looks abroad for May.
 To-morrow, and the smiling month shall come.
 To-morrow! what delight is in to-morrow!
 What laughter and what music, breathing joy,
 Float from the woods and pastures, wavering down,
 Dropping like echoes through the long to-day,
 Where childhood waits with weary expectation!

BOOK SEVENTH.

MAY has come in—young May, the beautiful—
 Wearing the sweetest chaplet of the year.
 Along the eastern corridors she walks,
 What time the clover rocks the earliest bee,
 Her feet a flush with sunrise, and her veil
 Floating in breezy odors o'er her hair;
 And ample garments, fluttering at the hem,
 With pleasing rustle round her sandal-shoon.
 What happy voices wake the rural airs,
 From hill-side homes and valley cottages,
 And every village is alive at dawn!
 Long ere the dews have winged themselves to heaven,
 In vernal paths the little bands are out,
 Winning their course, with joyous steps and song,
 Until the Oaklands take them to their arms,
 And grove to grove, with loving voice, proclaims
 The gladness which it feels. Before the sun
 Hath burnt the western shadows from his dial,
 Olivia and Amy through the shade
 Walk in their snowy garments of the time,
 O'er which the flickering sunshine, through the boughs,
 Dances amid innumerable phantom leaves,
 Chasing those lovely forms where'er they go,
 And starring them with brightness. Arm in arm,
 They print the tender mosses, and disturb
 The broad-leafed mandrake, bending here and there
 To pluck the violets peering through the leaves;
 Or those small woodland flowers, so delicate
 That fancy deems them the exotic blooms
 Of fairy gardens, planted in the night,
 And nurtured by the moon. With converse sweet,
 And confidence which young hearts only know—
 So pure themselves, they have not guessed how deep
 The world is lored in treachery—they each
 To each repeat the secrets of their loves.

Beneath yon whispering maple in the lawn—
 A dainty lawn in middle of the woods—
 The May-day groups are gathered, and from there
 The air comes laden with the breath of mirth;
 And Amy and Olivia, in delight,
 Withhold their steps, and gaze between the trees—
 'Twixt shadowy vistas of huge mossy trunks
 And drooping vines—and watch the floating forms,
 Now seen, now hid, like stars 'mid broken clouds,

All wildly dancing 'neath their scented wreaths,
 As they the embodied spirits were of flowers.
 And presently, ascending to her throne,
 One lovely maid for coronation mounts.
 And thus, along the gladdened air, is borne
 The song which greets her and proclaims her queen :—

“ We bring roses, beautiful fresh roses,
 Dewy as the morning and colored like the dawn ;
 Little tents of odor, where the bee reposes,
 Swooning in sweetness of the bed he dreams upon.
 Roses, fresh roses, from the young Spring borrowed,
 To bind round your tresses where the zephyr loves to play.
 Smile, gentle princess, while your snowy forehead
 Takes the sweet coronal which crowns you queen of May !
 Roses, fresh roses,
 Which crown you queen of May !

“ We bring violets, the purple and the azure,
 Which bloomed at the coming of the bluebird's wizard wing,
 To greet your dear presence they oped their eyes of pleasure,
 Then bowed, and they wept that you came not first of spring.
 Violets, sweet violets, we plucked from April's bosom,
 The last which he smiled upon before he passed away ;
 And thus round your forehead shall fairy bud and blossom
 Shine in the coronal which crowns you queen of May !
 Violets, sweet violets,
 Which crown you queen of May !

“ We bring daisies, little starry daisies,
 The angels have planted to remind us of the sky.
 When the stars have vanished they twinkle their mute praises,
 Telling, in the dewy grass, of brighter fields on high.
 Daisies, bright daisies, to gleam around your tresses,
 Until your brow shall shine like the dawning of the day ;
 And thus, as the coronal your lovely forehead presses,
 We bow to your sceptre, and we hail you queen of May !
 Daisies, bright daisies,
 Which crown you queen of May !”

Thus fly the hours to youthful fancy dear.
 Now, midway in the afternoon, the sun
 Descends upon his poised and flaming wing,
 Looking aslant the earth ; and still
 The voice of joy, with simple music joined,
 Thrills through the grove, which not to childhood only
 Yields up its vernal spaces, but to youths
 And maidens, who come gayly flocking in,
 And round the rustic viol reel the dance.
 There trusting Amy greets a welcome hand,
 And, hearkening to the voice she loves, floats down
 From sun to shadow in bewildering maze.
 The woods swim round, the trees with linkéd hands
 Whirl through the music and the misty light,
 With giant gesture and half-human smile,
 Swaying as to a wind. And thus the maid,

Clasped by the arm of love, forgets the world.
 Alone Olivia strolls beyond the place,
 Seeking in unfrequented paths the quiet
 Her soul desires—communing with itself;
 And following her heart, which fondly leads,
 She finds the sacred places where, in days
 Long gone, she walked with Arthur at her side.
 Here was the spot where from the summer school,
 When childish liking heralded their love,
 They wandered, and from honeysuckle boughs
 Gathered nectarean fruit. Here was the place
 They walked beside the brook, and gayly plucked
 The spiry rushes which, with rustic art,
 They wove in little baskets; such as held
 The handful of wild berries, after gleaned,
 From vines which stole beneath the meadow grass,
 Or at the briery fence-side grew. Here was the scene—
 Dear heart, be calm!—where, 'neath these sheltering limbs,
 When the broad poplar filled his cups of gold—
 Where every wandering wind and pilgrim bee
 Drank, and, departing, boasted of the draught—
 Her ear had caught the low first words of love,
 Her hand had felt the first declaring pressure;
 And now, as then, she leans against the tree.
 Her hair escaping glides unto her shoulder;
 From out its folds the wild flowers, like her tears,
 Drip noiseless and unnoted to the ground.
 The sun descends; the long and level ray
 Kisses the maiden's shoulder, and glides up,
 Flaming a little in the poplar's top;
 Then, lighting on a fleecy cloud o'erhead,
 Burns, fades, and dies as embers in the ashes.

BOOK EIGHTH.

THE spring departs; and, in her speeding haste,
 Chased by a swarm of murmuring winds and bees,
 Scatters the withered lilacs as she flies.
 The bluebird mourns for her; the russet wren
 Leads out its young, to see her ere she leaves.
 Her hands are full of garlands, some abloom,
 Some budding, and some dead. With floating hair,
 Thus fled Ophelia in her frenzied hour;
 And, like Ophelia, from her willow branch,
 Spring, singing, falls into the lilled pool,
 And in the crystal stream of summer drowns.
 The heavens a little weep above her form,
 What time she floats adown into the past,
 Till June, full blown and blooming, like her rose,
 Comes laughing in beneath the rainbow arch.

It is the season when the stormy hive
 Gives forth the noisy whirlwind of its swarm,
 Which swings awhile above its ancient home,
 With whirrings louder than a housewife's wheel,
 And warns the dame of their intended flight;
 When forth she sallies, all aglow with fear

And anxious hope, and on the sounding pan
Beats like a maniac drummer in mid-battle,
Filling the air with wild, discordant noise,
Until, for thus her rustic fancy deems,
The guiding voice of the great sovereign bee
Is drowned amid the tumult. Then, perforce,
Their further flight is stayed ; and on a limb,
With layer o'er layer, they settle till the branch
Droops with the black, impending weight ; and then
The ready hive receives the living mass.
Or, if too late the ringing pan assails,
Behold the swift and winding line, afar,
Flies warping on the sun-illuminated air,
And mocks the disappointed eye, until
Amid the distant forest-boughs it sweeps,
And, like a veil entangling, clings and lights
Too high to be regained. Then, in some tree,
Some hollow oak, or beech, or sycamore,
Driving the astonished squirrel from his home,
They fix their habitation, and at once
Fill up their waxen garner with the sweets
The woodland blossoms and the clover yield ;
And little reck how, in the autumnal hour,
The assailing axe shall come, and sulphurous smoke
Besiege their woody citadel, until
Invading hands usurp their winter store.

Now have the flocks been driven unto the brook,
And bathed to snowy whiteness 'gainst their will ;
And, bleating oft beneath the clipping shears,
Have yielded up the fleece. The meadow fields
Are waving in the sunshine like a sea ;
A billowy deep, whose flowers are like a foam—
And all abroad, behold the busy throng
Of those who swing the clover, as a froth
From seething scythes into the sidelong swath,
And sharp their blades with many a shrill che-whet.
The air is full of perfume. Following these,
With laugh and song, gay youths, with glittering prongs,
Shake out the scented masses to the sun,
Until the noon beholds the fields half mown,
And from the hill-side calls the mid-day horn.
Some bands there are, in harvest plains remote,
Who hearken not the conch's announcing call ;
But pass into the oak or poplar's shade,
And on the branch suspend the glittering scythes,
Which hang vibrating ; then the circle draw—
The grass alike their table and their seat—
While well-stored baskets furnish forth the meal.
The spring near by its crystal tribute gives,
And deals its freshness through the rustic gourd.

When now the grass, oft turned beneath the sun,
Is dry and crisp, and rustles to the tread,
Then comes the rake, with many a long-drawn sweep,
Gleaning the shaven mead, until the plain,
Rough with the sultry stacks, appears a field
Thick set with russet tents. And thus it stands

Until the wagons, drawn by horse or yoke
 Of easy oxen, with slow swaying gait,
 Their large eyes dreaming o'er the rolling cud,
 Convey the winter store unto the barn.
 Then what wild laughter fills the heated mow,
 Where boyhood treads the sweltering waves of hay,
 Climbing the encroaching billows as they roll,
 Till like a tide it swells along the roof,
 Molesting wasps and swallows!—swells and swells,
 Till the marauding child, with curious eye,
 Thrusts his adventurous hand into the nest—
 The highest in the grooved rafters lodged—
 And finds but fragments of the tender shell,
 Which crumble in his fingers, while outside
 The parent bird darts laughing its derision.

Behold yon shape which, down the dusty road,
 Comes marvellously large! It is a form
 To frighten childhood from its wayside play;
 At whose approach the household mastiff barks,
 And, barking, to his kennel shrinks afraid.
 It is the peddler, bending 'neath his load,
 Like mighty Samson with the Gaza gates,
 Or Atlas with the world. His monthly round
 Once more hath brought him to these quiet homes.
 Once more he lets the monster pack descend,
 Straightens his shoulders, and unbinds the straps,
 And shows the housewife the enticing store.
 Long time she looks, yet shakes the cautious head,
 Swaying 'twixt prudence and desire. Meanwhile
 The children crowd, with wondering eyes, to see
 The motley heap, with fingers oft offending,
 And often chide; while, at her apron, one
 Clings timidly, and nears, by gradual steps,
 As wonder gains the mastery of fear.
 With artful words the petty merchant spreads
 The various show; now smooths the glossy silk,
 And holds it to the light aslant; or, dropped
 To lengthened folds, displays the embryo skirt.
 There the white lace and there the ribbons gleam,
 Which light the maiden's eye. The vender's wit,
 Catching at every favorable sign,
 Still pours persuasion from his ready tongue;
 And, in the face of many a stubborn "No,"
 Lightens his pack and bleeds the matron's purse.

BOOK NINTH.

BUT this is past, and dies the cloudless day.
 How solemnly and calm the evening falls
 Around the rural scene! One burning bar
 Along the shadowy western hill-top flames,
 And, like the blazing iron upon an anvil,
 Sinks to a cooler red, and darkly fades,
 Leaving the vale to twilight. Charmed hour!
 Now fall the dews, of which the blossoms drink

Deep opiate draughts, till, nodding on their stems,
 Within their scented mantles folded close,
 They dream till morn. The sounds of day are done;
 Innumerable tongues, which only wake at eve,
 Resume, till night is filled with various notes
 Which start the inmost fancy into flight,
 Touching the pleasing chords of melancholy,
 Until the heart holds sympathy, perforce,
 With all the dusk invisible. Above,
 The dreary night-hawk wheels on mournful wings,
 Like some doomed spirit seeking for its mate,
 And pours his bitter wail. Within the deep,
 Impenetrable sorrow of the woods,
 Like one in weeds, with knotted chords of grief
 Scourging his heart until it shrieks its woe,
 The whippoorwill lifts up its direful voice.
 While, like a demon jeering at their pain,
 The owl makes answer with his scornful laugh.
 These are sad sounds; and unto Amy's heart—
 Although her lover's arm is at her waist,
 While their slow feet together brush the path,
 Sweeping the shadowy pasture near the grove—
 They have a voice prophetic which half drowns
 The joy it is her spirit's wont to hear;
 And on the wayside grass, methinks, unseen,
 One tear-drop more than pensive evening weeps
 Is shed. They tell us angels, good and ill,
 Attend our steps, to guide or to mislead;
 If such be true, with what imploring words,
 And clasped hands, and piteous gaze of eyes,
 The one oft speaks that would persuade aright,
 And in the hour by us securest deemed
 Whispers its fears and warns; the while the other,
 With smiles assuring safety, strews the path
 With flowers which lead but to a field of thorns!
 If this indeed be true, the instinctive tear,
 The shudder, or each inward faint recoil,
 Springing we know not whence, should be a voice
 To stay the swiftest step—should be a bolt
 Trausfixing where we stand—a giant rock
 Rising, like sudden gates of adamant,
 To bar our further course! Alas! too oft
 We lay our hand on the good angel's lip,
 And murmur "Peace," whence peace alone can flow;
 And list the alluring tongue, whose sweeter words
 Pour in the soul the airs which yet shall wake
 The howling storm of discord. "Take this chain"—
 So speaks a voice, the while a heated cheek
 Flames at her own—"and wear it for my sake."
 Then, with a smile, he drops it on her neck;
 While in her hand a locket, like an ember,
 Glows as the wide moon stares above the east—
 Stares, like a ghost, across the maiden's shoulder,
 Gazing with Amy on the lover's picture.
 Long time she looks, and then, with trembling care,
 Within her bosom hides the image dear;

Where on her breast, with wide and stolid eyes,
 It lies and warms against her beating heart,
 Swaying to each emotion, while the moon
 A moment glides behind a fleecy vapor,
 And floods it into whiteness like a shroud.

Olivia, with her little taper's light,
 Looks from her chamber window to the east—
 Looks long with mingled feelings, chiefly hope;
 And when a star aslant the zenith drops,
 A sigh from out her heart responds, and then
 A vision of her gentle friend and lover
 Rises; and now amid the May-day groups,
 She once more watches where the reeling dance
 Whirls their light forms along, from sun to shade.
 So swift is thought that, ere the meteor line
 Has faded but a moment from across
 The rising constellation, in her breast
 The name of Arthur questions every star;
 What time each lifts its silvery brow to sight,
 And gazes o'er th' horizon's woody bar;—
 What news it brings from out the Orient,
 What tidings it hath carried in its heart,
 Which not the loud pervading sea could drown,
 Or time or distance mar? What words of love,
 What longing westward looks, from those dear lips
 And faithful eyes, of one who travels far?
 And when the pillow holds her golden hair,
 She hears the happiest sounds which charm the night;
 But chiefly, from afar, the flashing stream
 Which rustles o'er the breastwork at the mill
 With ceaseless music. ' Often—oh, how oft—
 By that same sound hath Arthur's ear been soothed
 Till slumber weighed with melody his lids!
 And sympathizing with the sacred vision
 Her fancy sees, the while his name in prayer
 Passes, and yet seems lingering on her lips,
 A gentle dream before her spirit steals,
 Closing the doors of sleep upon her soul.

BOOK TENTH.

WHAT sounds are these which thrill the morning star,
 Hailing the advancing banner of the sun,
 While now the herald dawn, with backward hair,
 Inflates his winding horn, and wakes the day,
 Speeding across the hill-tops? Hark, the roll
 Of distant cannon rumbling through the sky,
 As if a huge triumphal car, in haste,
 Were rolling and resounding through the streets
 Of some glad city welcoming its return;
 While lesser sounds of bells and rattling guns
 Swell the rejoicing hour! It is the day
 When Independence celebrates her birth—
 The Jubilee of Freedom yearly kept!
 A nation rising from its rest secure;

A nation which hath never worn a crown ;
 A land which hath not held a throne, or felt
 The foot of king, or seen his purple robe,
 Sends up its voice, with one loud shout of joy,
 Which starts the eagle of the Nor'most lake,
 And wakes the Mexic gulf—while on his shore
 The Atlantic hears, and his eternal head
 Lifts, and prolongs the sound—till in the West,
 On stretching sands, in many an unknown bay,
 'Mid shadowy slumber the Pacific smiles,
 Catching the cadence as it dies, and dreams
 Of Freedom's cities rising on his coast,
 And navies showing Liberty her flag !
 It is a sound to flush the patriot's breast,
 And drive the color from the tyrant's cheek ;
 Where on his olden and decaying throne,
 He stands agaze, and, staring o'er the sea,
 Wonders ; and, with a nervous hand of haste,
 Presses the weighty crown upon his brow,
 And grasps the sceptre his amaze hath loosed,
 Assuring him a king ! Long be the day
 Remembered, and awaked with shouts, as now !

From every home the gladsome people pour ;
 O'er woods and fields resound the drum and fife ;
 And presently the flaming banners, rich
 With golden mottoes and with silver stars
 Along the highway set ablaze the air :
 As in the hour when wildly on the sky
 They wrote in words of fire the despot's fall,
 Dazzling his dull uncomprehending eye
 With "*weighed and wanting* !" till the interpreter,
 The father of a grateful country, came
 And read the "*Upharsin*" to his startled ear !

With one accord, the various cottage-homes
 Pour down the paths and highways to the town—
 The village on the white and dusty road—
 Their several habitants. The young and old,
 Each bent on pleasing and on being pleased,
 Are ranged into procession, two by two,
 While many a jest and laugh run down the line.
 Across the pasture, winding to the grove,
 All follow, to the measure of that tune
 Which first had birth upon Derision's lips,
 Till Victory heard, and with exulting tongue
 Echoed the notes, that, hallowed by her voice,
 Henceforth became an anthem for a nation !

Already the rude table's giant length
 Stretches beneath the embowering limbs, and scents
 The fragrant air with pine. Adjacent, see
 The speaker's rostrum—rough, as suits the time,
 And strong—where, caught aloft in smooth festoons,
 Two silken banners of the stripes and stars,
 With friendly points of glittering spear-heads crossed,
 Delight the enthusiast's eye. Anon,
 'Mid shouts, the leaders take the stand ; and now
 The parson pours the solemn thankful prayer,

The gratitude which every freeman feels.
 Then rises Master Ethan, tall and frail,
 And clearly, with well-modulated voice,
 Reads the great "*Declaration*" to the end.
 Whereat a long huzza, from every heart,
 Shakes the deep welkin, while the boughs between
 Murmur afar, and each astonished bird
 Drops in the trees and listens. Then arises
 The song which every tongue delights to swell.
 This past, the fiery speech inflames the hour,
 Oft interrupted by the loud applause;
 And with a loving ardor lingers long
 O'er scenes our grandsires, in the years ago—
 What time they held us charmed upon their knees—
 Pictured unto our childish eyes, until
 The little soul, to patriot's teaching true,
 Rose up in arms and waved the mimic sword.
 Then comes the plenteous feast, with stated toasts,
 And music and gay song between. And now,
 In brimming cups the amber cider flows,
 Sparkling and sweet, smelling of autumn brown;
 Three years apast from out the creaking press
 It streamed, and now full ripe and rich it glows
 In cooling pitchers, starred and streaked with dew;
 Or paler beverage, where the citron swims,
 Yielding the acid from its severed sphere,
 And shedding odors of the melting South,
 So nectarine, the wasp attracted comes,
 An armed republican, and tastes the cup
 Ere the libation, at the waiting mouth,
 Is pledged to Liberty.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

THUS flies the hour.
 Meanwhile, O Muse, withdraw awhile apart,
 And note yon figure bending in the woods.
 It is the dame of Oakland gathering herbs—
 Here plucking liverwort, and there the rank
 Hot stems of pennyroyal—and, anon,
 With crooked fingers, in the easy mould,
 Digging the sinuous snake-root, and what else
 Her curious knowledge finds. In bundles tied,
 These all must at her odorous ceiling hang,
 To dry 'mid swinging sheaves of various mint,
 Plucked from the garden and the brook; with sage,
 Savoring of Christmas, and wild chamomile,
 With bitterer tansy, and the virtuous barks
 Of elm and sassafras; with much beside,
 Shedding perpetual perfume round the joists,
 Forgot, or to the muse unknown. She kneels;
 And, as she gathers, mumbles words, unheard,
 Whose import none may know except those forms
 Invisible which bend the attentive ear,
 And catch the faintest breathings of the soul;

Interpreting the murmurs of a child,
 The honeyed accents swarming at its lips,
 And the low blended, toothless sounds of age.
 Not long she bends when, with a tongue uncouth,
 The round Distiller, all aglow with heat,
 Comes fuming like his still; for he hath strode
 Throughout the morn across the stretching lands,
 Armed with the heavy hickory which he wears,
 To note if, in the all-exulting hour,
 A foot should dare to trespass on his grounds.
 Thus, ever, the bad man is seen abroad
 Grudging the innocent joy, which others feel,
 Impossible to him; while Jealousy,
 Within the envious precincts of his heart,
 Suggests the wicked act, and, with a smile,
 Gloats o'er the cruelty ere it is done.
 The fairest landscape may not mould a heart;
 A niggard in his palace still is mean;
 And cruelty may native be to scenes
 Whose loveliness might move another's tears.
 See how his set teeth grind in base delight,
 And how he strikes from side to side, and beats
 A fancied culprit at each blow! He speaks:—
 "What bring'st thou, hag, to trespass on these grounds?
 What stealest thou within these woods forbid?"
 To which the woman, rising on her staff:—
 "I gather simples that thou know'st not of:
 Here's this to cool, and here is this which gives
 A generous heat when ague numbs the heart.
 Oh, I can find all plants, and roots, and barks,
 Which Nature's storehouse yields. I know them all;
 And, better than your school-diploma'd leech,
 Can I prescribe the antidote of ills
 Which fire or freeze the blood; but in my art,
 I do avow 'fore Heaven, I know no power
 Of herb to cool a feverish temper vile,
 Or thaw the starving ague of a soul!"
 To which the man, with lifted cane, replies:—
 "Hence, with a bridle on thy tongue, or else
 Beware the weight of this!" When thus the dame,
 Shaking her skinny finger o'er her staff:—
 "Once came a beggar to a rich man's gate,
 Asking the crumbs which from his table fell;
 He was refused—perchance thou know'st the rest.
 These simples, to the fulness of thy land,
 Are less than were the crumbs beneath that table.
 All these untended here, self-planted, grow
 From year to year, and custom's long consent
 Hath yielded them to serve the general use.
 I do not trespass, and I do not steal;
 Nor shalt thou say it unrebuked. These grounds,
 They are not thine save by a legal lie,
 Stolen by trick, or bought with devils' blood—
 I mean the poison dripping from yon still—
 And might the wronged man from his coffin rise,
 And, with the widow and the orphan, tell

The baseness of thy cunning, the dull ear
Of common justice should be stunned and pained,
And the loud public tongue cry out thy shame,
And retribution, like a bolt of fire
Amid the thunder, fall." E'en as she speaks,
She seems to rise above her wonted height ;
Her gray locks falling take the passing breeze,
Her eyes indignant flame, and on her lip
Scorn sits supreme, and mocks the lifted cane.
Meanwhile the blood to the distiller's brow
Mounts with swift madness, and his whole broad face
Burns like a furnace by the bellows blown.
"Hence, witch!" he cries; and reeling from his aim,
With a loud shriek of oaths, he strikes the air,
And striking falls, foaming at mouth, convulsed
The apoplectic blood, inflamed, hath drowned
His brain; and there, with horrible distort
Of face and frame, he clutching tears the ground.
These are rough touches, but they give the life,
The scars and moles which make the picture true.
And thus he lies until a sauntering group,
Which presently comes by, in wonder stops;
And takes the fallen man in charge, and bears
Him writhing home. The dame, with musing voice,
Speaks as they go, and they may hear who will—
"Twice hath the mad ox grovelled in the dust,
Dragged by the dogs of anger; when again
They take him to the earth, he shall not rise."
And now once more she kneels above her task,
And, digging, traces the eccentric root.

BOOK TWELFTH.

LET us descend afar the summer road,
And note how in the crowded mart is kept
The sacred day. Along the harvest fields,
Throughout the stretching valley, smokes the air
With a long line of the impending dust,
Sultry and thick, until the Sunday garb
Of smoothest black becomes a suit of gray,
And the deep standing grain beside the road
Bows low with the collecting weight; while feet
Innumerable are plunging in the dust,
Deep as the fetlocks, as it were a snow;
And flying wheels fling from their tires and spokes
Invisible the choking cloud. Behold the inn,
Midway between the village and the town,
Where waves the starry flag across the way,
Swung from the house-top to the opposing tree,
A silken arch of triumph. O'er the porch
Swarm out and in, like bees about a hive,
The noisy people whom the keeper greets
With smile incessant and unfailing joke.
Lo, how the hot air reeks with the perfume
Of crushing mint, in potent glasses drowned,

And smoke of Cuban weed ; or, stronger yet,
Of rank plant cultured in Kentuckian fields.
From either side the high and pendulous sign
The painted eagle looks, with spreading wings,
As if to sentinel the coming guest.
But 'neath his shade, with an unchecking rein,
Behold yon party pass ! Olivia there,
Between her parents, sits with glowing cheeks.
Thus ride they on until, beyond the hill,
In the far smoky landscape, winding slow,
They catch with eager gaze the silvery line
Of tranquil Delaware ; so distance-veiled,
The eye, unaided, scarcely notes the sail
Brooding in middle of receding plains.
Then bursts the glowing city on the view ;
Waking a pleasurable sense which none
So deep in soul can feel as they who bring
The mind well stored with rural lore, and wear
At heart the freshness of the summer fields.
Thus, in lost ages of the long ago,
The rustic swains, girded with simple skins,
From Carmel's side or cedared Lebanon,
Beheld the gorgeous city at their feet,
What time the yearly festival enticed,
Its thousand banners swelling on the wind,
And every breeze with music jubilant,
And gates all wide. Or thus the pilgrim band,
Aweary with long travel, sore of feet,
Turning some point of the Abruzzian mount,
Beholds the plain, and Tiber winding dim,
And the long stretch of ancient aqueducts,
Striding like caravans the blue champaign ;
Till, lo ! the Roman capital appears,
Crowned with the dome which crowns the world ! Anon,
The Schuylkill, sacred to the barge of mirth,
Its green banks consecrate to pleasure's paths,
Winds into sight with many a silvery curve ;
And at the breastwork, with a ceaseless voice,
Rustles the music which its waters learned,
On mountain wilds remote, where Carbon's hills
Hear in their inmost heart the miner's stroke.
Behold the mound by art and nature reared,
" Fairmount ! " in whose tall top the waters lie
Lifted as in a great baptismal font ;
The height from whence the river deity
Pours, from his giant and refreshing urn,
The stream which slakes a grateful city's thirst.
But fancy this ; for yet no statue there,
Worthy the place, above his liquid task
Stands to the four winds, beautiful and bright,
Gazing upon the city which he laves,
While the glad city gazes back to him.
Oh ! wherefore rises not the marble pile
Above this green and consecrated height ?
Not one, but many, one above the rest,
Looking like Alleghany o'er his hills.

Lo, how it bathes unnumbered miles of streets—
 A great heart pulsing through far crystal veins—
 Where, but a few short generations since,
 The Indian stretched his lazy sombre length,
 And the red deer stooped, undeterred, and drank,
 Or, 'neath the chestnut or the walnut shade,
 Cropped the rank grass at leisure. At the bridge,
 The horses sudden tramp the sounding planks;
 Where passes off the Conestoga team,
 Ringing its own announcement of approach,
 With shoulder-shaken bells—a monster wain,
 Slow, rumbling, and which oft in winter sends
 The shrilly creak from frosty wheels afar.

How the white noon awakes to the report
 Of all explosive engines known to man,
 From the sharp cracker to the roaring bass
 Of cannon, answering from square to square!
 At every proclamation shaking earth,
 And rattling every window; while the scent
 Of wasted powder loads each breath inhaled,
 As in some town resisting when besieged.
 From street to street the party takes its way,
 Gazing on the procession as they pass
 With wondering admiration. There they see,
 In costly uniform, the shining troops
 Of armed volunteers; or there the long,
 Proud lines of labor, honoring their trades,
 Parading with bright banners; and the stout,
 Brave firemen decked in helmet and in cape—
 A conflagration pictured upon each—
 Their costly engine wreathed about with flowers—
 Drawing as 'twere a conqueror's car. No day,
 Of all the year, is so alive as this;
 No other day hath this calm city been
 So driven from staid propriety, and waked
 To such wild, joyous riot; save that time
 When youthful feet ran boundless through the streets,
 To fix the childish gaze on one who came
 Welcomed with honor's highest, last excess—
 The honor only rivalled by the love—
 Taking his glorious way with roses strewn,
 And under endless bannered arches, starred
 With one proud name, still sacred—"La Fayette!"

And still the party wander down the street,
 Oft gazing on the snowy marble pile;
 Or stroll into the crowded squares, and walk
 Beneath the shade of ancient forest-trees,
 Greeting them all as friends. Oh, wherefore, ye
 Who hold the welfare of the town at heart,
 And wield its destinies, will ye behold
 The city, with its hot and rapid feet,
 Trample the woods and blight the fields; nor leave
 One ampler space where, on a day like this,
 The thankful throng may walk abroad, and feel
 The pleasure which it is to breathe the air
 Which, unimpeded by the heated walls,

Takes health and freshness from the leaves it stirs,
 And gives to whom inhales? Nor yet too late,
 While those wide spaces—full of sun and shade,
 And antique trees, with daily trembling filled
 And apprehension of the approaching axe—
 O'er Schuylkill spread their asking arms, and call
 Aloud for your protection. Ere the street,
 With frequent ringing of the builder's trowel,
 Usurps their quiet depth, go boldly forth;
 And, with your powerful wand of office, draw
 The boundary line which none shall dare invade.
 And every tree, thus rescued, when the crowds
 Of future generations walk beneath,
 Shall whisper to their grateful ears your name;
 And be a vernal monument, each year,
 Renewing honor to the rescuer.

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

HERE, stranger, stay! This is the sacred spot
 Which knew the patriots in the years ago.
 Here trod the noblest form the land has known;
 Here swelled the stateliest soul e'er form has held;
 And here—nor here alone; but round the world,
 And throughout heaven—my faith will have it so—
 The name most loved is spoken, and rolls on
 Revered by freemen, and by angels breathed,
 And trembling oft upon the lips of slaves,
 Brightening their dream of hope. Still to our hearts
 Let the great name of Washington be dear;
 And faithful as the star is to the night,
 Or as Niagara to his cataract true,
 Let the increasing stream of praise be poured
 From off a nation's tongue. This is the spot:
 Here is the hallowed hall where bravely met
 Freedom's stout conclave, pledging lives and honor;
 And this the terrace, looking to the square,
 Where Liberty's apostle, all aglow
 With the wild ardor of the hour, came forth,
 And, to the applauding patriot crowd without,
 Read the great chart ere yet the names were dry.
 This is the place: and there, upon the step,
 Behold, where sits yon figure scarred and gray,
 His stout staff taking palsy from his hand,
 And shaking on the door-stone. Here, once more,
 He pays the yearly visit to the spot,
 And lives in memory all the glorious past;
 And thus unto the group of listeners gives
 The visions of gone days, as one by one
 They rise before his spiritual eye.

“Lo, now the cannon thundering to the sky,
 The thickening fumes that scent the heated air,
 Recall the camp, and spread before mine eye
 The pitch of battle and the triumph there.

"The summoned ploughman grasps the ready gun,
And swiftly strides across the furrowed sod ;
The smith, ere half the heated shoe is done,
Swings on in haste, and rides the steed unshod.

"The mason flings his glittering trowel by,
And leaves behind the pale and weeping few ;
The miller's wheel above the stream hangs dry,
While o'er the hill he waves the swift adieu.

"Lo, all the air is throbbing to the drum ;
In every highway sounds the shrilly fife ;
And flashing guns proclaim afar they come,
Where hurried banners lead the way to strife.

"Though rude the music, and the arms are rude,
And rustic garments fill the motley line,
Yet noble hearts, with noble hopes imbued,
Thrill through the ranks with energy divine,—

"Thrill through the ranks until those sounds become
Celestial melodies from Freedom's lips !
These arms an engine to strike despots dumb,
And leave oppression howling in eclipse.

"Then comes the struggle, raging loud and long—
The seven years' battle with the banded foes—
The tyrant, and the savage, and the strong
Grim arm of want with all its direst woes.

"Half clad and barefoot, bleeding where they tread,
Where hunger and disease allied consort,
The pale survivors stand among their dead,
And brave the winter in their snow-walled fort.

"But heavier than the storms which fold the Earth,
Than all the ills which winter's hand commits,
The bitter thought that at the sacred hearth
Of unprotected homes some horror sits.

"But God is just ; and they who suffer most
Win most ; for tardy triumph comes at last !
The patriot, bravely dying at his post,
Hath rivalled all the Cæsars of the past.

"Right conquers Wrong, and glory follows pain,
The cause of Freedom vindicated stands ;
And heaven consents ; while, staring o'er the main,
Old Europe greets us with approving hands.

"If now a film o'erswim my aged gaze,
Or if a tremor in my voice appear,
It is the memory of those glorious days
Which moves my failing frame and starts the tear.

"Oh, on this sacred spot again to rest,
 Where passed the patriots, ere this old heart faints!
 Then I depart, with a contented breast,
 Where they are walking crowned among the saints.

"Here on these steps, made holy by their tread,
 I list their kindling voices as of yore;
 And hear that bell, now hanging speechless, dead,
 Which rung for Freedom, broke, and rung no more.

"Broke with the welcome tidings on its tongue,
 Broke, like a heart, with joy's excessive note!
 'Tis well no cause less glorious e'er hath rung
 In silver music from its hallowed throat."

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

BEHOLD the river, wide, respiring, vast,
 Swelling and falling, answering to the main.
 Here rise and sink the multitudinous ships,
 Swaying in slumberous ease, where every flag
 Known to a Christian sky salutes the air.
 How the brown cordage like a net-work spreads,
 A monster web entangling leafless pines!
 From this same wharf, down dropping with the tide,
 Went Arthur, when he bade his last adieu—
 While the great bay, as usherer to the sea,
 Unto the ocean's awful presence led—
 There stands the maid in secret musing held,
 While from the charmed fountains of her soul
 The longing tear upwells. The sun descends;
 And like a startling meteor in the sky,
 The whizzing rocket streaks the twilight air,
 And curving up the azure deep afar,
 Explodes with muffled sound, and lights the eve
 With momentary stars of various hue.
 In swift succession how they soar and burst,
 Answered from all the quarters of the town,
 Till oft the sky is full of falling lights;
 As on that memorable autumn night,
 When rained the heavens a thick meteoric shower,
 Puzzling the wise astronomers at watch,
 And shaking many a sturdy soul with fear,
 Till superstition, with affrighted voice,
 Proclaimed the day of doom. From yon green isle,
 Which like a war-ship on the water lies,
 The arrowy signals chiefly fly; while come
 The joyous habitants and crowd the wharves,
 The ships, the ferries, barges and bateaux,
 And skiffs that glide between, while every house
 From base to roof o'erflows. And now the night,
 While every face unto the island looks,
 Falls deeply down; and all the curious stars
 People the dark, and, crowding group o'er group,

Gaze from the shadowy terraces of heaven,
And wonder at the fires that mock their light.
Hark, the loud rattle, like artillery !
And note the phantom lustre on each face,
Swift changing through the iris scale of hues,
Most strange and beautiful, thrown from yon wheel,
Which from its flails of fire flings the light sparks
Like chaff upon the air, with whirrings loud,
While admiration flies from face to face.
Nor this alone ; wheel after wheel is fired,
Whirling continuous, discharging lights
Innumerable as summer dust ; until
Behold the flaming chariot appears,
A swift triumphal car ablaze with gems,
And flying through a crowd of welcoming roses,
Where Liberty a starry goddess rides,
While o'er her head her favorite eagle sails
On guardian wings of fire. And suddenly
A temple lifts its constellated front,
Swinging its great arch, drawn in blazing lines,
Athwart the dark with architecture strange,
Inspiring, grand ; as if the stars of heaven
Should sweep together, clustering into form,
To show the world the dome where Freedom dwells.
And lo ! the glorious vision in the tide
Inverted hangs in wavering lines of light :
Such is the pyrotechnist's art. And now
The sky vibrates with the prolonged applause ;
The lights die out ; the night resumes its sway,
While peace and silence close the festive gates.

Olivia, weary, to her pillow strange
Resigns her cheek, while through her wakeful brain
The visions of the day, in clear review,
Pass one by one, and fright the wings of sleep.
Hour after hour, the watchman's sounding tread
And solemn voice alarm the sinking lid,
And wake the thought afresh ; till, presently,
The whirling rattle and the startling cry
Of " fire ! " too frequent heard, disturb the town,
Breaking the charm of midnight ; while reply
From spire and tower the wild and direful bells,
Directing with their strokes the engines' course,
Which now fly thundering to assail the blaze,
And soon to conquer. Rising on the sky,
Destruction's banner, like a boreal light,
Dilates and brightens, till the maiden's room,
Though safe, is full of splendor like a noon.
She hears the frequent heavy brakes descend,
Mingled with voices and with hurrying feet,
Till gradually the drownéd flame submits,
While slowly dies the hue from out her chamber.
And now once more the quiet, like a bird
Untimely startled from its rest, refolds
Its wings, and drops through visions into sleep.

BOOK FIFTEENTH.

WHEN I recount the pleasant sights of earth—
 Fair childhood blowing bubbles in the sun—
 A pleasure-party, in a moonlit barque;
 The little sail with breeze and music swelled—
 A dancing wreath of children crowning May—
 A bridal group across a distant field
 Returning, with gay footsteps, from the church—
 I can recall no brighter, nobler scene
 Than men at labor 'mid the waving grain,
 When summer, with its alchemy, transmutes
 The crops from green to gold! The harvest sun
 Burns broad and white above the yellowing world,
 Which, for its plenty, laughs a rustling laugh;
 A voice which cheers the hearts of those who strode
 Athwart the yielding ground, with swinging hands,
 In springtime, casting bread upon the earth,
 To be returned a hundredfold. The air
 Hangs hot and silent, save where yonder bird,
 The meadow-lark, darts into sudden voice
 From out the grain, and in the next tree lights,
 And, panting, sings no more; or where, perchance,
 The oriole, careless of its swinging nest,
 From whence the young have flown, a moment streaks
 The sky with fire and song, and then gives o'er;
 Or yon tricolored bird, with nervous haste
 Ascending spirally the sapless trunk,
 Drums loudly as he climbs; or locust hid
 Swift springs his shrilly rattle; or the small
 Green insect, greener than the grass it bends,
 With the field cricket lifts its jarring voice;
 While his gray brother, on ambitious wings,
 Flickers his short flight down the summer road,
 Oft dropping in the sultry sand. Behold
 The yellow, dainty-pinioned swarm arise,
 On simultaneous wings, as soars a flame;
 Or, settling where the small spring blots the dust,
 Glows like a golden group of buttercups.

What a calm realm of sunshine gleams the world;
 The aspen only feels a phantom breath;
 Beneath the great tree's shadow in the field
 The silent cattle stand; and in the cool
 Deep shade of garden-shrubs the fowls are hid,
 Fluttering the dust upon their wings, with eye
 Suspicious watching oft the hawk which sails,
 Noiseless as sleep, upon the lofty air.
 Beside the spring, where the tall sycamore,
 And one wide willow, roof the cooling spot,
 The dairy-maid is singing 'mid her pans,
 And skimming oft the deep and yellow cream,
 While floats abroad the sweet delicious scent
 Of cedar from the scalded churn. And now,
 With many a rumbling splash, the dasher flies,

Forcing the cream which oozes at the lid.
At length the gathering weight, which lifts and falls,
Denotes the labor through. In days like these,
An hour suffices to transmute the mass,
Which oft, in winter, whirls from morn till noon,
Or later still, refusing to obey—
Withheld, as some have deemed, by witch's charm.
Along the wayside fence, by briery roads,
The ruddy children, with their fingers stained,
Collect the berries which, with milk combined,
Shall to the reaper's hearty palate give
The luscious dessert when the meat is past.
The full fields, like a shepherd's flock in spring,
Yield up their fleeces, till the well-bound sheaves,
In glowing stacks, nod o'er the stubbled farm.
Now sounds the horn 'neath the meridian sun ;
And the brown laborers, hurrying to the call,
Beside the deep well lave their heated brows ;
Where oft the bucket from the windlass drops,
Rattling till deluged, then, ascending slow,
Comes dripping to the brink, and sends abroad
A cool and grateful freshness. Then behold
Where sweeps the table wide, from door to door,
Looking from east to west. With open brow
The generous matron welcomes in the group ;
And there Olivia, not too proud to tend,
But with a flush of pleasure on her face,
Glides gracefully from chair to chair, and helps
The glowing reaper's plate ; here fills the glass
With odorous cider, sparkling as it flows,
Or drowns the bowl with liquid from the churn,
Cooled at the spring beside the yellow prints.
Here smokes the ample joint, and steaming there
The yellow ears of maize inviting stand,
Fresh from the caldron drained—delicious food,
To other lands unknown—with much beside.
When this is past, the berries crown the board,
The whortle from the wood, and those at morn
Plucked from the wayside briers. The garden, too,
And orchard lend their fulness to the hour ;
For 'tis the season when the generous year
Pours from his plenteous horn the ripened fruit—
The mellow peach, and bursting purple plum,
The early apple, and the golden pear ;
But chiefly the huge melon, which, when ripe,
Yields, to the pressing hands and listening ear,
A crisp and frosty sound, from out its heart
Of crimson snow, that calls the thirsty knife.
Thus flies the noon, until the heated fields
Recall to labor, and the day goes by.
Now, when the eve sets in, and one by one
The stars come leaping o'er the eastern bar,
And the great moon, aflush with summer heat,
Climbs lazily along the harvest sky—
Where dart the fire-flies with eccentric course,
Oping their frequent dainty lantern-doors,

As if to find a treasure lost—the group
 Of reapers gather on the social porch,
 And pass the shadowy hour in language meet
 The season and the place. And much they talk
 Of news which lately, from the far-off West,³
 Startled the calm community; as when
 Some foreign sound disturbs the laboring hive—
 Or bee, returning from exploring search,
 Proclaims a land of more enticing sweets,
 And wakes a general buzz throughout the swarm.
 The younger men are restless to be gone,
 And descant largely on the wild pursuit
 Of game, exhaustless in the boundless woods.
 Some shake the doubtful head—the older these—
 And tell of labors long to be endured—
 The battle with the forest, and the stern
 Privation to be borne, where oft the call
 Of chill necessity affrights the soul;
 Repeating tales their childhood frequent heard
 From sires who 'mid these hills and valleys came,
 And, with the guardian fire-arm at their side,
 Laid the loud axe unto the woodland's foot.
 But what was meant to caution and deter,
 Inflames the youthful fancy and desire;
 And even Age detects along his veins
 A curious yet an unacknowledged glow,
 And feels an impulse rising in his breast
 He hath not felt for years; and, to conceal
 How much his spirit echoes younger thought,
 Puts by the subject with some careless jest,
 And turns the converse on to-morrow's task.
 Now see where strides, o'er many a homeward field,
 The hired laborer to his lowly cot:
 The shouldered sickle, by the moonshine lit,
 Gleams like a rising crescent. At the door
 His happy wife, and happier children, stand
 And welcome his return. Then to his couch,
 To others hard, luxurious to him,
 Softened by toil, he turns, and drains the cup—
 The drowning cup of sleep—unto the dregs.

BOOK SIXTEENTH.

On yonder hill, with oak and hickory crowned,
 What sight is that which draws, from far and near,
 The thronging people up the dusty roads,
 And through each field where'er a by-path leads?
 See, where the red and new-arisen sun
 Points his bright finger through the upland grove,
 Flushing the white tents to a rosy hue!
 And hark, the call of the resounding horn,
 Which Echo, from yon hill, with slumberous shell
 Blows softly back! Are these the tents of war,
 By some proud general pitched, where bayonets gleam,
 And sentinels walk, and banners to the drum

Dance in mid-air, and flap their sanguine folds?
It is the camp of that increasing strife
Waged 'gainst a world of sin; it is a host
Come out upon the glorious side of Truth,
To fight, to suffer, and, with love, to conquer!
With songs triumphal under flags of peace,
Spread like the wings of swans upon the wind,
They hold their siege against the walls of Wrong,
And will not rest till on the highest tower
Which crowns his ramparts that white banner floats.
There Wesley's spirit hovers, and, with voice
Clear as a bugle winding 'mid the hills,
The soul of Whitefield soars. There, with long beard
Sweeping his patriarchal breast, arrives
The apostle-pilgrim, punctual to the hour—
Lorenzo, the eccentric—and at once
Mounts the rough desk, and lifts his startling voice,
While eager thousands crowd the space to look;
And seeing, hear; and every neighboring tree
Is populous with faces forward bent.
Here, scoffers, smooth the scorn from off thy lip;
Nor you, nor I, though holding faith diverse,
May sit in judgment and condemn the scene.
Though we approve not, wiser heads than ours
Have bowed and worshipped at the woodland altar,
And pressed the temporary couch at night
Within the wavy tent, and often found
The peace which they had sought elsewhere in vain.
Let us not waste the vigor of our minds
In acrimonious quarrels over creeds.
Not ours the business of dispute; but ours,
Ye gentle hearts for whom I chiefly sing,
The pleasing duty to find good in all;
And, finding, recognize and own in each
A brotherhood, no difference of faith
May set ajar. Nor Brahmin, Turk, nor Jew,
Nor he who kneels to Deity in stones—
The savage instinct searching for its God—
Each seeking truth the nearest way he knows,
Shall wake in me one cold condemning word—
While Charity, the sweetest child of Heaven,
Hides her bright face, and weeps behind her wings—
But love instead. And we will interchange
Whatever thought may cheer each other on;
For all are pilgrims on one darksome road:
One may have store of water, and no bread;
The other bread, and faint with sultry thirst;
One plenteous oil, another but dry wick.
Hence is our duty plain; and simple need,
Left to itself, would teach us oft aright,
Which, prejudiced by doctrines of a sect,
Would leave us hungry, thirsty, or at night
Give but a lightless lantern. Let who will
Quarrel o'er outward forms: so quarrelled they
Who gambled for the garments of our Lord,
And heard not the deep agony of soul

Of Him who cast all mantles by as vain,
And died for simple truth.

BOOK SEVENTEENTH.

THE summer flies,
And Autumn slowly comes, his withering breath
Crisping whate'er he breathes on; and the woods
He sets ablaze with gorgeous hues which burn,
With noiseless flame, until the foliage falls,
Strewing the ground like embers, while the limbs
Spread to the sky their empty ashen arms.
At her lone window, drawn from household cares,
Olivia sits, and to her lover writes;
And thus the ardor of her fancy flows:—
“The months go by, the seasons slow depart,
With steps reluctant, looking to the time
When thou wert here—how different their flight!
I think one-half the sunshine went with thee,
And, like my thoughts, the better half. And now
The dreary autumn comes, the sighing days,
With which my heart seems strangely set in tune.
Here, where I gaze, I see the stubbled fields,
The reddening forest, and the misty air—
All sights and sounds which make the soul alone.
Day after day, the flying flocks go south,
In living lines, which write along the sky
The prophecy of winter's sure approach;
I hear at night their voices o'er the roof,
Mingled with whirring wings. On yonder plain
The rustling maize, in many a bowing shock,
Whispers to every passing breeze. Last night,
Beneath the white moon, in the silent air,
In jovial bands the huskers, flocking, came,
And stripped the covers from the yellow ears,
And left them glowing there in golden mounds.
Oh, how the song, and jest, and laugh went round!
And when the crimson ear was found, the prize
Was held in blazing splendor, like a torch,
And all proclaimed a 'sweetheart,' and rejoiced.
I stood apart, and, as in days ago,
Hearkened to hear thy voice among the rest;
But there were none so happy or so clear,
Or, as I fancied, half so musical.
Within-doors, through the busy afternoon,
Till late at eve, the neighboring dames and maids
Found social pleasure round the spreading quilt,
With rapid hands, till on the oft-rolled frame
The latest puffy diamond-row was stitched.
Then, when the gay and separate tasks were done,
And noisy supper past, the room was cleared;
When mirth, and music, and the mazy dance
Reeled through the night till every rafter groaned,
While swayed the floor beneath their gliding feet.
I could not dance, and could not join the glee;

Each smile I forced was half akin to tears ;
So clearly came the old times o'er my mind.
To-day the orchard yields its glowing fruits,
Which tumble, widely, with a thunderous sound,
Shaken from stormy boughs—a monster hail.
And there the creaking cider-press is fed,
And oozes the sweet liquid through the straw,
Where gather the inebriate bees and wasps ;
And childhood imitates the winged thieves
With wheaten pipes which yield the nectar draught.
The sweetened air across the casement floats,
And merriment invites abroad. Ah me !
How pining Memory flies into the past,
And lives in the departed scene—so fond,
She cannot taste the pleasure of to-day !
Then were we children, and in hours like this
None were more happy. It is now the time
When slumber seems to hover on the air.
O'er all the veil of Indian summer floats,
Blue, thin, and silent, lovely as a dream—
A dream which, presently, the North shall wake,
The shrewish North, with shrilly tongue of storm.
The sounding flails, and Bowman's beating loom,
Pulse through the brooding air. From out yon barn
Floats the loud tempest of the sweeping fan ;
While, on the stormy gust its wings create,
Beyond the door the winnowed chaff is blown,
Swarming like golden bees. E'en where I sit,
I can behold the great wheel of the mill
Flashing its silvery circles in the sun,
And yet so distant cannot hear its song.
All happiest sights and sounds seem held afar.
In the dear light of memory thou dost stand ;
I see thee smile, yet cannot hear thy voice.
It is the season when the woodland trees,
Through yellow fingers, shed the plenteous nuts ;
When happy children, from the school released,
Wander from grove to grove. Canst thou not yet
Bring back to fancy those departed days
When we, together, with our baskets went,
Shelling the walnuts till our little hands
Were like the Autumn's brown ? or chestnuts found
Dropped from their starry burrs ? or with the squirrels,
Beneath the hickory, shared the shell-bark's store ?
How then we spread them in the loft to dry,
Between the rolls of wool for winter wheels—
The loft made odorous by the bundled herbs ?
Ah, yes, thou needs must often see it all,
And, seeing, sigh for the delightful hours.
Oft have I prayed for thy return—how oft !—
But chiefly now, for these are changeful times.
Loud Rumor's voice entices to the West—
The call from out the backwoods daily comes—
The only topic when the neighbors meet ;
And the excitement like a fever spreads,
Contagious, till one cannot safely say

Who, ere another summer, may depart
 To be immured in the far forest's gloom.
 The drover, with his cattle passing by,
 Tells marvellous stories of that plenteous land,
 Inflaming all he meets. And frequently
 A letter from its three weeks' journey rests,
 Breathing of woods primeval, and confirms
 The floating tale, advising all to come.
 Even round our fireside spreads the exciting theme.
 Wert thou but here, to join in the exploit,
 The wilderness were welcome as the town."
 And more she writes; but let the veil be drawn
 Between the world and her more tender thoughts.

BOOK EIGHTEENTH.

Now comes the muster's jovial, motley day,
 Remnant of troublous times; and after this
 Election follows. To the neighboring town
 The farmers flock, and, gathering in crowds,
 Discuss their candidates with growing warmth,
 Then drop the powerful scrip into the poll—
 The little weight which turns a nation's scale—
 Where oft a world-wide interest is weighed
 Beyond recall, and settled. Let no vote
 Be dropped with careless thought; for it may be
 The last strong hand which draws the lever down
 Which moves the giant destiny of man
 No future shall replace. What power is yours,
 Ye heirs of what the patriots bequeathed!
 The hand which holds a plough is strong as that,
 And stronger oft, than which a sceptre grasps.
 Then be ye each as watchful as a king,
 And jealous of your rights; yet generous,
 As only freemen can afford to be.
 Behold where walks the white-haired beldam, Frost,
 Breathing her bitterness o'er all the scene—
 She whom erewhile we hailed as maiden Dew.
 The flowers she fed, when morning-glories blew
 Their white and purple trumpets to the dawn,
 Are nipped and withered by her fingers cold;
 The grass is crisp and brittle 'neath her tread;
 And, like a witch, she flies the broad clear sun,
 But works her charm beneath the gibbous moon.
 See, where the joyous Hallow-eve comes in,
 And how the country is awaked to mirth!
 While, far and near, the sleepless watch-dog's bark
 Responds from farm to farm, till oft the wife
 Starts from her couch to peer with anxious eye,
 Or, on her troubled pillow, dreams of harm
 In cabbage-plots or poultry-sheds sustained.
 Round many a hearth, in noisy groups, collect
 The youths and maids, and there Pomona reigns.
 Swift flies the apple to the paring blade,

While, like a serpent, falls the coiling peel.
Some quarter and take out the core, and some
Attend the giant caldron o'er the fire,
Which on the huge crane stretched from jamb to jamb,
Wide as a gate that lets a chariot pass,
Swings o'er the blaze with cider steaming hot,
Where the brown stirrer with its handle long
A ceaseless motion keeps. Thus flies the night,
Until the odorous mass grows thick and dark,
Which then is dipped in various jars to cool.
And now the reel, to some rude Afric's viol,
Whirls through the shadowy hour, till oft the star
Of morning lights the laughing revellers home.
Lo, now the ungentle time of slaughter comes,
And horrid preparation frights the hour.
The flashing knives upon the grinding disk
Are held, with grating and discordant noise;
And the great casks with scalding water smoke,
Where oft the red-hot stone falls hissing, drowned.
The muse, affrighted, flies the barbarous scene,
And seeks elsewhere whatever rural sights
Engage the autumn day. Beside the barn,
Some break the brittle flax with swingle loud,
And on the thorny hackle cleanse from tow;
Some, where the full cribs like a sunset gleam,
Shedding a golden lustre, shell the ears
Of Indian corn preparing for the mill;
Or thresh the buckwheat which on many a morn,
When Boreas on the frosty panes shall breathe,
Fresh from the griddle shall delight the board.
And there the matron by her cottage door,
With numerous wicks on slender twigs arranged,
In melting caldrons gives the frequent dip,
Preparing tapers for the winter's eve;
Which then, suspended in the air to cool,
Hang like the icicles at frozen roofs,
That harden as the sinking sun departs.

Now through the heavens the changing vapors fly,
Driven by winds eccentric, threatening storm,
While answering shadows sweep the stubbled land.
Together smite the woodland's empty arms,
While, with the last leaves, fall the latest nuts.
Along the ground the rustling foliage whirls,
Where oft the quail from out the sickled fields,
Affrighted, comes, in kindred-colored drifts,
To seek a rescue from the hunter's eye.
And there the squirrel, with his pattering feet,
Collects his winter store; or on a bough,
The highest 'gainst the sky, with blowing bush,
Sits swinging o'er the leafless world, amazed.
At length the slanting, chill November rain
Usurps the landscape wide, and with its hand—
Agued and blue with penetrating cold—
Closes the slumberous barn, and every door,
Most hospitable, shuts.

BOOK NINETEENTH.

THE winter comes,
Proclaimed by winds, and charioted by snows ;
And, like an Arctic voyager returned,
His white furs breathing of the Norland frost,
Tells of the frozen fields and mounts of ice
Forever flaming in the boreal lights,
Aflush with dawn-like hues which bring no day.
Now the bright sun above a brighter world—
A world as white as last month's perfect moon—
Looks all abroad, and on the jewelled trees,
And icicles which taper at the eaves,
Flashes his lavish splendor. Every stream
Is deeply sealed beneath a frozen bridge,
Where glides the glittering skate, with many a whirl,
Scarring the polished floor. Afar and near
The air is full of merriment and bells ;
And the swift sleigh, along the slippery road,
Flies through the powdery mist which every gust
Blows from the buried field. Here sweeps one past
Muffled in generous skins—the bison's robe
Spread largely, trailing in the sidelong drift.
There timid Amy by her lover sits,
Her soft cheek blushing at the winter's kiss.
Anon, behold the temporary sledge—
Built in the first joy of the earliest snow—
Which gives to rustic youths a thrill of pleasure
Deeper than feels the Czar, encased in furs,
'Mid music swifter and more safely whirled.
Down yonder hill, 'mid boyhood's ringing shouts,
An avalanche of little sleds are shot,
Streaking the air with laughter as they fly.
There the tough snow-balls, hardened 'twixt the knees,
Stream through the sun, with meteor-crossing lines,
Till oft the winter coat is starred with white,
The mark of skilful aim. Here one, perchance,
Starts the small round, which gathers as it rolls,
Until the giant pile half blocks the road ;
Or, at the wayside reared, takes human form—
A monster bulk, that, when the eve sets in,
Shall fright the traveller with its ghostly shape,
And start his steed aside. In yonder shed,
Where rings the anvil with a bell-like sound,
The Smith, while oft the share is in the coals,
Leans on the polished handle of his sledge,
And sees in visions, pleasing to his eye,
The pictures which the floating rumors give
Enticing to the West. And when the iron
Flames on the stithy, like a rising sun,
Driving the shadows into cobweb corners,
The hammer takes new impulse from his arm—
Imagination so possesses him—

And falls as 'twere the echo-waking axe,
Swung by a pioneer in boundless woods.
The Wheelwright, too, wields the curved, dangerous adze,
And shapes the axle, as it were a beam
Or rafter for the cabin, in his mind.
The Mason—for the frozen mortar now
Refuses use—beside the glowing fire
Spreads his hard hands, and, gazing in the blaze,
Startles the woodlands with his trowel's ring.
The Cooper, at his shaving-horse astride,
Draws the swift knife, and shapes the oaken stave
As 'twere a shingle for his forest home.
The Miller hears, amid the dusty meal,
The mill-dam roaring at some unknown stream,
And rears his pulpit in the distant wild.
And in the grove the Woodman, 'mid his cords,
Fells the primeval trunks. And e'en the Gunner—
So powerful the infectious fever grows—
Strides, heedless of the rising flocks of quail;
And, homeward turning, hangs the weapon up,
Saving his charge for more important game.
Now comes the warmer noon. The vanes swing round
Before the south wind's soft and venturous wing.
The breeze, like childhood in the shell-bark boughs,
Shakes from the trees the rattling sleet; and now
The eaves are pouring as with summer rain.
Along the slushy roads the laboring sleigh,
Returning, cuts into the softened earth,
Grating discordant to the bells; the driver's face,
Each melting moment falling with the thaw,
Gives the long gauge of disappointed mirth.
Then follows eve. The slanting sun descends—
The snow grows crisp—the roofs withhold their rain—
And, like a proud man's mind, the icicle,
Which had been spendthrift once, gives less and less,
Until the last slow drop is held congealed,
And the cold, miser point forbids approach.

When o'er the western threshold goes the sun,
Spreading his great hand through the crimson clouds,
Shedding his benediction ere he leaves,
Then dawns the eve around the social fire;
From six to ten the nightly quiet glows,
Soothing the household. Oh, how blest are they
Who feel the calm that gilds the sacred hearth!
To them, nor spring, nor summer's voiceful time,
Hold music sweeter than is chanted there.
From out the steaming logs the woodland sprites
Sing, as they fly, a grateful song of peace;
And crickets, full of harvest memories,
In nook and crevice warm, rehearse their lays,
Until the charmed and dreamy sense beholds
The scented hay-fields, and the nodding sheaves;
While Winter, like an uninvited guest,
Stands at the hearth forgot. What though the moon,
Through darkened chambers, pours her phantom snow,
While all the stars, which ice the arch of heaven,

Pierce the deep stillness with their splintered light ;—
 Or though the clouds their fleecy fulness shed,
 Till farm with farm become one fenceless field,
 And fill the road, and roof the running brook,
 To oft mislead the wagoner and his team ;—
 Though 'gainst the cottage piles the shifting snow,
 While at the sill the searching powder sifts ;—
 Far from the blaze the deepening cold withdraws,
 And all grow tranquil as the tempest swells.

Thus flames the hearth where Master Ethan sits,
 In dreamy trance, who, gazing at the blaze,
 Beholds Elijah's mounting wheels of fire ;
 While, at his feet, the glowing grandchild, rapt,
 Pores o'er some magic page, or eager lists,
 With largening eyes, the reverend tongue discourse
 Of troublous days when War bestrode the land.
 On her low chair the dozing grandam knits,
 The needles moving when her eyes are closed,
 Till the dropped stitch requires the ready aid
 Of younger sight and hands. Still at her wheel
 Olivia dreams with misty, brooding eye,
 While flies the flax between her fingers warm,
 And on the spindle grows the oval spool.
 And there the larger wheel, whose whirring loud
 Makes through the house a tempest of its own,
 The matron drives ; and, pacing forth and back,
 Smooths the white rolls that dwindle as they go.
 The easy farmer o'er the journal pours ;
 Or, musing, clears the Western forest lands,
 And sows his harvest in the ashen field ;
 Or drives his plough into the deep, rank soil
 Of boundless prairies stretching to the sky,
 Till fancy fills the crescent of his hope.
 No chilling sound disturbs the pleasing dream ;
 In vain the winds besiege his stable-walls,
 Where, 'mid the well-filled racks, his cattle lie.
 And now, responsive to the village spire,
 The cock proclaims the hour, and all is well ;
 While shadowy Time, who stands upon the stair,
 Lifts his clear voice, and points his warning hand.
 Anon, the flames in ashen depths expire,
 And none but crickets cheer the cooling hearth.
 Peace bars the doors, Content puts out the lamp,
 And Sleep fills up the residue of night.
 And still, as sounds the hour-announcing spire,
 The crowing cock makes answer, " All is well !"

BOOK TWENTIETH.

APPROACHES now the time to Christians dear,
 Hallowed with grateful memories ; the hour
 Which startled Herod on his throne, and drew
 The star-led Magi through the manger door,
 Where lay the infant Saviour of a world,
 More terrible to Eden's serpent vile—

Which now, affrighted, backward shrunk, chagrined,
 Coiling upon himself—than was the boy,
 The cradled Hercules, unto the snake
 He strangled in his grasp. This is the eve,
 Welcome to all, by childhood chiefly hailed,
 Bringing that day the angels ushered in
 O'er favored Bethlehem; and every house
 Is waked with joy, no pagan palace knew.
 Now to the hearth the Christmas log is rolled,
 Huge, unassailed by severing wedge and maul:
 Not the light pine, consuming in a day,
 Or loud explosive chestnut whose report
 Oft calls the housewife with her hurried broom;
 But hickory, solid, or, more common, oak,
 Whose knotted grain defies the splitting axe;
 Which, once arranged, behind the andirons glows,
 Devouring many a forelog, daily brought,
 Till New Year rolls another in its place.

Behold where through the starry twilight air,
 Across the field, with crispy footfalls, walk
 Olivia and Amy, bearing each,
 From Baldwin's pantry, something for the dame
 Who in the lonely Oakland shadow dwells;
 While Master Ethan, in his ancient coat,
 Whose long skirts sweep the snow, strides on before,
 Bearing the fowl—no plumper crowds the roost—
 To cheer the morrow's feast. Beside her door,
 Already, the rough wain has tracked the snow,
 And shed the winter cord; and on the sill
 The miller's frequent sack, to-day, was left.
 Oh, ye who sit in warm, penurious ease,
 Did ye but know the recompense which flows,
 Richer than gold, unto the heart that gives,
 Your very selfishness would master self,
 Till, on the coldest night of all the year,
 There should not be a hearth-stone unablaze,
 Or in a pantry want of wherewithal
 To bless the humble board, however poor!

The door approached, the comfortable flame
 Gleams through unlisted crannies and the small
 Four panes which make a window; while above
 The cheerful smoke, shot through with frequent sparks,
 Mounts on the still cold air. A hasty glance
 They cast, and set their burthens down, and turn
 To leave; when at the door, with startling voice,
 The dame arrests them, crying, "Fly not so!
 Stay yet awhile; for, knowing who ye are,
 I wot there are some thanks for me to pay.
 At least, fair damsels, let me pass my hand
 A moment o'er your own; and, in the dark,
 Perchance, I'll tell you something not amiss.
 Oh, here is joy!" she cries—the while she draws
 Her bony finger o'er Olivia's palm—
 "So soon to come it needs no prophecy!"
 Then, taking Amy's shrinking hand in hers,
 With low, confiding voice she speaks:—"When times

Have changed, and bring to you the need of friends,
 Beneath this humble roof one may you find.
 Here is a shelter where the tainted breath,
 The bad world loves to breathe, cannot invade:
 Cold slander points not at a couch like mine.
 This have the outcasts for their comfort; while
 That low and horrid shed must yet be built,
 Which hath not space enough for Peace to enter."
 Thus having heard, they turn beyond the gate,
 And leave her murmuring to herself; and soon
 The farm-house takes them to its glowing arms.

How swell the young hearts round the evening board,
 While spreads conjecture of the coming gifts!
 And soon the little stockings at the jamb
 Are hung, convenient, where the promised Saint,
 Through sooty entrance, shall descend unseen.
 Oh, thou brave, generous spirit, whose sure round
 Comes yearly, like the snow—Saint Nicholas,
 Or Santa Claus—or, in these sylvan vales,
 "Kriss Kringle" called—of all the blessed saints,
 Which, as the legends say, revisit earth,
 I have chief faith in thee! For thou dost come,
 Noiseless and unobtrusive, to thy shrines,
 The Christmas hearths; and to thy votaries givest,
 And takest naught, save, at the early morn,
 The countless thanks, from youthful hearts of joy,
 Given in shouts profuse. In what strange form
 Thou comest is not known; but fancy deems
 Thy breast is swept with patriarchal beard,
 Thy silver locks encased in downy cap,
 Thy ample mantle of the softest furs,
 Native to Arctic climes; thy starry car—
 Laden at Nuremberg's toy-crowded gables—
 A sleigh with silver runners, which through clouds
 Of snow unfallen, or the frosty dark,
 Flies drawn by spirits of a Lapland team,
 With shadowy antlers broad, whose many bells
 Are only heard in slumber's dreamy air.
 Thus wilt thou come to-night; and, with the dawn,
 Whether thou stayest to hear, or fliest afar,
 To shade thy head a twelvemonth in thy realm—
 Withdrawn, unknown—the happiest laughing voice,
 Sincerest of the year, shall swell with praise
 And gratitude to thy mysterious name.

Along the valley winds the coachman's horn,
 Announcing his approach; and while his steeds
 Are led to stable, steaming as they go,
 And fresher are brought out, one traveller
 Alights, and straightway, favored by the moon,
 Takes the near path across, through field and grove,
 And on the hill, which gives the vale to sight,
 Stands for a moment, breathless with his joy,
 His shadow, like his fancy, streaming far
 And swiftly in advance, along the snow.
 Full twice his wonted height the figure seems
 Above his shade; while all his stately frame

Is glowing, throbbing with a new delight.
 The landscape swims, confused, in manly tears ;
 The cottage lights, like wisps, unsteady shine,
 Wavering, uncertain, as his steps renew.
 Swiftly he glides, recalling every spot
 Which sideway meets his eye ; but still his gaze
 Upon one lighted window firmly holds.
 Now hath he neared the gate ; and, trembling now,
 Steals slowly to the door, while sounds within
 The boisterous laugh of children. When this fades,
 His heart so loudly thunders in his brain,
 He cannot catch the voice he most would hear.
 His hand is at the latch ; but, ere it lifts,
 The door, as by a spirit oped, swings wide,
 And all the brightness of the light within
 Falls on his noble form ; and, like a ghost,
 Breathless, Olivia before him stands.
 The taper drops from out her loosened grasp ;
 She calls his name, and swoons into his arms ;
 And all the household echoes, " Arthur ! Arthur !"

How speed the hours between those happy hearts !
 What welcomes sweet ! what fluent interchange
 Of all which filled their separated past !
 Ne'er were two dwellings waked with deeper joy,
 Than are to-night the homes of the betrothed ;
 So deep that Sleep, admiring, stands withdrawn,
 Listening unseen beneath the midnight arch
 The morrow comes, and every neighboring house
 Is filled with gladness at the welcome news—
 So much is Arthur held in their esteem.
 And invitations, set for different nights,
 Soon fill the coming week ; where the full board
 Is spread, with honor to the housewife's skill,
 And choicest cider-casks are bid to flow,
 While fruits and nuts go round. There, every eve
 The favored lovers lead the country reel,
 Where Envy, pale, abashed at her own voice,
 Shrinks from the door to more ambitious halls.
 And there, the frequent centre of a group,
 The happy traveller, glowing with his theme,
 Repeats the wonders of the sea or land,
 Spreading, to the undoubting, marvelling eye,
 The pictures which his rapid language paints,
 Till many a listener takes his pack and staff,
 Sailing imaginary seas, to climb
 The visionary Alp, or stride the plain
 Where history's various-colored tents are pitched.

BOOK TWENTY-FIRST.

THE winter speeds ; yet, ere the spring comes in,
 On many a tree which at the cross-roads stands,
 And at the village tavern and the store,
 And on the blacksmith's wall—in staring print,

Or in coarse written lines—unnumbered bills
Proclaim the dissolution near at hand.
There the choice farm and stock, or household wares,
Are offered, and the day of vendue set ;
And, ere from off the fields the last snow melts
From crops, another than the hand which sowed
Shall in the harvest reap. The sales begin ;
While Melancholy walks from door to door,
And with strange pleasure holds divided sway.
Already the great wains, with produce filled,
Have groaned their way unto the distant mart,
And in return brought back such various stores
As the long journey needs—the rifle, axe,
And ammunition for defence and game ;
While evening oft beholds around the hearth,
As in those days when war convulsed the land,
The molten lead run into moulded balls,
Till every pouch is full, and, with the horn,
Hangs waiting on the wall. At many a door
The new-bought wagon, with its cover white,
Stands with the long tongue ready for the team.
From house to house the auction goes by turns ;
While flock the people in from miles around,
And bear at eve, well pleased, the purchase home.
Thus oft the household goods, as to the winds
Blowing from fitful quarters, fly afar,
Like severed families, to meet no more ;
And oft the sad wife, gazing where they go,
Needs dry the starting tear. The sales proceed ;
The various round is wellnigh done ; and now
To Baldwin's dwelling comes the fatal day.
From loft to cellar, all the staid old house
Is made to pour its contents to the yard,
Until the feet most native to the stairs
Wake but a hollow, uncongenial sound,
Saddening, sepulchral—until each heart feels
As if the stranger, at the outer door,
Stood waiting with his wares. The brown old clock,
Slender and tall, with curious antique face,
Which stood for threescore years with hourly tongue,
Warning and cheering—or, if none would hear,
Like childish age, still garruling to itself—
Now passes silent through the mournful door,
Borne, carefully, foot first. The faithful wheels
Which, like the cat with purring voice of peace,
Sang as the flax from off the distaffs ran,
The mothers and the daughters stand outside,
Whirling to idle hands. The bureau old,
With deep and odorous drawers, where oft the rose
Scattered its leaves to scent the snow-white robes,
Is lightly thrummed upon, with careless fingers,
Or peered into, with calculating eyes,
Measuring its worth. And there the mirror tall,
Which now hath ta'en farewell of well-known forms,
Reflects the stranger and the bustling scene.
See, how the crier's hard, unpying look

Gloats o'er the medley mass, while all draw near !
Swift as a rattle flies his marvellous tongue,
While his quick eye from face to face darts round,
Catching the nod ere full consent approves.
And the rough joke, which wakes the crowd to mirth,
Adds a fresh blow unto the aching hearts
Of those who, piecemeal, see their home destroyed,
Part after part, as rafters to a flame,
With sound of desolation, falling in.

Among the heirlooms, note the aged pair,
Downcast as at a funeral, move about
With nervous stealth, taking a sad farewell
Of many a dumb old friend. The palsied dame
Among the curious children, shuffling, goes
From room to room, with wondering mournful eyes ;
Or on the last chair, by the starving hearth,
Crouches, and gazes in the cheerless fire.
And Master Ethan, stifling many a sigh,
Affects the cheerful, and sets out the ware ;
The while the matron, favoring the move,
Stirs chief amid the scene ; and, frequent, chides
The tear upon Olivia's cheek, yet oft,
With hasty apron, clears her own blurred gaze.
The day goes by ; the evening quiet comes,
Where sadness half-way dims their one poor light,
Until, to such rough temporary beds
As haste and need can make, they seek repose :
Some dreaming of the past, and some
Of the to-morrow's busy scene—of ties
Soon to be broken, and no more renewed ;
While Fancy oft, before the expedition,
Flies like the horizon, and in forest depths
Pitches the evening tent. The starting-morn,
Full of bright sunshine, bursts upon the vale ;
But in the broken home—their home no more—
A stranger foot hath passed, and led one hence,
Without a breath announcing to the air
His coming or departure ; and the house,
From Master Ethan to the youngest there,
Is shadowed with a sudden gust of grief.
There lies the grandam, placid as in sleep,
Where she shall wake no more. The weary soul
Hath left its time-worn tenement of earth,
Shaking the dust from off its pilgrim feet
Against a sinful world, and passed to heaven
The news is spread, and all the wagons wait.
A few swift days fly o'er the dreary vale ;
And, for the last time, to the chapel-yard
The pastor turns his steps, where follow, soon,
The mournful train. And now the grave is filled ;
The last sad mound is shaped, as 'twere a seal
Signing the separation made in peace,
Or monument to the departing hour.

BOOK TWENTY-SECOND.

HERE, by the highway, let us stand and note
The long, slow, laboring caravan which takes,
To-day, its westward course. Like moving tents,
The laden wagons pass. Along the road
Some, who remain, collect in wayside groups,
And wave the kerchief, uttering heartfelt words
Of cheer; some join the pilgrimage, a space,
Walking behind the wains in converse meet,
Speeding the adventurers on. Some, in advance,
Who started earlier on the way, with gaze
Cast frequent back, and leisure, mournful steps,
Hold melancholy talk with those whom they
Perchance shall see no more. Saddest of these,
Young Amy, leaning on her lover, walks,
Her tears usurping all her powers of speech;
While he, as voluble as spring-time brooks,
Pours in her ear the promise which her hope
Gathers and holds in its securest depths.
A few short weeks will soon go by, and then
His steps shall follow to their forest home,
Where thought of separation shall no more
Affright her tender soul. With words like these
He drowns, at last, the saddest of her fears.
On yonder height, where forks the woodland road,
And the old finger-boards with letters pale,
Long washed by storms, direct diverging ways,
The school-house stands, where Master Ethan taught,
Now silent as a bee-deserted hive; the shutters closed,
As on a room of death, while chain and lock
Make the lone door secure. There, on her cane,
Beneath the hand-post, stands the Oakland dame,
Watching the winding line with curious eye.
When Amy passes, she exalts her voice,
Waving a caution-finger as she speaks:
"Remember, lass, the words of Christmas eve!"
And, suddenly, across the young girl's heart
Flashes the whole sad sentence she then heard.
Loud laughs the youth, and bids her hold her peace;
And Amy, trembling as they pass her by,
Hastens her onward steps. Next, following, come
Olivia and Arthur; after these,
Frail Master Ethan, with his pilgrim cane,
Leading the wondering grandchild by the hand;
Then, next, the wagons. First, the well-shod team
Bearing the blacksmith's household; following this,
The wheelwright, full of magisterial pomp,
Directs his steeds, holding himself the centre
And spring of all the movement,—one of those,
Chancing in front, who arrogate the lead;
Or, in the rear, is driver—nothing less.
Adverse or fair, the world from one proud point

Is viewed and met: if good, it is his due—
 If ill, another's fault; yet ne'er so bad,
 But that the saddest half, by skill of his,
 Is headed and turned off. The ridden world
 Bears many such; and oft obeys the reins,
 Which arrogance usurps with shameless hand,
 While modest wisdom stands aside, abashed.
 There, next, the mason and the cooper come,
 Their wives and children from the crowded wain
 Peering abroad, with eyes half smiles and tears;
 And, in communion close, the parson's team
 And Baldwin's bring the rear. Anon they gain
 The summit of the height, and turn to gaze;
 And, gazing, heave the sigh, and breathe adieu,
 While many a rough hand feels the farewell grasp.
 At length the long leave-taking is all o'er;
 The train descends; and, lo, the happy vale
 Is closed from sight beyond the mournful hill,
 And all the West, before the onward troop,
 Lies in the far unknown. As goes a bride,
 With pain and joy alternate in her breast,
 To find a home within the alien walls
 Of him who hath enticed her hence—her heart
 More hoping than misgiving—so, to-day,
 Departed the slow train; and now the miles,
 Gliding beneath with gradual but sure pace,
 Bring them at last to unfamiliar scenes.
 Thoughtful they hold their onward, plodding course,
 Each in his own reflection wrapt; for now,
 With every step, some ancient tie is broke,
 Some dream relinquished, or some friend given up:
 While old associations spring, self-called,
 Even as tears, unbidden. Thus, awhile,
 They keep the silent tenor of their way;
 Till, like a sudden, unexpected bird
 Which from the still fields soars into the air,
 Flooding the noon with melody, up swells
 The gladsome voice of Arthur into song,
 Cheering the drooping line:—

“ Bid adieu to the homestead, adieu to the vale,
 Though the memory recalls them, give grief to the gale:
 There the hearths are unlighted, the embers are black,
 Where the feet of the onward shall never turn back.
 For as well might the stream that comes down from the mount,
 Glancing up, heave the sigh to return to its fount;
 Yet the lordly Ohio feels joy in his breast
 As he follows the sun onward into the West.”

“ There the great inland seas wash their measureless shores,
 The voice of whose grandeur Niagara pours;
 There the wide prairie rolls, a deep ocean, away
 Where the bison toss through in leviathan play;
 Or oft pours through autumn a deluge of fire,
 Where the herds fly, like demons, in fear and in ire.”

At the noon or the midnight, in tempest or rest,
The sublime hath its realm in the land of the West.

"Oh, to roam, like the rivers, through empires of woods,
Where the king of the eagles in majesty broods ;
Or to ride the wild horse o'er the boundless domain,
And to drag the wild buffalo down to the plain ;
There to chase the fleet stag, and to track the huge bear,
And to face the lithe panther at bay in his lair,
Are a joy which alone cheers the pioneer's breast,
For the only true hunting-ground lies in the West !

"Leave the tears to the maiden, the fears to the child,
While the future stands beckoning afar in the wild ;
For there Freedom, more fair, walks the primeval land,
Where the wild deer all court the caress of her hand.
There the deep forests fall, and the old shadows fly,
And the palace and temple leap into the sky.
Oh, the East holds no place where the onward can rest,
And alone there is room in the land of the West !"

Thus swelled the song, and cheerfulness at last,
With the new scene, possessed the flying hour.
And when the evening, like a toll-man gray,
Drops his dusk bar across the winding road,
Before the dull, secluded wayside inn,
The laden wains collect, where tired teams
Hear the loud-creaking pump, and rustling hay
Which from the near mow rolls, or dusty oats
Poured into troughs, and heave the hungry neigh.
Around the evening hearth the cheerful groups
Collect ; and, in the novel hour, forget
Their various regrets and their fatigues,
While jest and laugh go round. Alone withdrawn,
The mournful Amy by Olivia sits ;
And, on the willing shoulder of her friend,
Leans her sad head, and pours her heart of grief,
Mingled with hope, to the confiding breast
Which, having known a kindred pain, can feel,
And, feeling, give its depth of sympathy.
How beautiful is innocence which, thus,
To innocence consigns its deepest thought !—
How pure ! how angel-like ! A sacred scene,
Which, to the brow of cold, suspecting man—
They most suspicious who betray—should start
The color, given by the sudden blow
Of self-reproach, upon the scoundrel front.

BOOK TWENTY-THIRD.

ANOTHER morning finds them on their way :
Another still, and still another, flies.
To-day beside the Susquehanna leads
Their road romantic ; and to-day the sun,
Looking betwixt the hill-tops to the vales,

Beholds, with cheerful eye, the climbing line
Which by the roaring Juniata winds ;
Till, lo ! upon the windy mountain height,
While glows the eve above a sea of hills,
Flushing the Alleghanian peaks, the train
Hangs like a cloud that, with the coming day,
Beside the brook which takes a westward course
Shall hold its far descent. Here, from the road,
They turn into the woods beneath the pines,
And, 'mid the budding laurels, pitch their camp.
The wains, together in close circle drawn,
Give shelter to the steeds that feed within.
At once, in noisy groups, all hands collect
The dry dead branches and the resinous cones,
And build the fire, and hew the stakes and crane ;
While Master Ethan, fathoming his pouch,
Draws out the line, and Arthur trims the rod,
And soon along the wild, tumultuous brook
The bait is swept ; and oft, as to the eddy
It whirls, 'mid spray and foam, the mountain trout
Flickers in air its constellated sides
To eke the evening meal. The camp-fire springs,
And the red day fades out, and leaves the sky
To the cold April moon and stars—the moon,
As Ceres' sickle, thin, and sharp, and bright.
Behold where glide the dusk forms to and fro
Before the crackling blaze, their shadows far
Reaching among the pines ! Throughout the night
The hungry fire is fed by those who hold,
By turns, the dreary watch—a foretaste this
Of many a night to come, in gloomy depths
Of wilderness, far, unknown. Strange sounds
Are floating on the gusty air ; the boughs,
In wavy motion, make continuous noise
As of a mighty river roaring by ;
While, as night deepens, louder brawl the brooks,
Flashing their spectral light among the rocks :
One sweeping east, unto the Chesapeake—
One west, to Mississippi and the Gulf.
To such inhospitable heights as this,
Where the thin air unto the palest cheek
Sends the quick blood, the fancy deems that Sleep
Would scarcely come, or, coming, stay not long ;
But now in many a tented wain she sits,
Soothing the fallen lid with murmurous sounds,
Despite the young, capricious imp of dreams,
Who half-way mars her choicest task. The watch
Of middle night is Arthur's : when his form
Stands tall and brave against the steadfast blaze,
One other figure steals unto his side,
And, 'gainst persuasion, shares the starry hour ;
For Love, more sure than sleep, attends the course
Of whosoever once hath harbored him.
Where'er they look, the black and pillared pines
Sway to and fro, as if some giant arm,
Like Samson's, rocked them to their fall ; and yet

The tempest, in his oft accustomed track,
 Sits, like a hunter 'mid his leash of hounds,
 Resting, uncertain where to bend his steps.
 The moon, above the shadowy mountain lines,
 Drops its increasing crescent, where the hope
 Of those two hearts as one together glides,
 To round and brighten in the distant West.
 Dear, as a new star to the wakeful eye
 Of one who, on a midnight tower, keeps watch,
 Is scene like this unto the tuneful muse :
 The maid all tenderness and trust, and rich
 With sympathies which time alone can show ;
 The other boundless in his guardian love,
 Which colors even his most ambitious dream ;—
 A noble nature, full of great desires,
 And whom the well-pleased future shall behold
 A leader 'mid his people. Night departs ;
 The stars withdraw behind a veil of light,
 To gild in other worlds the evening sky,
 While morning rules in this. When now the sun,
 Like a swift diver 'neath a vessel's keel,
 Hath swept the nether space, and all aglow
 Exalts his shining forehead in the east—
 Laying his level arms across the hills—
 Gazing, delighted, where he climbs, refreshed—
 The white train, like a bank of spring-time snow
 Loosened by warmth, glides slowly down along
 The steep and melting roads ; while constant care
 Scarce shuns the dread abyss which yawns beside
 The freezing depths where, half the summer through,
 Some straggling follower of winter rests,
 Lodged in his sheltered tent of sunless snow.
 Still by their side, companioning their way,
 The embryo river—here a gust of foam
 Which the deer leaps, and hunter, undismayed,
 Seizing a rough branch, follows—headlong flies.
 Days come and close ; and, with another eve,
 Against the sky their ken discerns, well pleased,
 The swinging cloud, starred through with meteor sparks,
 Which, hourly, o'er the Iron City floats,
 Announcing where the loud and laboring forge
 And furnace flame, continuous, throb and glow.
 And when within the hospitable yards
 Of well-stored inns the teams are led ungeared,
 And matrons, maids, and children, round the fire,
 Thaw out the memory of the mountain cold,
 The men and youths, adventurous, sally forth,
 And seek the red mouth of the furnace broad,
 Where flows the iron into smoking moulds ;
 Or stand, admiring, where the hammer huge
 Falls on the white-hot metal, at each blow
 Filling the space with sudden rain of fire ;
 Or how the hungry rollers take the mass,
 And yield, at length, the long and slender bars.
 Here Barton stands, as native to the scene,
 And feels the impulse of his noble craft

Thrill to his fingers, with a fond desire
To grasp the bar and sledge. The morning comes :
Behold where noisy builders by the stream,
With axe and adze, construct the future arks,
To sweep the Ohio to its mouth, and take
The Mississippi, in its swift career,
Wide-winding 'twixt the boundaries of States
As lesser streams 'twixt farms. Here, on this beam,
The fresh-hewn poplar, which among its fellows
Sweetens the air with odors, till it floats
Enamored in the sun as o'er a garden,
Let us sit down, unstartled—sit and hear
The song of Labor, whose resounding blow
Sounds like a voice proclaiming to the future
The march of this, our forward-going age.
The song of Labor ! nobler song is not !
He is the bard who writes, in living acts,
The epic of the era ; every stroke
A word prophetic of the great hereafter.
Observe this group of workmen who prepare
The beams and boards, and clear the ample space,
To shape the flat-boat's square, ungraceful form.
Some line and score, and with the broadaxe hew
The giant log ; and then the whip-saw comes,
Long, slender, biting as a champion's sword,
And double-handled, manned at either end,
One on the upreared trunk and one beneath !
See how the swift blade, as the lightning, flies,
Severing, like death, what time can never join !
Thus separated, and the ends aslope
Hewn equal, like the runners of a sleigh—
Huge as a Northern army might desire,
To bear provisions for a winter camp—
They upturned lie ; and now the oaken planks
Reach crosswise, pinned and spiked from end to end.
Then, with dull chisel, and the noisy mallet,
The swingling tow is driven into the seams,
Till all are calked, and comes the black cement
Of molten odorous pitch, which gives secure
Protection 'gainst invasion of the wave.
Anon, the monster hull, by levers reared,
Heaves a great vault in air, and, righted thus,
Lies ready for the launch. The rails are laid,
And to the slippery slope the boat is given ;
And, lo ! the wooden avalanche descends
Sheer to the middle of the stream, to be
Recalled by checking cables. As it strikes,
One, 'mid loud shouts from the resounding shore,
Breaks on the bow the deep baptismal flask ;
And let our hopes with his be freely joined,
With heartfelt prayers that fair Prosperity
May spread her pinions o'er the sailless ark ;
For this the deck which Providence ordains
To bear our travellers hence. A few swift days
Go by : the boat is covered, and complete
Within and out. On either side the oars,

And one astern, from ashen sapling hewn—
 Each suppled, toughened many seasons through
 In sweeping rivers of the mountain wind—
 Droop, like unfolded wings half spread for flight.
 And now, in groups, unto the crowded wharf
 The various households gather with their wares,
 And soon betake them to their floating home;
 And, drawn in close assemblies on the deck,
 Gaze, wondering, at the tumult which they leave;
 Bidding adieu to Pennsylvanian shores,
 Which few, of all the crowd, shall tread again.
 When, suddenly, a well-known voice is heard,
 And all, delighted, hearken as it swells:—

“Lo, our waiting ark is freighted;
 In its depths of oak and pine
 All our household gods are gathered—
 Thine, my noble friend, and thine!

“Here the laughter-loving children
 Gaze, with wonder-filling eyes,
 With the maidens whose emotions,
 Like the waters, fall and rise.

“Here are youths whose westward fancies
 Chase the forest-sheltered game;
 Here are men with soul and sinew
 Which no wilderness can tame.

“Here are matrons full of courage—
 Worthy these the pioneers—
 And the patriarch lends a sanction
 In the wisdom of his years.

“Axe and team, and plough and sickle,
 In the hold are gathered all;
 And methinks I hear the woodlands,
 'Mid their thundering echoes, fall,

“And behold the great logs blazing,
 Till the ashen fields are bare,
 And a boundless harvest springing—
 The response of toil and prayer!

“Draw the foot-board, loose the cables,
 Free the wharf, and man the oars;
 Give the broad keel to the river,
 Bid adieu to crowded shores:

“Wharves where Europe's venturous exiles
 Throng with all their hopes and cares—
 Sires of future States of freemen,
 Standing 'mid their waiting wares.

" Bid adieu the Iron City,
With its everlasting roar
Whose Niagara of traffic
Flows to westward evermore,

" Where the cloud swings into heaven,
And the furnace-flames disgorge,
With the multitudinous clamor
Of the factory and the forge.

" In yon mountains, like the eagles,
Brood the rivers at their springs,
Then descend, with sudden swooping,
On their far and flashing wings.

" Here the dashing Alleghany
And Monongahela meet,
And a moment whirl and dally
Round the city's crowded feet ;

" Till, anon, with wedded pinions,
How they sweep the shores as one,
Driving westward, ever westward,
In the pathway of the sun.

" Like a cloud upon the storm-wind,
Now our heaving ark careers ;
Or some great bridge which a freshet
Bears in triumph from its piers.

" Down we sweep ; and yonder steamer
Smoking round the distant hill,
With its swift wheel flashing splendor,
Like the loud wheel of a mill,

" Shall not fright us, though the waters
Sweep our deck with foamy force,
While the angel of Adventure,
With true courage, guides our course.

" And the river, like our purpose,
Brooks no voice which bids it wait,
Bearing onward, ever onward,
Where the forest opes its gate ;

" Opes the gate that hung for ages,
Rusting in its old repose,
Which, once swung upon its hinges,
There's no giant hand can close.

" Far beyond that ancient portal
We will pitch our camp, nor rest
Till from out our forest cabins
Spring the homesteads of the West."

BOOK TWENTY-FIFTH.

BETWEEN the hills whose perforated sides
 Bleed to the watered banks, from veins of coal,
 The black bituminous mass, for days they float
 Delighted with the changing view. The shore,
 On either hand, a lovely landscape glides :
 And Beaver past, lo, presently appear
 The fields of other States. Here, on the left,
 Virginia, whose historic name recalls
 The scenes of chivalry and old romance—
 A State which lavished heroes, as a mountain
 Gives to the land its rivers. The broad home
 Of Raleigh's hope and Pocahontas' love,
 Of Washington and Jefferson, and him
 Who, 'midst the cry of "treason," shook the world,
 Till Tyranny, with all his traitor band,
 Apace recoiled as billows to the blast.
 There on the right, behold, more newly freed
 From the grim forest's grasp, the lovely land
 Christened in honor of the stream which bears
 The produce of her fruitful farms afar.

The time arrives when labor's iron doors
 Are closed upon the tumult of the week,
 Secure, as evening shuts behind the day ;
 And, when the silent hour is ushered in,
 A dusky island on the river looms,
 Brooding above its shadow, like a cloud
 Bereft of all the winds—companionless,
 It hangs suspended o'er the inverted sky,
 Concealing half the river stars. And here
 The heavy ark unto the sheltering shore
 Glides noiseless, as an eagle swooping in
 To rest beneath the overarching limbs,
 And soon the cables hold it to the bank
 Among the watery willows. In the east,
 As red and wide as is the forge's mouth
 Oft seen 'mid Alleghanian hills, the moon—
 Like some great soul, aflush with earthly lusts,
 That nobly rises from its base estate—
 Ascends, each moment lessening from the stain,
 Until the heavens receive it pure and white.
 Invited by her ray, unto the shore
 The lovers wander through the sinuous paths,
 In happy freedom from the crowded deck,
 And Arthur to Olivia repeats
 The saddening tale of Blennerhasset's isle :—

"Once came an exile, longing to be free,
 Born in the greenest island of the sea ;
 He sought out this, the fairest blooming isle
 That ever gemmed a river ; and its smile,
 Of summer green and freedom, on his heart
 Fell, like the light of Paradise. Apart

It lay, remote and wild ; and in his breast
He fancied this an island of the blest ;
And here he deemed the world might never mar
The tranquil air with its molesting jar.
Long had his soul, among the strife of men,
Gone out and fought, and, fighting, failed ; and then
Withdrew into itself ; as when some fount
Finds space within, and will no longer mount,
Content to hear its own secluded waves
Make lonely music in the new-found caves.
And here he brought his household ; here his wife,
As happy as her children, round his life
Sang as she were an echo, or a part,
Of the deep pleasure springing in his heart—
A silken string which with the heavier cord
Made music, such as well-strung harps afford.
She was the embodied spirit of the man,
His second self, but on a fairer plan.
And here they came, and here they built their home,
And set the rose, and taught the vines to roam,
Until the place became an isle of bowers,
Where odors, mist-like, swam above the flowers.
It was a place where one might lie and dream,
And see the naiads, from the river-stream,
Stealing among the umbrous, drooping limbs ;
Where Zephyr, 'mid the willows, tuned her hymns
Round rippling shores. Here would the first birds throng,
In early spring-time, and their latest song
Was given in autumn ; when all else had fled,
They half forgot to go, such beauty here was spread.
It was, in sooth, a fair enchanted isle,
Round which the unbroken forest, many a mile,
Reached the horizon like a boundless sea ;—
A sea whose waves, at last, were forced to flee
On either hand, before the westward host,
To meet no more upon its ancient coast.
But all things fair, save truth, are frail and doomed ;
And brightest beauty is the first consumed
By envious Time ; as if he crowned the brow
With loveliest flowers, before he gave the blow
Which laid the victim on the hungry shrine :—
Such was the dreamer's fate, and such, bright isle, was thine.
There came the stranger, heralded by fame,
Whose eloquent soul was like a tongue of flame,
Which brightened and despoiled whate'er it touched.
A violet, by an iron gauntlet clutched,
Were not more doomed than whoso'er he won
To list his plans, with glowing words o'errun :
And Blennerhasset hearkened as he planned.
“ Far in the South there was a glorious land,
Crowned with perpetual flowers, and where repute
Pictured the gold more plenteous than the fruit—
The Persia of the West. There would he steer
His conquering course, and o'er the bright land rear
His far-usurping banner, till his home
Should rest beneath a wide, imperial dome,

Where License, round his thronéd feet, should whirl
 Her dizzy mazes like an orient girl.
 His followers should be lords ; their ladies each
 Wear wreaths of gems beyond the Old World's reach ;
 And emperors, gazing to that land of bloom,
 With impotent fire of envy should consume.
 Such was the gorgeous vision which he drew.
 The listener saw ; and, dazzled by the view—
 As one in some enchanter's misty room,
 His senses poisoned by the strange perfume,
 Beholds with fierce desire the picture fair,
 And grasps at nothing in the painted air—
 Gave acquiescence, in a fatal hour,
 And wealth, and hope, and peace were in the tempter's power.
 The isle became a rendezvous ; and then
 Came in the noisy rule of lawless men.
 Domestic calm, affrighted, fled afar,
 And Riot revelled 'neath the midnight star.
 Continuous music rustled through the trees,
 Where banners danced responsive on the breeze ;
 Or in festoons, above the astonished bowers,
 With flaming colors shamed the modest flowers.
 There clanged the mimic combat of the sword,
 Like daily glasses round the festive board ;
 Here lounged the chiefs, there marched the pluméd file,
 And martial splendor overrun the isle.
 Already, the shrewd leader of the sport
 The shadowy sceptre grasped, and swayed his court.
 In dreams or waking, revelling or alone,
 Before him swam the visionary throne ;
 Until a voice, as if the insulted woods
 Had risen to claim their ancient solitudes,
 Broke on his spirit, like a trumpet rude,
 Shattering his dream to nothing where he stood !
 The revellers vanished, and the banners fell,
 Like the red leaves beneath November's spell.
 Full of great hopes, sustained by mighty will,
 Urged by ambition, confident of skill,
 As fearless to perform as to devise,
 Aflush, but now he saw the glittering prize
 Flame like a cloud in day's descending track ;
 But, lo, the sun went down, and left it black !
 Alone, despised, defiance in his eye,
 He heard the shout, and 'treason !' was the cry ;
 And that harsh word, with its un pitying blight,
 Swept o'er the island like an Arctic night.
 Cold grew the hearth-stone, withered fell the flowers,
 And desolation walked among the bowers.

"This was the mansion. Through the ruined hall
 The loud winds sweep, with gusty rise and fall,
 Or glide, like phantoms, through the open doors ;
 And winter drifts his snow along the floors,
 Blown through the yawning rafters, where the stars
 And moon look in as through dull prison-bars.
 On yonder gable, through the nightly dark,
 The owl replies unto the dreary bark

Of lonely fox, beside the grass-grown sill ;
 And here, on summer eves, the whippoorwill
 Exalts her voice, and to the traveller's ear
 Proclaims how Ruin rules with full contentment here."

BOOK TWENTY-SIXTH.

THUS sang the poet-lover, 'mid the scenes
 Where happiness once brooded like a dove.
 The mournful tale is ended with a sigh,
 And she who listened weeps ; and where they stand
 The sad moon ponders, like the ghost of Eve
 All night a-gazing on an Eden lost.
 The conjuring fancy fills the place with shapes,
 Holding their doubtful tryst ; the o'ershadowed eye
 Peoples the dusk with phantoms ; and the ear,
 By keen imagination finely tuned,
 Like a light cord to fullest tension drawn,
 Vibrates to each accordant sigh of air,
 And hears a world of sounds, where ruder sense
 Would only note the silence. Did you hear ?
 Was it a rustle in the budding boughs,
 Or lone bird darting from his wakeful branch ?
 Did you not see ?—There, through the light, and there !
 Was it a spirit swept across their path ?
 And hark again ! a sound as of a wave,
 Weary of rolling to a pitiless wind,
 Dashing its tired breast against a rock !
 Near by, the river reels around a point,
 Sweeping from darkness into sudden light—
 So near, the lovers' slanting shadows glide,
 Bending together, o'er the dreamy bank.
 An instant Arthur gazes on the stream,
 And bounds aside, and leaps into the flood,
 And bears a dripping figure to the shore ;
 While, like a marble wonder, speechless stands
 The pale Olivia : even as one in sleep,
 Who fain would follow while the feet, enchained,
 Refuse their wonted office. On his arm
 The deluged form, with loosened, oozing locks,
 Hangs, like a sea-nymph, fainting ; from her face,
 Which to the moon's astonishment gives back
 A look of pallid sorrow, the hair smoothed,
 Displays the well-known features of their friend.
 Olivia, frightened, bends above the form,
 And calls her, " Amy ! Amy ! " till the ear,
 Dulled with the water, hears, and the sad eyes,
 Bewildered, ope, as if to meet the shapes
 And scenes of other worlds—amazed, confused,
 Uncertain if an angel speaks her name,
 Or if a spirit bears her soul released.
 Conscious, at last, she clasps her bosom-friend,
 And sighs, " Forgive, forgive ! " Sad heart, she feels
 The weight of crime attempted, yet scarce knows—
 So tangled, like a delicate web, her brain—

'Gainst whom or what ! But e'er the night is o'er,
 While sits Olivia by the cabin couch,
 The sole receiver of her inmost thought—
 In concert to the under-going stream
 Which, like the river of death, flows darkly near—
 She pours upon the sympathizing breast
 Her deep heart-drowning sorrow and her fears ;
 And both, together, weep the long night through,
 Or pray in union while their comrades sleep.

Oh, Heaven, if e'er thy pitying angel stoops,
 As holiest faith believes, and in the hour
 Of fear and pain breathes his consoling voice,
 Like sounds of waters to the ear of one
 Who droops in deserts lone—in this sad place
 Permit his wings to fold beside the couch,
 And bid him shed into the fainting soul
 The holy calm whence courage only springs !
 The world is full of sadness : oft the smile
 Is but the flower, above decaying hopes,
 Blooming to hide a ruin. But a sight
 Saddest of all—sadder than sudden death—
 It is to see a young heart touched with frost,
 And all its freshness scattered to the wind ;—
 A heart which had been full of joy, all hope,
 All love, all trust, break from its hold of all,
 And, like an easy, noiseless bank of sand,
 Fall, crumbling by continuous degrees,
 Into the gulfy river of despair.

BOOK TWENTY-SEVENTH.

ADIEU the island ! Lo, the Sabbath dawns,
 A cloudless April day. Still toward the West
 The broad stream bears them onward in its arms.
 On either shore, and through the neighboring fields,
 While sounds the bell from yonder village spire,
 The unknown people throng. Then to the deck
 The various inmates of the ark collect,
 And round the pastor drawn, in pious groups,
 Flood the calm air with the melodious hymn ;
 While, as they pass the town, an answer comes,
 Like a clear echo, from the hill-side church.
 The melody into their hearts descends—
 The old familiar tune—till every breast
 Is waked to joy, and even the sternest eye
 Is moistened with a sympathizing mist.
 How beautiful, in such an hour and place,
 To hear from stranger lips unseen, perchance
 That never may be seen till met in heaven,
 The sacred sounds proclaiming brotherhood—
 The masonry of souls ! How beautiful !
 In all the world of art—a wondrous world—
 I know no picture lovelier than to-day
 Melts o'er my vision. Chief amid the group—
 A dwindled portion of his former flock—

Each face familiar, all, as children, dear—
 The pastor stands, and on his loving arm
 Holds the great volume, and, with sunburnt hand,
 Turns o'er the intimate leaves. Ope where he will,
 The broad page greets him like a well-known friend.
 Near by, with white hair stirring to the breeze,
 Frail Master Ethan, leaning on his cane,
 Stands hat in hand. The matrons, on the deck,
 Sit with the children at their careful sides;
 There youths and maids respectful posture hold;
 And every man draws near, save those who lean
 And listen at the easy-moving oars.

Suns rise and set, and still the boat glides on;
 Peace rules the day, and music cheers the eve.
 Lo, on the south extends the lovely land
 Where strode the solitary man of old,
 Bursting upon the entangled night of woods,
 Like prophecy, proclaiming where he went
 The forest's fall, and the red man's decline!
 Here the lone Nimrod of the pathless West
 Reigned with his rifle, and, through hostile wilds,
 Won to himself an empire undisturbed.
 His nights o'erhung with royal tents of boughs,
 His vernal board with venison was crowned,
 His cup with coolest crystal from the rocks;
 And oft unto his morning throne of state—
 A crag which overbrowed the stateliest woods—
 He mounted, and surveyed his wide domain,
 Deciding where to bend his further sway.
 Behind him, like the murmuring of the sea
 Which, to a constant wind, invades the shore,
 He heard the encroaching tumult of the world;
 And, with the sun, strode on a few swift miles,
 Usurping, westward, what he eastward lost.
 Such was the realm of Boone, the pioneer,⁴
 Whose statue, in the eternal niche of fame,
 Leans on his gleaming rifle; and whose name
 Is carved so deep in the Kentuckian rocks,
 It may not be effaced. His glorious soul,
 Heroic among kindred hero souls,
 Now threads the boundless forest of the stars;
 While still his memory, like a spirit, walks
 With living influence in his favorite land.

What means this sudden swelling of the stream,
 As if a thousand springs within its depths
 Had burst, like mighty geysers, to exalt
 The river's watery head, that, rising, roars,
 And frights the banks until they swoon and drown?
 Answer, ye nymphs, from out your turbid caves!
 For nymphs there are in this unclassic flood,
 Born of the savage muse in vanished years,
 Who peopled all the solitude with shapes,
 Whose spiritual whispers in the wind,
 The waters, and the woods, still charm the ear.
 A poesy, unwritten, floats abroad,
 So wide disspread, the echo-waking axe

Shall not dispel it ; nor the busy plough
Turn it beneath the furrows ; nor the train,
Thundering along its iron way, affright ;
Nor smoking barges, with their flashing wheels,
Dislodge it from the waters. Every brook
And tree, could we but comprehend the song,
Is musical with voices not its own ;
An influence of the primal time still lives,
And breathes, and moulds us in our daily walks,
And thus develops in us, unaware,
A something of the earliest things which were.
'Tis this which links us with the perfect plan,
The chain which was, and is, and is to be.
Even where I gaze, the fancy, in the stream,
Pictures dim, liquid shapes which rise and sink,
And sway in waves that ripple to the shore,
Intoxicate in the redundant flood.
There curved an arm, and there a bright face laughed,
With momentary eyes and lips disclosed,
And sound of sinless kisses thrown, perchance,
From watery fingers to the youths on deck.
There swim the children of the Indian muse,
Who ply at night the shadowy canoe,
While kindred forms, along the moonlit woods,
Startle the phantom deer and wake the chase,
From whence their sires have gone—forever gone.
The man has fled, the spirit still remains—
The substance less substantial than the shade.
And still the river's sullied waters swell,
Augmented by the melting mountain snows
And plenteous April rains. Afar and near,
The swift-careering drift chaotic flies,
Borne on the thievish shoulders of the flood ;
Great trees, whirled ruthless from their native banks,
Sweep headlong, with their budding limbs all drowned,
And roots fantastic raking through the air.
These are the shapes that in the channel depths
Of Mississippi lodge—the downward prongs
Mining the sandy bed—the dreadful trunk
Swaying aslant to gore the freighted ark.
Here float the logs of some disjointed raft,
And there the woodman's scattered cords ! Enough
Swims prodigal to build a nation's navy.
At such a time as this, the wary crew
Must needs, with well-manned oars, avoid the drift,
While many a danger lies engulfed, unseen.
And when the night comes on, as now it comes,
And threatening clouds impend from east to west,
While all the watery shore no harbor gives,
With what misgivings, doubting hopes and fears,
The venturesome watchers ride into the dark,
Where Providence assumes the swaying helm !
Loud sweeps the torrent ; but with louder voice
Roars on the shoreless ocean of the wind,
Bearing the dusky navies of the storm,
Whose signal cannons, flashing, threat the land.

Along the hills gleam scattered cottage-lights,
Mocking the homeless households where they float,
Compassed with dangers which the starless night,
With cruel kindness, veils. The startled sense,
For every peril hid, beholds, thrice told,
The horror painted on the blackened air;
While oft the fancy, drowning with the wreck,
Dies momentary deaths. The grinding drifts
Chafe hoarsely at their thin and creaking walls
With frightful discord, and the ominous waves
Dash at the rude partition, as in scorn,
Striking with multitudinous hands. The lights,
Before and aft, dispense their scanty rays—
How spectral, thin, and ineffectual!—
Which oft the sheeted lightning in the south,
With sudden brilliance, dims, and shows the guard,
An instant, where to set the helm and where
To ply the sidelong oar. Thus speeds the ark;
And midnight rules the wild tempestuous hour.
On deck the men are gathered by the oars;
Below, the women sit in dreary groups,
Waiting and listening: some with infants clasped,
Convulsive, on the breast, while at their feet
The older children crowd, their terror drowned
In unrecording sleep. But hark! the shock!
The shout above! the shriek below! the neigh
Of frightened steeds! Fear rules the scene. On deck
All crowd with straining eyes, which naught discern
Save random lights on shore. Their course is stopped;
And, lo, a noon-like sheet of lightning flames,
And shows their ark 'mong rafts and steamers lodged;
While, like a vision in delirium seen,
A midnight city, with its sudden spires,
Springs on their sight—a marvellous instant springs—
Then vanishes in night, and leaves them naught
But wild conjecture which must wait the dawn.

The storm is past; a cloudless day awakes,
And to the wondering multitudes on deck
A glorious city spreads its welcoming arms—
The Queen Metropolis of inland States—
Which, like a mighty heart, receives and gives,
Swelling through all the body of the land
The pulsing veins of trade. In foundry yards
Loud hammers ring upon the boilers huge—
Too oft the ominous knell of future deaths,
Wrought by destruction in the sudden air,
Making a murderous gap a nation feels.
In each great bolt, 'twixt double sledges clinched,
What lives are wedged—a life for every blow!
Bold wielder! strike again, and still again,
Lest that the careless stroke hereafter fall,
With triple weight, on many an aching heart!
Along the sloping wharf the giant keels
Swing by their cables, e'en as monsters chained,
Frighting the sky with hot discordant breath
Heaved from their lungs of fire; and noisy Toil

Lays his brown shoulders to the southern bale,
 Or rolls the cask ashore, where Commerce stands
 Smiling among the mountainous freight, and sends
 Her northern product back. Time was, my friend—
 Thou, who beneath thine own Catawba vine⁵
 Sittest, like autumn in a plenteous land,
 Crowned with the fruits of heavy labors past,
 Forgetting not thy reapers, nor the poor
 Gleaning amid the stubble—when thy feet
 Here paced the sod primeval, while the trees
 Stretched their defiant branches unalarmed.
 Then were yon hills—which now the reaching streets,
 Audacious, climb with all a city's din—
 Templed within a Sabbath shade of woods;
 And where the eagle, on the topmost branch,
 Gazed at the sun unstartled, nightly, now,
 In its high tower, the astronomic glass
 Sweeps the blue space to mightier suns than ours.
 Within thy memory, on this self-same ground,
 A forest and a giant city stand.

When now the day discloses all the scene—
 The thronging wharf, and their own ark half wrecked—
 The adventurers hold a solemn council hour,
 And in the small republic, on the deck,
 Discuss their future course. Some, unappalled,
 Call for repairs; impatient to be on,
 Some urge a transfer to the rapid barque,
 Whose flashing wheels shall bear them quickly through;
 But they whose hands grew brown upon the plough,
 And they who joyed to drive the well-fed team
 And laden wain to market, once more sigh
 To feel the solid earth beneath their feet,
 To wind their way 'twixt farms and thorough woods,
 Hewing, if need be, their own forest-path.
 This plan is carried; and their various wagons
 Are rolled ashore, and the delighted steeds,
 Pawing the ground, receive the accustomed gears,
 The collar and the rein; and all, well pleased,
 Assume their places, and take up their march.
 The suburbs now, and now the hills, receive
 The winding line; and soon amid the fields,
 The city lost, they note the stretching road
 Inviting on and on. Another State,
 With noble farms usurping glorious woods,
 Now bids them welcome, and still cheers their course;
 While, day by day, the sidelong forests grow
 To longer stretches, and the new-made fields,
 Rougher with fallen logs and girdled trunks,
 Occur less frequent with their lessening homes.

BOOK TWENTY-EIGHTH.

WHERE a far prairie pours its yearly flood
Of verdure to a forest's dusky foot,
And where a stream to Mississippi flows
In endless vassalage, and where the beaver,
Like the red Indian and the buffalo,
Flying before the fast-encroaching plough,
The sickle, and the mill, hath fled so late,
Scared by the trapper from his watery door—
While his small homestead, in the liquid plain,
With empty threshold looks abroad amazed—
And where the breastwork still retards the stream,
To hint and aid the future miller's dam;
Where, through the woodland depth, the wild deer's track
Still shows the hoof-prints leading to the brink,
And, on the opposing shore, the larger path
Worn by the prairie herds athirst; behold
One small, rude hut of bark and motley skins
Sits, like a tired hunter, on the bank,
Companionless and still. Half drawn ashore,
A rough canoe lies dreaming; and, near by
The forest Selkirk, sitting with his dog,
Fondles his rifle and resets the flint.
He is of those who, like the venturesome bees,
Herald the nation following in their wake—
An advance courier of a world of men—
A scout, from civilization's onward line,
Sent to inspect the forest's savage camp.
Silent he muses, and athwart his brow
Thoughts and their shadows pass like autumn clouds.
Perchance he walks, in the departed years,
Along some green New England vale,—a child,
Led by a parent, while his happy heart
Throbs, like an echo, to the Sabbath bell.
Dear faces rise, and loving voices speak;
A mother's hand smooths back his boyish hair;
A sister's glowing arms are round his neck;
Or, later, through the scented hay-field strolls,
Or sits beside the rose-embowered door,
With one whose snowy garment past his soul
Now rustles like an angel's floating robe.
Perchance—but no; his rough and sunburnt hand
Dashes the vision from his half-blurred gaze;
His swift eye sweeps the prairie to its verge,
And, like an arrow, darts through umbrous woods,
Where desolation owns him for its lord.

Hark! is't a panther leaping through the boughs?
Or wild buck flying from pursuit of wolves?
Or steeds, which never knew the curb of rein
Neighing along the prairie? 'Tis a sound
Unusual to his startled ear. The dog
Recoils unto his master's feet, and listens.
But soon the accustomed eye discerns the cause;

And on the trapper's gaze the obnoxious gleam,
 From the white covers of approaching wains,
 Strikes on his spirit, like the light of ghosts,
 Seen in a long abhorrent train. His soul
 Shrinks from the vision, and within him cries,
 "Is there no shelter from the reach of men?
 Or must I, like the westward-going game,
 Lie down in fear, and only wake to fly?
 Or, like the tired courser of the plain,
 Yield me unto the lasso, and submit
 To wear the rein, and feel the daily whip
 Which civilization wields, and be a slave
 Where I have been so free? Or lay my hand
 Against this brotherhood of trees, and be,
 At last, a traitor to the wilderness?"
 Sullen he stands, and notes the line approach;
 And when a shout goes up among the limbs,
 "Here will we pitch our camp and build our homes,"
 He tears the prop from 'neath his cabin roof,
 And from the ruin takes his load of skins,
 Shoves his canoe from shore, and, with his dog,
 Glides o'er the silent waters out of sight.

BOOK TWENTY-NINTH.

WHEN comes the eve—and in these antique woods
 Eve comes before its time, and the deep night
 With double darkness falls—then springs the blaze
 Of crackling camp-fires; while the astonished trees,
 Half lighted, stand and murmur their surprise
 To others crowding in the shade behind;
 And many a bird with fascinated wonder,
 And stealthy beast, with wide unwinking stare
 And fixed amazement, gaze with silent fear,
 Till night is robbed of half its dreary noise.
 There stands the pastor 'mid his little flock,
 And opes the wonted volume; while beside,
 Young Arthur holds the flaming torch of pine,
 Where all draw round and hearken till the close.
 Then suddenly the evening hymn is given,
 Thrilling the leaves with pleasure where it floats,
 And, for the first, this ancient forest hears
 The melody of well-accorded souls
 Breathing of Christian peace; while Desolation,
 Pained with prophetic music, stands withdrawn,
 Like some lone Indian, last of all his tribe,
 Drooping upon his unstrung bow. Then prayer
 And silence rule the camp. Near by—perchance
 An arrow-shot beyond—there is a rock
 Which overlooks the stream; the ripples break
 About its giant foot, and from its brow
 The light vines, growing many a season down,
 Trail their long fingers o'er the shadowy pool.
 To gain its top, and wait the rising moon,

Which, large and flaming as a chariot-wheel,
Now rolls among the eastern stars, with joy
The lovers pass, and muse upon the scene.
And fancy tells how this exalted spot
Hath been, in its oblivion of years,
The happy altar where young love hath tamed
The savage heart, until the wild soul felt
The tranquil pleasure which 'tis ours to know
Beside the Christian hearth. Or here, perchance,
In desperate hour, some Indian maid, forlorn,
Hath to the midnight flung her streaming hair,—
Plunged, like the pleiad, to be known no more.
Around, below, the world is silent, dark,
Or waked by wild, uncomprehended sounds,
Making the solitude more lone; as when
Some star-led watcher, on a noiseless deck,
Hears the far waves communing with themselves.
Speechless they rest, and gaze into the sky
On that white path of splendor, like the track
Left by a vessel on the midnight sea—
Foamy, phosphorent, nebulous, and strange—
The highway of the universe, perchance,
And populous with mightier worlds than this.
From out the dusk of that deep silent wood,
They pore upon the heavens with wandering thought—
More 'wildered as it wanders through the maze
And intricate bright tangle of the stars—
Until each soul recoils into itself,
Amazed, confounded, shrinking with a sigh,—
Which sigh, interpreted aright, proclaims,
"How great, eternal, boundless, and sublime!
And we, how frail and insignificant!—
The merest dust upon the wings of time,
Which a rude breath, or the destroyer's finger,
Dislodges, and we pass and know not where!"
Oh, man, in thy most proud and pompous hour—
Or in the feast among the costly bowls—
Or throned upon ambition's dizzy top,
Where slaves, unto your slightest bidding, fly
As leaves before a gust—go boldly forth,
And look upon the silence of the stars;
And though your frame be armored up in gold,
Your great soul mailed in pride, their quiet light
Shall dwindle you to nothing where you stand;
Your arrogant spirit be a point so small,
That you shall tremble lest that God's own eye
Shall not discern you, fluttering in the dust,
And leave you there, eternally forgot!
But where two souls are, and, with love between,
Not self-reliant all, but each on each
Leaning reciprocal, and both on God,
Not long the gloom of the primeval wood,
Or the profounder melancholy shade
Pervading space, can overveil their hearts:
For so divine a sentiment is theirs,
The soul dilates where others only shrink,

And, as with angels' eyes, sees all things through
The mellow, purple light of Paradise,
Making a dawn where others feel the dark.

BOOK THIRTIETH.

BEHOLD the morn ! and now begins the toil.
The first loud axe alarms the forest's shade ;
And there the first tree falls, and, falling wide,
With spreading arms that tear their downward way
Strips the adjacent branches ; the loud crash
Thunders to heaven, and the astonished sun
Looks down the murderous gap. Thus, ever thus,
In the community of men, a wrong
To one deals injury to many more.
Hark, how the roar runs echoing through the woods,
And every oldest oak and sycamore
Thrills with prophetic feeling of its fall.

Now marks each laborer his future home ;
And wheresoe'er a spring gives out its rill,
There grows the first rude temporary hut—
Named, in the language of the pioneer,
"The half-faced camp"—of hurried saplings built,
And bound by withes of vines, and roofed with bark.
In open air the steaming caldrons swing,
While the blue smoke sweeps up among the limbs,
Tangled, impeded ; where, far over all,
The forest eagle, circling, sails amazed.
Some on the prairie stake their future hearths,
Crossing the river at its nearest ford ;—
There, where the crystal o'er the pebbles slides,
Leaving the imprint of the earliest wheels
Which ever pressed these cool, delicious sands.
Days come and go : at every break of dawn—
While yet the gibbous moon, above the west,
Hangs like a ghostly fragment of white cloud—
The youths are forth to find the forest game ;
And oft the prairie to the woodland gives
The rifle's shrill alarm ; and many a morn,
Ere the red sun hath climbed his first slant hour,
The dun deer from the bended shoulder falls,
Prone, at the cabin door. Still sounds the axe.
For many weeks the heavy forests fall,
And, falling, groan aloud, and, groaning, die ;
And, dying, yield their vernal souls in smoke,
And sink in crumbled ashes to the ground,
Which the rough plough, among the jagged roots
Oft stalled, with difficult progress turns beneath
The black and antique mould. And now behold
The various crops are sown, and in the soil
Await the genial rain and summer sun,
To swell the primal harvest of the land.
This done, the pioneer may breathe a day ;
And, looking round him, choose a fitter spot
To rear his home and plant his cabin ground.

Then follows trimming of the fallen logs ;
The hewing, and the rolling into place,
Occasion oft of many a festive scene,
When come the neighbors, each with axe or team,
Accomplishing, by well-concerted strength,
In one short day a heavy season's task.
Behold, even now, upon the gentle slope,
And near the spring which, from its rocky urn,
Pours down a runnel through a bed of moss,
The wooden dwelling must be reared to-day,
And Baldwin points the spot. With axe, and adze,
And sledge, and iron bar, and voices glad,
The laborers come, and make the toil a play.
Some place the trunks, while others notch, and hew,
And fit the ends, until, with log on log,
The walls ascend—at either corner manned—
Until, at last, against the evening sky
They stand complete, and, in the golden sun,
The mounted toilers glow like sentinels
Upon a tower of old ; and now the eve,
With mirth and music filled, concludes the scene.
Thus, while the crops are springing, spring the homes,
And ruder garnerers for the winter store,
Till, lo, a village smiles along the stream ;
And all the air, with odors of the wood
Fresh-hewn, o'erfloods the place with redolence,
Sweeter than winds from far magnolian isles.

Gratefully to the ear the various sounds
Of pastoral life discourse : the lowing kine,
The neighing steeds, and early-crowing cocks—
Which, like clear silver bells, awake the dawn—
The only bells which mark the forest hours,
Till, hark ! the smith's half-sheltered anvil rings,
And the light sparkles star the morning dusk.
And there the wheelwright rolls his first stout wheel
To take the burning tire ; while at the stream,
Where toiled the beaver, lo, the breastwork grows,
And whistling builders labor 'mid their logs.
Here, in the pleasant sunny afternoons,
Old Master Ethan takes his little flock ;
And in the shade of one great forest-tree,
Left to embower the parson's summer door,
On new-fallen timber seats them round, and there
Sets up the moderate by-laws of his school.
And the low murmur of the urchins' lips
Floats on the air, commingling with the sound
Of whispering leaves that flicker overhead ;
And, when the task is done, with rod and line
He strolls the woods along the sunset stream.

Ere many weeks go by, still other trains,
Fresh-breathing of the East, arrive, and fright
The farther forest with the flashing axe.
There, foremost in the crowd to welcome them,
Pale Amy stands, with disappointed gaze,
And sadly questions every newest comer
If he has seen or heard, upon the road,

Aught of a youthful wagoner or horseman,
Hailing from Hazelmead, and bound this way.
And oft the shaken head, or careless "No,"
Strikes through her eye or ear, until her heart
Tolls in her bosom like a bell of death.
Lo! once again, upon that starlit rock,
Where there shall come no smiling moon to-night;
For she is gone behind her wonted veil,
Gone to her monthly cloister of deep shade,
To clear her brow, in silent penitence,
Of painful memories of nightly ills
Which she beheld on earth.—Lo, once again,
And e'en the stars seem shrinking in the blue;
And o'er the prairie's unreflecting waves
The black southwest exalts its stormy wings,
And the hot light, fanned from those gusty vans,
Darts up the sky in sudden, transient dawns;
While o'er the stream, and o'er the sultry grass,
The myriad fire-flies mimic the far cloud.—
Lo! once again; but not the tranquil scene,
Where love led fancy in a 'wilder'd maze,
Through constellated gardens in the blue;
But holier, if holier can be.
Step lightly; for 'tis God's deep, chastening sorrow
Usurps the hour, and fills its solemn task.
Two forms are there; and one, with posture prone,
Hides her sad face upon the other's lap.
"I wait, and wait, and yet he will not come;
My mother chides me for my fruitless grief;
My father frowns upon me at his board:
Oh, better I had died before I loved!
Oh, better I had floated with the stream,
Floated, and drowned among the muddy drift!"
Whereat the other clasps her in her arms,
And, speaking, smooths aside her tear-wet hair:
"We have been friends from childhood's early time,
When we went tottering truants to the field,
And lost ourselves among the harvest grass;
And we were friends together in the school,
Walking the path, at morn and eve, with hands
Locked each in each; and we were doubly friends,
When first we interchanged, in whispers low,
The secrets of our loves. And when misfortune
Falls, like a tree beneath whose shade we built,
Not dreaming of the storm, shall we not be,
As now we are, with triple friendship bound?
Look up, dear friend, and kiss me for reply.
E'en though an unkind father closed his door,
Another stands, inviting, open wide;
And when my Amy hath nowhere to rest,
Olivia shall be homeless. Cheer, take cheer!
The dreadful sea you shuddered to behold,
Is but a troubled verdure, like the prairie,
Which, from the distance, looks an ocean wide,
But nearer seen becomes a flowery pasture.
And look! the cloud, which threatened from afar,

Sails, like a ship, around the verge remote,
And leaves us undismayed !”

BOOK THIRTY-FIRST.

ONWARD still,
The giant movement goes with rapid pace,
And civilization spreads its arms abroad ;
While the cleared forest-lands look gladly up,
And nod their harvest plumes. The summer speeds ;
And many a whispering field of wheat and rye
Gleams, like a yellow sunshine, in the woods.
The grain, deep-standing, half conceals below
The primal roughness, where the reaper yet
Must take his difficult way ; and there the maize,
With stalwart growth, as native to the soil,
Waves its tall martial tops, and gayly wears
Its tassels of soft silk. A few more days—
Behold the toilers lay their sickles by,
And all the sheaves are bound. Oh, happy time !
What season of the year so bright as this ?
The labor done, the sultry crops are in,
And now they celebrate with harvest rites ;
As in the dear and distant vales and years.
In shadowy ages of the Pagan past,
The “ harvest home ” was scene of sacrifice ;
There the fat swine poured its red life away
Upon the altar stone ; and, at the shrine
Sacred to Sylva, flowed the dairy flood.
To-day a kindred sacrifice is made ;
But, with improved sense, the modern dame
Gives from her oven the well-garnished meat,
With crisped rind, and savory with green ;
And in great jars, fresh-dripping, icy-cool,
Cooled in the crystal at the shady spring,
The snow-white fluid gleams ; where, not less white,
Is spread the crimped cloth beneath the trees,
O’er which the flecks of sun, on golden wings,
Flutter ’mid phantom leaves. The sports begin,—
The various games which please the rural mind
And knit the manly frame. Some throw the ball ;
From hand to hand the little messenger,
Swift as a meteor, flies. Beside the stream,
On plushy beds of greenest moss and grass,
The wrestlers ply the old Olympian game ;
Struggling in friendly war, as struggled once—
So sings Jove’s laureate—the heroes two,
Ajax and Ulysses, when Achilles
Bade the great game begin and end, and gave
To both, so equally they strove, the meed
Of well-earned victory. Through sun and shade,
Some in the foot-race emulate the deer ;
Or, like the wild buck startled from his lair,
Leap the incredible space. While others bend
And lift the monster weight which, heaved beyond,

Deep dents the soil, and shakes the adjacent ground.
But, yonder, mark the sport which pleases most,
And most to be approved. Whirling in air,
The swift quoit cleaves its long and graceful arch,
And strikes, half buried in the soil, aslant,
Beside the well-marked spot; on which a second,
With equal aim, oft clangs with fiery glance,
Flying aside 'mid shouts of those who win;
Or, with still nicer judgment sent, descends,
And crowns the difficult meg. Behold yon form
The moment when the balanced ring is sped—
The foot advanced—the expanded chest—the arm,
An instant stretched with open hand—the eye
Following the iron flight, e'en as an archer's
Chases his wingéd shaft! No nobler shape,
Or freer movement of the form divine,
May charm the artistic sight! So stands to-day
The sculptured Greek in Rome: as if great Jove,
Thrilling with admiration at the scene,
Had turned the man to marble when he threw,
And made the act immortal, that, henceforth,
The Parian shape should nobly teach the world
The manliest classic game. Far through the woods
Ramble fair bands of happy youths and maids;
And noisy children, curious in their search,
Proclaim the novel wonders where they go.
There blooms some unknown flower; and there hangs,
To ripen in the autumn frost, the wild
Banana of the North; and, lowly, there
The golden mandrakes, odorous, profuse,
Drag down their yellow stalks. Between the trees,
As through an antique colonnade o'ergrown
With moss and creeping vines, the lovers walk,
Musing, delighted, on the marvellous wild;
Here, gaze in wonder on the monster path
Where strode the great tornado, summers past,
O'erturning trees whose giant roots in air
Rose, like a barricade, behind its flight;
Or here, their light steps fright the astounded squirrel,
Which flies the prone logs to its native tree.
Behold these pillared trunks, which, ere they prop
Their rafter limbs, and cornice of deep green,
O'ertop the tallest oak in cultured fields;
Here Europe's groves might grow, and wave beneath,
Nor graze their plumes against the lowest branch:
Here hangs, as if from heaven, the antique vine,
Or clasps the trunk with anacondian coils!
And where the younger festoon, like a rope
Drooping between two mast-heads to the deck,
Sways in the wind, inviting to the young,
The woodland people, in their boisterous mirth,
Usurp the swing, and sweep the shadowy air.
Ye who condemn the red man's tameless life,
Go forth into the primal forest depth,
And feel the freedom which pervades its shade;
There taste the fruit upon uncultured stalks,

And slake your thirst at fountains, sunless, cool ;
 There note the game your every step shall start,
 And you shall find, in your own Christian breast,
 A savage spirit, pleading to remain,
 Claiming its ancient patrimonial right.

But hark, upon the breath of afternoon,
 A sound is floating, and all stand to hear ;
 And e'en the birds sit listening in amaze ;
 In delicate notes, alternate heard and lost,
 Breathed from the rosined cordage of the viol,
 It flows from out the clearing, and, at once,
 All guess the call, and hasten to the scene,
 Where dance and mirth fill up the fading hours.

BOOK THIRTY-SECOND.

OF all the lovely seasons of the year,
 None is so full of majesty as this,
 When red October, like a king of old—
 As wise as rich, and generous as wise—
 Smiles on the untaxed garner of the land.
 The fields lie cleared and brown ; and all the woods
 Gleam with a mellow splendor, where the gold
 Vies with the purple and the crimson glory,—
 The sunset of the year. Whence soon shall follow
 The gusty twilight of November days ;
 Then the dull, rainy eve, till Winter comes,
 Like a white moonlight night, and shuts the scene
 With his pervading snow. The prairie grass
 Sways, seethes, and dryly rustles in the air—
 A harvest sound, where only fire shall reap ;
 And over all an azure mist is spread,
 Silent and dreamy, where the autumn sun
 Rolls flushed and large ; and, through the smoky sky,
 The airy eagle, like a pirate barque,
 Sails, tacks, and veers, and looks abroad for prey.

Now that the heavier tasks are done, the woods
 Ring and re-echo, and the cabin walls
 Are coated o'er with furry skins, to dry ;
 While oft the eve, beside the blazing fire,
 Beholds the moulding of the murderous balls.
 But, now, what means this early morning stir,
 This general voice, and merriment abroad ?
 On restive steeds the assembled hunters mount ;
 The powder-oxhorn at each girdle hangs,
 Swung like the forest-bugle worn of old.
 There weighs the laden pouch ; and, in the belt,
 The smaller fire-arms slant ; while, in the hand,
 The polished rifle gleams, and coils of rope
 Hang at the saddle-bow,—a lasso rude.
 And lo ! the cavalcade across the stream
 Dashes, with shouts, toward the prairie lands !
 O'er the far plains, in dim and dusky lines,
 Moving like wave on wave, their sight discerns,
 Or fancies it discerns, the bison herd

Which roams the vernal sea ; and, like a crew
 That notes on the horizon, vague, remote,
 Their giant prey, which spouts the brine in air,
 And from the vessel drops, in venturous boats,
 Striking abroad upon the billowy deep—
 The pioneers sweep up against the wind,
 Spreading as they approach, to circumvent,
 That each may choose his victim from the flock,
 And, as he passes, send the bolt of death.
 Thus speed they on, with weapons grasped secure,
 And near and near—more cautious as they near—
 Widening the snary crescent of their line—
 Till, lo ! the bearded patriarch of the herd
 Exalts his front, and gives the quick alarm !
 A sea of heads and horns is in the air ;
 And, swift as yeasty waves before the gale,
 Sweeps the full tribe, with their innumerable hoofs
 Making continuous shudder in the ground,
 Loud and tremendous, as when through the cane
 Roars the tornado ! Now the chase begins ;
 And, presently, the volleyed rifles ring,
 While here and there the dying monster drops ;
 Or, wounded, leaves behind the sanguine trail,
 Till, fainter and more faint, he staggers, sinks,
 While his pursuer tracks his flying mate.
 Or see yon giant, where he stands at bay,—
 The flashing eyeballs and the foaming mouth,—
 The foam half crimson ! From his fated side
 The red stream pours, and still he bravely fronts
 The assailing hunter, thrusting left and right,
 And oft the wary charger, with his rider,
 Darts from the plunging horns ; and, as he fights,
 He feels the numbing pain within his breast,
 The leaden foe his fury cannot reach !
 Still he resists ; and slowly fails and fails—
 His eyes grow filmy, and his sight is dim—
 Sullen, from side to side, the great bulk sways—
 The wide plain reels around him, and he falls,
 And lifeless lies the hero of the herd !

What though the muse attempt the murderous scene,
 Her spirit finds small pleasure in the song,
 And shrinks before the vision she has drawn ;
 The sounds grate harshly, and seem out of tune,
 Jarring against each other. Rather far
 Her eye adventurous sweeps the distant hill,
 And follows Arthur, where, with glittering hoofs,
 His charger o'er the billows of the plain
 Mounts and descends, to take the prairie-steed
 Grazing among its fellows. The wild group,
 With nostrils wide, soon note the scented air ;
 And o'er the ridge the unshod coursers speed,
 Giving their streaming manes unto the wind,
 Like that mad team which charioted the sun,
 Flying afar, eccentric, unrestrained,
 With Phaëton behind. In hot pursuit
 The guided charger sweeps, and, taking oft

A shorter course direct, still intercepts,
 And, straining every muscle, nears and nears,
 Until the fatal cord is sped, and falls,
 And the wild creature feels the tightening snare,
 And yields at last unto the lariat curb;
 Then, led in triumph to its captor's friends,
 Stands with wide eyes of wonder. When the sun
 Pitches his blazing camp along the west,
 Following their lengthening shadows, stretching home,
 The laden hunters ride; and in the dusk
 Behold their fire-lit windows, like the stars,
 Smile in the darkening east. The plain is passed;
 Their doors receive them; and throughout the eve,
 Beside the autumn fire, sit gray-haired men,
 And maids, and matrons, and the wondering young,
 Listening the marvellous history of the day,
 Where oft the shadowy people on the wall
 Leap up, and clap their visionary hands.
 Again the pictured bison toss away,
 Shouldering o'er tangled grass—again the chase—
 Again the bleeding giant fights and dies.
 Musing and marvelling Master Ethan sits,
 While o'er his chair Olivia leans, and hears
 The glowing language which her lover breathes;
 And when again the lariat takes the steed,
 And the wild creature struggles with the noose,
 Her wonder half to chastening pity melts.
 So great the pleasure of the eventful time,
 Each sighs to think of those, left far behind,
 Who dream beside their tame ancestral hearths,
 Dozing monotonous lives away, and longs
 To pour into their ears the exciting theme,
 And woo them to the West. Here, drawn apart,
 Pale Amy listens, mourning in her soul,
 Thinking of one who also, 'mong the rest,
 Might have repeated to her charmed ear
 The wild exploit, and, 'mid the smiles of all,
 Returned the long-praised hero of the chase.
 But hark, the song awakes the shadowy eve:—

"Form the ring, and pile the fire;
 Swell the chorus, like a choir,
 While the minstrel wakes his lyre,
 Bound with garlands never sere.
 And, like holy stars arisen
 From their orient blue prison,
 Joy shall mount, and Peace shall listen,
 While the social hearth shall glisten,
 On the newly-found frontier.

"Let no dull regret remind us
 Of the homes which lie behind us,
 Or the tear of memory blind us
 To the world of beauty here:
 Let the past retain its pleasure,
 While the present, without measure,

Opes the promised land of treasure,
Where wide Freedom's dome of azure
Overbends the far frontier.

"Soon the forest, like the bison,
Shall enrich the land it dies on,
And the ground, its shade now lies on,
Smile in harvests broad and clear.
Then the gloom these lands inherit,
Like a shadow from the spirit
When the world rewards its merit,
Shall depart—the sun shall scare it—
From the bountiful frontier.

"Then, alone, within the furrow,
Or in woodland alleys narrow,
Shall some flint-head of the arrow
Speak of tribes long sped from here;
Or the children, while they're playing,
Find the stone axe in their straying,
Or the lone wigwam decaying—
The last fading signs betraying
Who once ruled the dark frontier.

"Round our barques yon stream shall ripple,
On yon bank rise church and steeple,
Where the bell to busy people
Shall ring, hourly, silver-clear.
And the eagle, sailing airy,
With his downward glances wary,
Shall behold the swift scene vary
Over forest, stream, and prairie,
Wondering at the changed frontier.

"And his wings shall mount, affrighted,
O'er the scene so strangely lighted,
And to Western wilds, benighted,
Take his marvelling career;
Yet, before his flight he urges,
From the clearing's noisy verges,
He shall see the silvery surges
On the mill-wheel, hear the forges
Which shall wake the far frontier.

"And 'mid scenes of peaceful culture,
Shall the dove succeed the vulture,
Ere the pioneer's sepulture
Tolls the bell or starts the tear.
And our State from its probation
Soon shall take its glorious station
In the union of the nation,
And the coming generation
Westward seek a new frontier."

The song is done. Lo, through the casement seen,
A marvellous light along the southern sky

Flames with an angry hue—as in the east,
 Oft, o'er the full and yet unrisen moon,
 The strange light blots through veils of evening mist—
 While, like an eagle's shadow, o'er the plain
 The frequent deer flies north. The hungry wolf
 Forgets his prey, and prowls into the woods;
 The frightened steed, with many an unknown shape,
 Sweeps past beneath the stars—as when at sea
 The speeding tribes proclaim the foe behind.
 And still the great light, on the prairie's verge,
 Springs like the boreal glow in winter seen,—
 A spectral, melancholy dawn: as if
 The south would fling the north its splendors back;
 Or earth, like some great vessel sideward thrown,
 Had far careened, and from the tropics brought
 The red, unnatural morn. And, thicker still,
 Pour on the heterogeneous herds. And now
 A roar sweeps wide upon the sultry air—
 As when the wind, wet with Niagara's mist,
 Bears the perpetual thunder leagues away—
 It nears and nears. "The prairie is on fire!"
 And the announcement flies from door to door,
 Swift as from tent to tent a call to arms,
 When down the distance pours the assailing foe—
 "The prairie is on fire!" And on the wind
 The red tornado spreads its blighting wings—
 Fearful and splendid in magnificent rage—
 Chasing the frantic dwellers of the plain,
 Flying in reckless terror. Such the scene—
 Abhorrent, awful, wonderful, sublime—
 Which passed o'er Milton's inward sight, what time
 He saw the infernal lake, when from the fire
 The shadowy demons, to their master's call,
 Sped in a cloud confused. Around the homes,
 Pitched on the prairie's side, fear rules the scene;
 And consternation throbs in every breast,
 And stupefies the needed ready mind;
 Till one, with cooler presence than the rest,
 Grasps the great blazing brand, and wildly flies,
 And streaks the grass with flame. The powdery mass
 Flashes and roars; and, with its mane of fire,
 Drives left and right; and, flickering to the skies,
 Darts o'er the plain to west, and north, and south;
 And, with the other merging, leaves the space
 Where stand the anxious pioneers agaze,
 While many a prayer of thankfulness ascends.

BOOK THIRTY-THIRD.

THE skies are clouded, and the sad winds sweep,
 Wailing along the forest, like a bard
 Pouring a requiem upon his harp.
 All sights and sounds are dreary; and the pipe,
 So long attuned to pleasurable exploits,
 Breathes like a widowed night-bird unconsolated.

A melancholy wide pervades the air ;
 Whence falls the shadow ? what invisible hand
 Spreads the dusk veil ? Is it that Autumn drops
 Her chilly mantle, like a funeral weed,
 Trailing and rustling on the gusty wind ?
 Or some presentiment of ill to come,
 Half comprehended, springs ? Is it that grief
 Stands ever at the chair of revelling joy,
 To fill with bitter the alternate cup,—
 A medicine to temper the sweet draughts
 Which, else, would cloy and sicken ? Let it pour !
 It is the great Physician who prescribes !
 Does disappointment lower ? or yawns the grave ?
 Not even this should overcloud us so.
 At all our portals Death, impatient, stands ;
 As oft, beside the door of one who feasts,
 The watchful bailiff waits. Who may escape ?
 We but prolong the banquet at the best ;
 And happy those who unbesotted rise,
 With vision clear, and go to their account.

O'er lands from which the driven savage flies,
 A direful spirit lingers, as to avenge
 The red man's wrongs,—to execute the curse
 He breathed upon the landscape when he fled.
 From lake and river, and low, sodden marsh,
 The blighting phantom, on miasma's wings,
 Rises, and sheds its night-brewed venom round ;
 And from its ghostly pinions widely fans.
 The alternate airs of dreadful fire and frost.
 The incautious breast, inhaling unaware,
 Now burns with heat, no winter's breath could quell ;
 Now shakes with cold, no furnace-blast could reach ;
 Consuming now, as in a martyr's flame,
 To shiver soon as in a cave of ice.
 To grateful draughts now cling the fevered lips ;
 Now, pinched and purple, drain the scalding bowl :
 Such is the startling blight the autumn sees
 Sweep o'er the frontier homes. Here shuddering forth,
 Seeking the sun against his cabin wall,
 With trembly knees, the laborer, late so strong,
 Now crawls to thaw the current of his blood,
 Or shivers in the blazing chimney-side ;
 And there the matron droops. Crouched o'er the hearth,
 Baldwin, disheartened, gazes in the flame,
 His sad soul aching with the internal cold.
 Meanwhile, his good wife, struggling, unsubdued,
 Holds, as with palsy-shaken arms, the child
 Which, like an ember, burns upon her breast.
 Olivia, only spared of all the house,
 Glides, like an anxious angel, 'mid the group,
 And fills her trebled duties all the day ;
 While frequent sunshine of her generous face
 Gladdens the neighboring doors. And Arthur oft,
 Himself pursuing charitable paths,
 Beholds her pass, and feels his love increase.
 Nightly, by Amy's bed, her golden hair

Sheds a soft splendor ; and her saint-like voice,
Low as the summer music of a brook,
And mellow soul-light beaming from her eyes,
Half melt the ague from the sufferer's heart.
Here Master Ethan, ever on the alert,
Forgets himself, to go from couch to couch.

Now, to the fevered fancy, glowing spring—
In all the brightness time and distance give,
When want and pain attend the exile's bed—
The charmed home, the dreamy-lighted vale,
The fireside comforts, and the wholesome air ;
Which once again to feel, and freely breathe,
Were panacea for the mind and frame
No subtle drug could match. Yet few there are,
In the heroic group, whose hearts, subdued,
Harbor the homesick vision ; but resist,
With stubborn valor, as a forest-tree
Resists the assailing blast. Beside the stream,
Where the low chapel lifts its modest head,
Of fresh-hewn timbers built, the first small mound
Is shaped ; and Baldwin's household mourns. From there
The light of childhood passed ; from out their door
The shape, so morning-haloed once, was borne,—
A little form of dull and sunless dust.
And now the rude inscription sanctifies
The enclosed spot, and to the future speaks :—
“ The first pale flower here consecrates the ground.”

Here Christmas comes—how different from the last !
The little stockings, at rude wooden jambs,
Are hung again with undiminished faith ;
Each chest in secret turns its contents out,
And, ransacked oft, gives scantily to the time.
And meagre joy had crowned the prayed-for morn,
Had not Olivia's busy, generous hand
Oft plied the midnight needle, and, unseen,
Wrought curious shapes within the flowery tray ;
While Arthur's dexterous knife, and ready taste,
Carved wooden forms of beautiful device.
The week, to happy childhood dear, departs.
Now sweeps the snow, and blows the boreal blast,
While winter, like a crabbed regent, rules
The young, obstreperous year. On many a night,
The wakeful household, shuddering with the wind—
Which searches every cranny, while the snow,
A powder fine, attends the inveterate gust—
Shall hear, dismayed, the direful panther's cry,
Startlingly human, and the adventurous wolf
Howling in fearful nearness ; and, in dreams,
Behold the ravage wrought in bleating sheds !
And oft the pioneer shall start, alarmed,
And with the rifle steal into the dark
To guard the midnight fold. Such are the scenes,
The hardships, and the perils which deter
Full many a spirit in its Eastern home,
Long wishing to be gone. The trials these
Which only sternest natures well can meet.

The fight is hard, the battle long sustained,
 Ere the wild forest yields, and the broad land
 With unresistance wears the peaceful yoke.
 Bid Civilization send unto her verge
 The frame of iron and the heart of oak,
 With courage, will, and sinew to subdue:
 Let gentler natures court a gentler scene.

BOOK THIRTY-FOURTH.

THE season comes when, from her three-months' trance,
 The Earth awakes: already her deep heart
 Begins to stir, and send its life abroad.
 On slopes, which lie adjacent to the sun,
 The snows grow thin and vanish, and the air
 Is scented with the odors of the mould;
 For there the Spring, with warm and delicate feet,
 Fresh from her hidden caverns of perfume,
 Walks in the noon to wake the early flowers.
 Here the first bird begins the woodland's song;
 But in yon maple grove, where genial airs
 Are earliest to blow, and last to leave,
 A louder voice is heard. The auger there
 Passes from tree to tree, and deals the wound
 Whence flows the saccharine crystal into troughs,
 Propt at the great trunks' feet; while overhead
 The squirrel swings, and looks in wonder down.
 And now begins the pleasurable toil
 Which tends the sugar-camp. The fire is built:
 All day the smoke rolls through the antique boughs,
 All night the blaze illumines the forest-depths!
 And there the giant caldron seethes and steams,
 Until the simple alchemy bestows
 The dusky syrup which, in cooling jars,
 Transmutes, and gives the granulated mass;
 Or often, poured in shallow depths, contracts
 To marble smoothness, waxen to the eye,
 Hard to the tooth, delicious to the taste,
 Dearer to childhood than a Christmas toy.

It is the spring-time. Down yon woodland path
 A lovely picture glides between the trees,
 Taking its way unto the chapel door.
 Gay garments, and soft fluttering robes of white,
 Charm the calm sunshine, while the swelling hymn
 The slow procession chants, ascends the air,
 And, unimpeded, passes into heaven.
 Behold the pastor leads the sacred way,
 Then Arthur and Olivia. Look again!
 How beautiful the maiden's downcast eyes,
 With drooping lids that hold the happy tears!
 A hallowed dream-light floats o'er all her form;
 The snowy vesture rustles at her feet,
 With pleasant music, as of whispering leaves.
 Her golden hair, the veil but half-way hides,
 Sparkles with April's choicest violets,

By loving fingers plucked from sunniest spots
 While yet the morn was red. Her parents next,
 Pale and disheartened with the trying year,
 Follow, with Master Ethan at their side:
 And not the memory of the long disease,
 The want of comforts, and the weakening toil
 Which their slow feet betray, can check the light
 Of pleasure springing to their languid eyes.
 And after these, upon her mother's arm,
 Comes Amy, with weak trembling steps, her cheeks
 Glowing, as fits the occasion; but, alas!
 It is the fiery rose that fever gives,
 Which, but a few hours hence, shall be consumed,
 And leave the hue of ashes there instead!
 Then follows the whole glad community;
 And presently the sanctuary door
 Receives the line, and silence reigns without.

Here while we rest, in quiet musing held,
 And gaze upon the empty cabin-homes—
 Where one stands waiting, with warm glowing arms,
 For those we shall no more behold as two,
 But bound together in that golden bond
 Which, to the trusting heart, scarce death can break—
 Let contemplation view the future scene.

Afar the woods before the vision fly—
 Swift as a shadow o'er the meadow grass
 Chased by the sunshine—and a realm of farms
 O'erspreads the country wide; where many a spire
 Springs in the valleys, and on distant hills,—
 The watch-towers of the land. Here quiet herds
 Shall crop the ample pasture, and on slopes
 Doze through the summer noon. While every beast
 Which prowls, a terror to the frontier fold,
 Shall only live in some remembered tale,
 Told by Tradition in the lighted hall,
 When the red grate usurps the wooded hearth.
 Here shall the city spread its noisy streets,
 And groaning steamers chafe along the wharves;
 While hourly o'er the plain, with streaming plume,
 Like a swift herald bringing news of peace,
 The rattling train shall fly; and from the East—
 E'en from the Atlantic to the new-found shores
 Where far Pacific rolls, in storm or rest,
 Washing his sands of gold—the arrowy track
 Shall stretch its iron bond through all the land.
 Then these interior plains shall be as they
 Which hear the ocean roar. And Northern lakes
 Shall bear their produce, and return them wealth;
 And Mississippi, father of the floods,
 Perform their errands to the Mexic Gulf,
 And send them back the tropic bales and fruits.
 Then shall the generations musing here
 Dream of the troublous days before their time;
 And antiquaries point the very spot
 Where rose the first rude cabin, and the space
 Where stood the forest-chapel with its graves,

And where the earliest marriage rites were said.
 Here, in the middle of the nation's arms,
 Perchance the mightiest inland mart shall spring.
 Here the great statesman from the ranks of toil
 May rise, with judgment clear, as strong as wise;
 And, with a well-directed patriot blow,
 Reclinch the rivets in our union bands,
 Which tinkering knaves have striven to set ajar!
 Here shall, perchance, the mighty bard be born,
 With voice to sweep and thrill the nation's heart,
 Like his own hand upon the corded harp.
 His songs shall be as precious girths of gold,
 Reaching through all the quarters of the land,
 Inlaid so deep within the country's weal,
 That they shall hold when heavier bands shall fail,
 Eaten by rust, or broke by traitor blows.
 Heaven speed his coming! he is needed now!
 He wisely spake who said, "Let me but sing
 The songs, and let who will enact the laws."
 There are whose lips are touched with living fire:
 In this great moment are they silent now?
 Lift up your foreheads, O ye glorious few,
 Exalt your laurels in the gusty air!
 And, like brave heralds on a windy hill,
 Let your clear voices as a bugle ring!
 The wild time needs you. There are trembling hearts
 To strengthen and assure; and there are tongues,
 Uttering they know not what, that should be drowned,
 And babbling lips that should be filled with song,
 Lest they breathe treason unaware. Who dares,
 Like that bad angel which dismembered Heaven,
 Stand forth, and, with "disunion" on his lips,
 Earn endless infamy? None are so base.
 Or if he lives—the world on land and sea
 Hides many monsters—let his villain tongue,
 In its proclaiming, struck with palsy, cleave—
 Cleave to the roof, as with a ten-years' drought,
 And rot to ashes in the traitor's throat!
 And may his arm which lifts the severing sword
 Be lightning-shivered ere it gives the blow!
 And on his brow be branded these black words:
 "Behold the Iscariot of his native land!"
 Then drive him forth in all his impotence—
 The wide earth's exile—an abhorred show!
 O thou, my country, may the future see
 Thy shape majestic stand supreme as now,
 And every stain which mars thy starry robe,
 In the white sun of truth, be bleached away!
 Hold thy grand posture with unswerving mien,
 Firm as a statue proud of its bright form,
 Whose purity would daunt the vandal hand
 In fury raised to shatter! From thine eye
 Let the clear light of freedom still dispread
 The broad, unclouded, stationary noon!
 Still with thy right hand on the fasces lean,
 And with the other point the living source

Whence all thy glory comes ; and where unseen,
 But still all-seeing, the great patriot souls,
 Whose swords and wisdom left us thus enriched,
 Look down and note how we fulfil our trust !
 Still hold beneath thy fixed and sandalled foot
 The broken sceptre and the tyrant's gyves ;
 And let thy stature shine above the world,
 A form of terror and of loveliness !⁶

BOOK THIRTY-FIFTH.

ALONG yon rugged road which, like a stream,
 Bursts through the shadowy forest to the west—
 Where many a wain, like a deep-laden barge,
 Sweeps with the current following the sun—
 Behold to-day, with toilsome course reversed,
 One lonesome team is heading to the east.
 Crouched 'neath the cover, pale and sick at heart,
 Like wounded sufferers from a camp of war,
 The dwindled household of the pioneer
 Pursues its homeward way. And when the wheel
 Sinks, in the black mire stalled, 'tis Baldwin's arm.
 Now robbed of half its strength, impels it on,
 And Master Ethan on the prairie steed,
 The gift of Arthur, slowly rides beside.
 Too stern the battle for such souls as theirs.
 At best, the forest is a stubborn foe,
 Debating every inch it gives ; but when
 His pale ally from sudden ambush springs,
 And deals from unseen hands the certain blow,
 They must be stout, indeed, who still resist,
 Preferring death to honorable retreat.

When the third eve upon their laboring way
 Threatens impending darkness, and the fire
 Lights up their lone and ill-provided camp,
 Which the red sunset mocks along the sky,
 And the tired horses crop the scanty grass ;—
 Lo, to the wondering languor of their looks,
 A dreary figure o'er the summit toils,
 Approaching slowly ; and the shadowy shape
 Looms strangely dusk against the crimson west,
 Startling in this lone place the sickly eyes
 That watch the coming form. What may it be ?
 The shape is human ; yet the clearings lie
 So separated by long miles of woods,
 To meet a lonely traveller in such place,
 And at such hour, the coolest reason deems
 The chance as rare ; and fancy half believes
 Yon nearing shade the nightly-walking ghost
 Of some poor pilgrim who, beside the road,
 Sat down, wayworn, and laid its life-load by.
 And still it nears, and still amazement springs.
 Its robes disordered and o'erspread with mire—
 Its wild hair floating—and its wilder eyes
 Fearless and staring—and the parted lips

Breathing no audible sound—make it, indeed,
 A sight to send a shudder through the soul
 And start the brow's cold dew. But hark, a cry
 Of recognition thrills the twilight air,
 And Amy's arms are round the matron's neck.
 Oh, love, thy thorns outnumber all thy flowers;
 And oft the frenzied eye-glance tells, as now,
 How thy sharp, cheating garland wounds the brain!
 Thy clearest streams oft wind to gulfs of woe—
 Thy morning clouds of beauty end in storm—
 Thy sheltering myrtles call the lightning down—
 Thy violet by-ways tend to fields of briers—
 Thy dove oft proves a vulture—and, in short,
 So deeply art thou leagued with old Despair,
 Who sittest ever on a throne of tombs,
 Thy brightest path leads nearest to his realm.

The heavy weeks toil past. June rules the sky.
 When now, in middle of the afternoon,
 The great white sun impends above the west,
 Flooding the valley with his dreamy light—
 Where farm, and village, and star-glittering spires
 Shine like the enchanted realm of peace—behold,
 On yonder brow beyond the crossing roads,
 The little wagon rises, and stands still.
 The weary horses droop; the harness hangs,
 Along their lank sides, roughly and awry;
 The careless rein drops, coiling, to the ground;
 The dusty wain is loose and out of joint;
 The cover soiled and warped. A dreary sight!
 And not less woful, in their wayworn garbs,
 The melancholy group whose tearful eyes
 Take in the landscape dearest to their hearts.
 And while they gaze, their joy is half rebuked
 With wonder why they left so fair a spot.
 Yonder, within its little knot of trees,
 The sacred homestead smiles; and, there, the fields
 Which called them to the harvest; but, alas,
 The stranger in their native doorway stands,
 His scythes along yon clover-pasture sweep,
 And all the acres hold his waving crops.
 The unknown mower wipes his reeking blade,
 And, whistling, whets its sun-reflecting side;
 The pleasant odor steals along the breeze,
 Sweet as from out the hay-fields of the past;
 The cow-boy, singing on the distant slope,
 Turns home the tinkling herd. There springs the smoke
 From long-remembered hearths. Some stranger smith
 Awakes the ringing anvil; and from far,
 The giant hammer of the stream-worked forge
 Throbs through the air its old familiar beat.
 There gleams the chapel on its Sabbath-hill,
 Where now some foreign pastor wakes the desk;
 And in the lowland, by the winding stream,
 Flashes the mill-wheel; but who tends the mill?
 Here, by the highway, the elm-shaded school
 Lulls the soft air with murmurs; but within

What faithful master fills the sovereign chair?
 Such are the sights and such the thoughts that rise,
 Till each heart throbs with mingled joy and pain.
 Their feet, forgetful of long travel past,
 Receive new impulse, and descend the road,
 Taking fresh vigor; as if e'en the dust,
 Which held their footprints in their younger years,
 Gave back the lightness of those brighter days.

So great a draft the westward-going line
 Made on the happy vale, to fill the gap,
 From various sides, came in the stranger crowd,
 Usurping fields and hearths. The homeward few
 Gaze wistfully to meet one well-known face.
 As yet but unfamiliar, curious looks
 Greet their return, until their little wain
 Drags its slow course toward the wayside inn,
 The centre of the vale; when to their side,
 With wondering eyes and questions on his lips,
 One old-time friend with many welcoming words
 Assails the group, and guides it to his gate.
 And there his good wife, with astonished tears,
 Receives the wayworn pilgrims; while, outside,
 The rattling bars admit the ungeared team.

BOOK THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE red sun sinks, and brings the noiseless eve;
 Within the orchard, ere he drops to rest,
 The robin pours his vesper hymn—his voice
 Closes the chorus of the day; while now,
 Within the shadowy grove, the whippoorwill
 Takes up the song, and leads the nightly choir.

Through yonder lane one tall, frail figure moves—
 Moves like a phantom, sighing where he goes—
 While in the east the white moon, as in pity,
 Watches his lingering steps. These are the fields
 His once strong arm had cleared. In this same path—
 Since when full half a century has flown—
 He led his fair bride home. And these tall trees,
 Whose high leaves whisper in the upper air,
 He bore as saplings in his arms, and set
 The roots, now spread so broad and deep. And here
 His happy children played. But now, alas,
 His feet intrude upon another's grounds;
 And through yon garden, where the long-gone past
 Oft heard his household singing 'mid the flowers,
 The iron highway unrelenting cleaves—
 Cleaves like an arrow through a heart forlorn—
 Where soon the engine, with discordant wheels,
 Shall scream and thunder by. He turns in pain,
 And strides the new-mown fields—his fields no more—
 And gains the little chapel. Its calm shape,
 Unchanged, melts o'er his spirit like the smile
 Of one whose tongue is ever tuned to peace;
 And down the little garden of low tombs

He walks once more among his cherished friends,
 Brushing the dewy roses where they sleep.
 Here feels at home—here breathes a freer air—
 And in his deep heart hears the welcome given
 Which strengthens and consoles. Long by one grave
 He leans with tranquil tears, and stands as one
 Who waits beside a happy palace gate,
 Hearing his comrade's gliding feet within,
 And hearkens for the warder's opening key.
 The warder lingers, but the feast will last;
 And they who come to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Shall find the eternal banquet but begun.
 With firmer steps the old man turns away—
 Crosses the dewy pasture—threads the grove—
 Till, at the woodland's edge, a sudden hand
 Falls on his arm, and on his ear a voice
 Familiar of the past: "This way, good friend,
 For here is need of you!" And to her door
 The dame of Oakland guides the willing feet.
 "Step lightly and speak low!" and, murmuring thus,
 She leads across the time-worn sill. Her hand,
 Palsied and shaking like a winter branch,
 Points to the woful shape upon her couch.
 "Behold, for thou art worthy to behold,
 The frail form wrecked upon the reefs of woe!"
 Whereat the other, sighing deeply, speaks:
 "Good dame, 'tis well, the healing arts are yours,
 You know what plants may medicine her ills."
 To which the crone:—"I know that sweet herb well;
 Already she hath drained the bowl, and sleeps."
 Believe me, friend, I am not wont to weep—
 I thought my springs of pity all were dry—
 And yet to-night mine eyes have known strange tears!
 Speak low, she sleeps! Poor fool, I warned her oft!
 Oh, double folly, thus to wander back,
 To seek the thing which was not worth the finding!
 But piteous Heaven, oft kinder than it seems,
 Hath moved the wretch beyond her pure soul's reach.
 A few days past, in some wild tavern brawl,
 And 'mong companions fit, he made a boast—
 The boast that only fools and liars make—
 When scarce the words had passed his scoundrel lips,
 One nobler than the rest, with sudden hand,
 Dealt the red stroke that saved a maiden's honor!
 The son proved worthy the bad-guiding sire,
 Whom, bloated like his swine, beside his still,
 Death slaughtered at a blow!—a hideous sight!
 "Poor child, she sleeps! 'Tis but a half-hour past
 The hot delirium raged. A little while
 She lay, and chided, with most piteous word,
 The tardy lover; and, with broken sobs,
 Told him the hardships of the lonely woods:
 But even there, she said, were lovely spots,
 And she had found them all—the rock, the glen,
 And the deep sunless forest—charméd scenes,
 Inviting all to love. Then, with a start,

And ghostly smile, like moonshine on her face,
She cried, 'Oh, mother, cease to chide! he comes!
I knew that he would come.' And darkly, then,
A sudden shadow passed across her brow;
And presently she whispered, 'Why so pale?
Why stands he there with such despairing eyes?
There's blood upon his forehead! there's a wound
Which only I should bind! Come, let me twine
This kerchief there! Oh, look not thus! smile once,
And I forgive!' Whereat she swooned, and slept
As she sleeps now!" "You mean the sleep of death!"
The old man cries, and starts unto the couch.
"What other sleep could soothe?" replies the dame:
"The slumber which we know is poor at best,
And full of nightmares!—but *her* dreams are past!"
And now the veteran takes the clay-cold hand,
Smooths back the troubled tresses from her brow,
And sighs, "'Tis well," and by the bedside prays.

When through the vale the melancholy news
Of their return is spread, the rural hearts—
For simple hearts lie openest to the touch—
Are waked to pity; and the gathered group,
The leaders of the place, consult, devise,
And settle the benevolent plan. And now,
A little home, with moderate acres round,
Receives the worthy farmer and his plough,
Where soon his household smiles with health renewed.
The frail old Master, whose undimmed repute
Through many years had widened miles abroad,
Accepts the well-urged offer; and once more,
Content among the rosy girls and boys,
Resumes his morning and his evening walk.
His locks grow thinner, and his steps less firm,
But cheerily still he rules his small domain;
And e'en less frequent sounds his chiding voice,
While oft the unnoted fault goes by, and love
Oustrules the rusted rod. Behold, abroad
In summer-noon recess, what happier sight!
The glowing children with their laughter loud
Startle the scented air; and games begin,
Only to end what time the bell recalls.
How the glad foliage rustles overhead,
As if the angels hovered listening there,
Watching the innocent pastimes, likest that
In purity which cheers celestial groves!
The hour goes by, and still the urchins play;—
Another hour, and still another, flies,
Until they deem a holiday is given.
And peering oft where, leaning on his desk,
The Master holds his wonted rest, they turn
And look with wonder in each other's eyes,
And then renew their games! Dear hearts, play on;
Your laughter cannot break his slumber now!
His hand of dust shall no more wake the bell;
A greater Ruler hath dismissed the school;
The weary Master takes recess in heaven!



BRUSHWOOD.

*"There came the maid in her glowing dress,
The wild-eyed witch of the wilderness!"*

The circling theme is clasped where it began;
 But, lingering still within this happy vale,
 The bard reluctant stands. The pipe, attuned
 To melancholy, yet prolongs the sound,
 Like waves that murmur when the breeze is done.
 Ye who have followed in the long-drawn path,
 And borne with patient steps your pilgrim staffs,
 Nor dropt aside, wayworn,—forgive the guide,
 If oft, enamored of the tune he played,
 He vaguely wandered—like an April brook,
 Blind and oblivious, on its singing way—
 Leading through tedious woods and briery fields;
 And, like brave travellers from a various tour,
 Forget the toil—the dull, inclement days—
 Recalling only landscapes bright with sun.

POEMS IN ITALY.

BRUSHWOOD.

On a weary slope of Apennine,
 At sober dusk of day's decline,
 Out of the solemn solitude
 Of Vallombrosa's antique wood,
 A withered woman, tanned and bent,
 Bearing her bundled brushwood went,
 Poising it on her palsied head,
 As if in penance for prayers unsaid.

Her dull cheeks channelled were with
 tears

Shed in the storms of eighty years;
 Her wild hair fell in gusty flow,
 White as the foamy brook below;
 Still toiled she with her load alone,

With feeble feet but steadfast will,
 To gain her little home, that shone
 Like a dreary lantern on the hill.

The mountain child, no toil could
 tame,

With lighter load beside her came,
 Spake kindly, but its accents fond
 Were lost,—soon lost on the heights
 beyond.

There came the maid in her glowing
 dress,

The wild-eyed witch of the wilderness,
 Her brush-load shadowing her face,
 Her upright figure full of grace,

Like those tall pines whose only
 boughs
 Are gathered round their dusky
 brows:—

Singing, she waved her hand, "Good-
 night,"

And round the mountain passed from
 sight.

There climbed the laborers from their
 toil,

Brown as their own Italian soil;
 Like Satyrs, some in goatskin suits,—
 Some bearing home the scanty fruits
 Of harvest work,—the swinging flasks
 Of oil or wine, or little casks,
 Under which the dull mule went
 Cheered with its bell, and the echoes
 sent

From others on the higher height,
 Saying to the vale, "Good-night,"—
 "Good-night;"—and still the with-
 ered dame

Slowly staggered on the same.

Here, astride of his braying beast,
 A brown monk came, and then a
 priest;

Each telling to the shadowy air,
 Perchance, their "*Ave Maria*" prayer;
 For the sky was full of vesper showers,
 Shook from the many convent towers,

Which fell into the woman's brain
 Like dew upon an arid plain.
 These pious men beside her rode,—
 She crossed herself beneath her load,
 As best she could,—and so "Good-
 night,"
 And they rode upward out of sight.

How far, how very far it seemed,
 To where that starry taper gleamed,
 Placed by her grandchild on the sill
 Of the cottage window on the hill!
 Many a parent heart before,
 Laden till it could bear no more,
 Has seen a heavenward light that
 smiled,
 And knew it placed there by a child,—
 A long-gone child, whose anxious face
 Gazed toward them down the deeps
 of space,
 Longing for the loved to come
 To the quiet of that home.

Steeper and rougher grew the road,
 Harder and heavier grew the load;
 Her heart beat like a weight of stone
 Against her breast. A sigh and
 moan
 Mingled with prayer escaped her lips
 Of sorrow, o'er sorrowing night's
 eclipse.

"Of all who pass me by," she said,
 "There is never one to lend me aid;
 Could I but gain yon wayside
 shrine,
 There would I rest this load of mine,
 And tell my sacred rosary through,
 And try what patient prayer would
 do."

Again she heard the toiling tread
 Of one who climbed that way,—and
 said,

"I will be bold, though I should see
 A monk or priest, or it should be
 The awful abbot, at whose nod
 The frightened people toil and plod:
 I'll ask his aid to yonder place,
 Where I may breathe a little space,
 And so regain my home." He came,
 And, halting by the ancient dame,
 Heard her brief story and request,
 Which moved the pity in his breast;
 And so he straightway took her load,
 Toiling beside her up the road,
 Until, with heart that overflowed,

She begged him lay her bundled
 sticks
 Close at the feet of the crucifix.

So down he set her brushwood freight
 Against the wayside 'cross, and
 straight

She bowed her palsied head to greet
 And kiss the sculptured Saviour's
 feet;

And then and there she told her grief,
 In broken sentences and brief.
 And now the memory o'er her came
 Of days blown out, like a taper flame,
 Never to be relighted, when,
 From many a summer hill and glen,
 She culled the loveliest blooms to shine
 About the feet of this same shrine;
 But now, where once her flowers were
 gay,

Naught but the barren brushwood
 lay!

She wept a little at the thought,
 And prayers and tears a quiet brought,
 Until anon, relieved of pain,
 She rose to take her load again.
 But lo! the bundle of dead wood
 Had burst to blossom, and now stood
 Dawning upon her marvelling sight,
 Filling the air with odorous light!

Then spake her traveller-friend:
 "Dear Soul,
 Thy perfect faith hath made thee
 whole!

I am the Burthen-Bearer,—I
 Will never pass the o'erladen by.
 My feet are on the mountain steep;
 They wind through valleys dark and
 deep;

They print the hot dust of the plain,
 And walk the billows of the main.

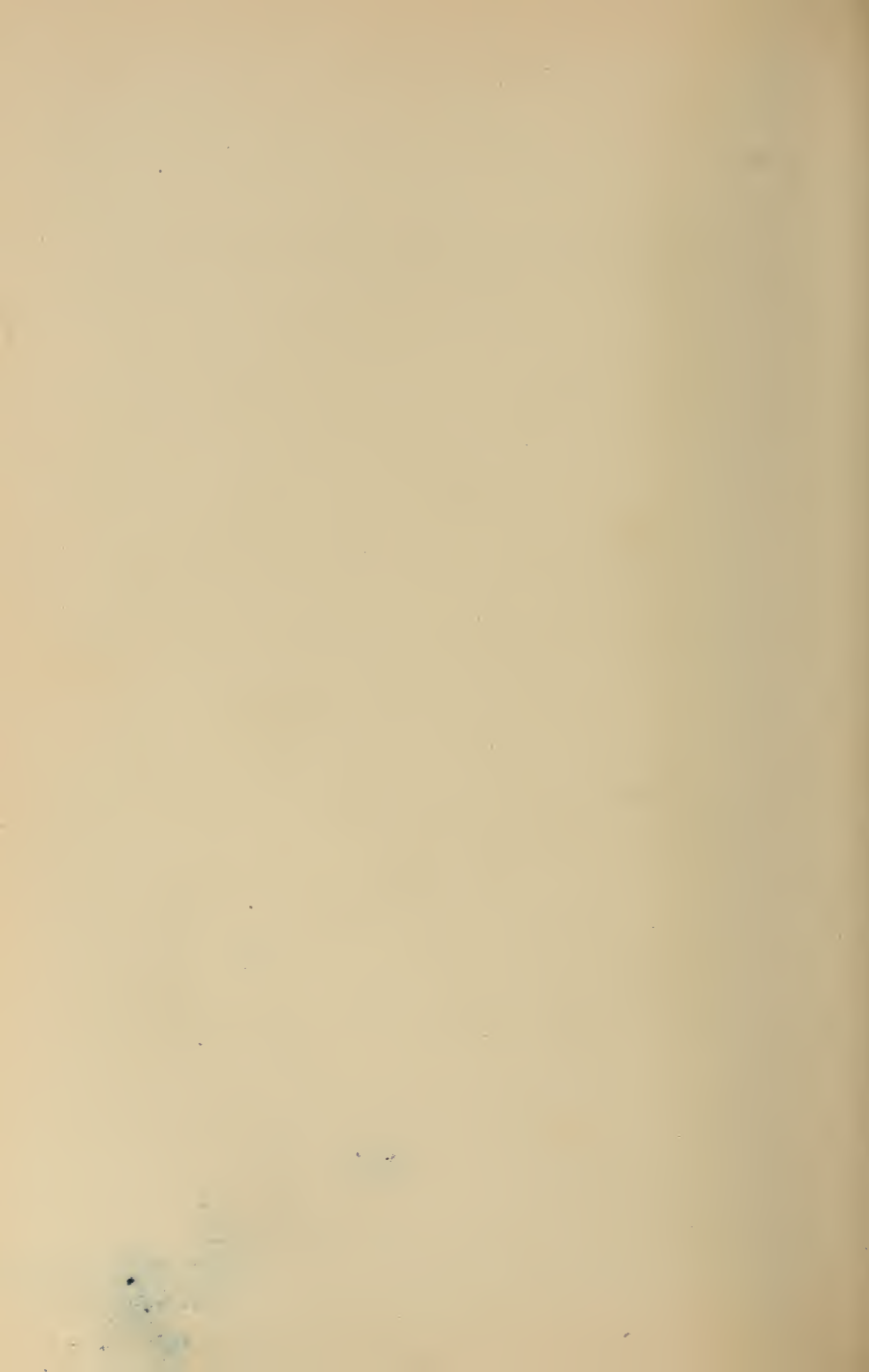
Wherever is a load to bear,
 My willing shoulder still is there!
 Thy toil is done!" He took her hand,
 And led her through a May-time land;
 Where round her pathway seemed to
 wave

Each votive flower she ever gave
 To make her favorite altar bright,
 As if the angels, at their blight,
 Had borne them to the fields of blue,
 Where, planted 'mid eternal dew,
 They bloom, as witnesses arrayed
 Of one on earth who toiled and
 prayed.



BRUSHWOOD.

*"There climbed the laborers from their toil,
Brown as their own Italian soil."*



TO H. W. L.

OH thou, the laureate of our Western
realms,
Singing at will beneath your Cam-
bridge elms,
Charming that sacred mansion where
the grand
Paternal Cincinnatus of our land
Dwells, a majestic shadow—more than
king;
Who, staidly smiling, hearkens while
you sing.
Wouldst thou but build in Rome, we
should behold
O'er Nero's ruins rise the enduring
house of gold.

But I, a Troubadour born out of time,
From shrine to shrine, pour out my
idle rhyme,
Impelled still onward with a love in-
tense,
Singing for love (the only recom-
pense)
Of one sweet lady, and perchance to be
But spurned at last by scornful Poesy.

THE ART PILGRIM.

ROME holds to-day in her maternal
trust
An artist army gone to noteless dust,
The tribute of all nations, and they lie,
Their campaign o'er, beneath their
favorite sky,
A tranquil brotherhood. How calmly
well
They sleep at last in Cæsar's citadel—
As it were sweet to fill an urn in this
Earth's mausoleum—Fame's necrop-
olis!
Only a few brave generals of the field
Have left a name which history will
not yield;
But, emulating these, behold to-day
What new recruits still throng the
dubious way,
Toiling with hope, as if beneath their
tread
Slept not the host of disappointed dead.
And now another joins the aspiring
line;
A pilgrim knight, and Rome his
Palestine.

Rome was his dream, since in his
boyish path
A Fate, or Fury, smiling, or in
wrath,
Dropt the light pencil of the limner's
art,
Which seen he seized, and loved with
all his heart.

Ah me, in sooth, much patient love
it needs
To toil and starve, where only one
succeeds
Out of the thousand! Yet, he
deemed it grand
Even to fail 'mid that devoted
band;
To labor toward the ever-flying mart,
Led by the banners of triumphal
Art;
Feeling the sweet winds from her
pennons flow
Athwart the pallid cheek and fevered
brow;
To hear the music, and the steady
beat
Of his, and his advancing comrades'
feet.
Though hard the fare, and difficult
the load,
Yet Beauty smiled on either side the
road,
Till it seemed good, in such a land of
bloom,
To be at rest beneath a nameless tomb.
Approaching Rome, he climbed the
Apennines,
Which round the horizon rolled their
billowy lines,
Where sailed his heart of hope,
while blood as fleet
As Mercury's pinions, winged his
tireless feet.
Sweeter than breath of Fame, the
perfumed air
Breathed on his lip, and cooled his
sunny hair.
The scene serene; the sky a liquid
blue,
Where his wild fancy with the falcon
flew.
The mountain goatherd trolled his
shepherd rhyme,
The tinkling bells made chorus with
their chime;

Thrilled with the lark, the arching
azure rang,
And full of rosy girls the vineyards
laughed and sang.

And this was Italy—the glorious goal
Of many a long-gone vision of his
soul.

Oh, happy youth—he of the golden
hair;

His present bright, his morrow prom-
ised fair.

How many a spirit worthy of such
bliss,

For such an hour, in such a scene
as this,

Would barter half its future!
Through his brain

Young Jasper felt the pleasure throb
like pain,

Throb like the wings of some glad
bird which flies,

Aching from slavery, to his native
skies.

To sketch the beauty of a wayside
scene,

He turned apart 'twixt rocks and
laurels green,

And under chestnut boughs, until he
found

A crumbling crag, with toppling tur-
rets crowned.

Fast flies the pencil when the heart
directs;

When feeling, quicker than the sight,
detects

The line of loveliness. But, hark,
the leaves

Are stirred with music, and his eye
perceives,

In the deep umber of the neighbor-
ing glade,

Figures, whose fiery colors in the
shade

Burn like the red light of the setting
sun!

One blows upon a rustic pipe; and one,
Who glows the centre of the flaming
scene,

Leads their gay footsteps with her
tambourine;

Still dancing as she plays, her fol-
lowers,

With pleasure more than emulating
hers,

And intermingling arms, and songs
insane,

Whirl till the green earth whirls with
them again.

Thrice round the ring they wheel
their dizzy flight,

Then past the ruin, laughing, sweep
from sight.

Though swift they came, and though
as swift they sped,

The painter caught the vision ere it
fled;

But, striving still to fix the flying
grace

Of her who led the momentary chase,
He toiled, perplexed, till smothered
laughter told

He was no more alone; and there,
behold!

Close at his side the mirthful maiden
stood,

Poised in the action of her wildest
mood,

Still as a statue, with the self-same
air

O'er which his pencil wrought him
such despair;

The backward shoulders, tambourine
aloft;

The dark eye full of laughter, large
and soft;

The black waves rippling through
the caught-up curls;

The crimson lips just parting on the
pearls;

The full breasts heaving in their
snowy wards,

As in rebellion 'gainst the crimson
cords;

Her height perfection; rounded not
too much,

A shape, where Nature could not add
a touch;

In all, a form to poets seldom shown,
For which the painters sigh, and
sculptors seek in stone.

Breathless with wonder, gazed the
startled youth,

Before his senses could explain the
truth,

Then madly tore the picture he had
wrought,

And flung the fragments wide, as
worse than naught,

And joined the laughter of the wild-eyed maid,
Who led him prisoner where her comrades strayed.

It was a level space, which once had been
The court-yard of a castle, where was seen
A fountain, choked as is a tomb with dust;
The songless triton thick with moss and rust;
Dripping green vines where once the waters flowed;
Where ruined arch and broken column showed
What marble splendor and what knightly power
Reigned on this mountain in the feudal hour.

There led the maiden; and the traveler saw
Groups of wild men, who, disregarding law,
Dwell in such covert places, making bold
With others' goods, as doubtless did of old
The early masters of these castled heights,
When robbers were not thieves, but gallant knights;
And Europe still permits the old disgrace—
The boldest robber holding highest place.
As witness,—nay, I dare not thrust it home,
I hear the usurper's guard patrolling Rome.

They leaned, or sat, or lay, in open air,
Most lazily making pictures unaware—
The true Italian fashion. Here a troop
Drained the red flask, and sang;
and there a group
Passed the wild story—many a curious tale,
Worthy Boccaccio. Some there were lay prone
And dead in sleep, like statues overthrown,

Half buried in the grass. But when came in
The maiden with the captive, all the din
Of song and story was no longer heard;
They ceased, like feathered singers when a bird
Of foreign plumage fills their eyes with doubt.
The sudden silence, like their leader's shout,
Brought all the sleepers to their feet, and they
Waited the word to charge, or stand at bay.

"Behold!" the maiden cried, and clapt her hands;
"See my first captive; how demure he stands,
And offering no resistance. All his gold
Is mine if I demand it! And I hold His life within my palm." Then Pietro cried
(Pietro, who held her his affianced bride,
And he the captain,—comeliest of the crew),
"Take you the gold, it is your rightful due,
But let his life remain as so much weight
Of dull red copper, a most cumbrous freight
To barques which fly the chasing sloops of State.
Make fast your prize, fair pirate, and then lift
The precious bales aboard, and let him drift."

Then uprose one, who looked as she might be
A mountain Borgia, full of majesty;
Her black hair touched with gray,
her cheeks with brown—
The tan of forty summers; her swift frown
Was like a summer cloud, and lit
With fearful lightnings; yet, when she deemed fit,
The smile could melt across those features wild
With all the sweetness of a guileless child.

"Nay, Pietro, nay! Though he,
 whose place you hold
 As head of this our band, was bad
 and bold;
 My master, yes, and thine; he was
 too brave
 To bid the hand he loved do what the
 knave,
 The cut-throat at his side could do as
 well!
 The child is innocent, and so shall
 dwell,
 While I remain her mother and her
 guard."
 "Come, come, good mistress; pray
 you, not so hard!"
 Gay Pietro answered. "It were sport
 to see
 The young hawk pluck the heron!
 Would not he
 Much rather feel those dimpled fingers
 lurk
 About his breast, than hands for
 rougher work.
 But, be it as you will. There, Jocco, you
 Try what your art on our new friend
 can do."

The robber slave strode forward, then
 recoiled;
 Though not accustomed to be checked
 or foiled,
 Nor easily daunted; but the maiden's
 look
 Had something in it which he dared
 not brook.
 Then seized she the spadino from her
 hair,
 Which fell a storm of tresses, and the
 glare
 Of the bright weapon glittering in
 the sun
 Flashed like her eye of anger. Every
 one
 Cried, "Brava! brava!" even, as at
 play,
 Clapping their loud applause, till, far
 away
 Among the rocks, the aerial robber
 bands
 Of echoes answered back with merry
 tongues and hands.
 Thrice round the throng she sped her
 fiery glance,
 Which glittered like a bright, defiant
 lance,

And held her threatening posture till
 she saw
 They all approved, and owned her
 will was law.
 Then, confidently, in the stranger's
 hand
 She placed her own, and said, "Let
 all the band
 Show hospitality, and none offend
 In word, or look, or deed, my artist
 friend!
 Have you not heard the Roman paint-
 ers tell
 (You, who are models, know the story
 well)
 How wild Salvator, in a mountain
 cave,
 Lived with the robbers; how they
 freely gave
 Their bread and wine, and shelter;
 and that he
 Conceived there those great pictures
 which you see
 On palace walls, and which the
 princes hold
 More precious than thick tablets of
 pure gold?
 So was it once; and let it now be
 shown
 That we can have a *Rosa* of our own."

THE CAMPAGNA.

Lo, the Campagna! How those star-
 tling words
 Sweep like swift fingers o'er en-
 charmed cords,
 Thrilling the heart with infinite de-
 light!
 Lo, the Campagna! The incredulous
 sight,
 Sailing from this, the eagle's wild
 domain,
 Cleaves the far blue of the historic
 plain,
 Fainting with pleasure. How, on
 this high bar,
 The soul dilates, and trembles like a
 star
 New-born. And, lo! as in a sea of rest,
 Rome lies, a palmy island of the blest,
 Glowing with glory. Lo! the as-
 piring dome,
 The smaller sky that over arches
 Rome,—

Rome, and the minds of millions,—
 till it grows
 Greater than that it emulates, and
 shows
 How Power still sways, with her Ti-
 tantic will,
 The ancestral sceptre on her sevenfold
 hill!
 Here, where I stand, the weary pil-
 grim line
 Drops on its knees before the long-
 sought shrine.
 The wayworn mother, with her rap-
 ture wild,
 Holds toward the Dome the wide-
 eyed, wondering child.
 Here youths and maidens kneel, with
 marvellous stare,
 With pleasure taking precedence of
 prayer;
 Drinking the sight, of which, in some
 far year,
 The curious grandchild at their side
 shall hear.
 Here manhood, from some foreign
 harvest-field,
 Kneels, as beside his mother's feet he
 kneeled;
 And age, with white locks, bowing
 to the dust,
 Salutes the goal—the temple of his
 trust—
 His old arms crossed upon his tranquil
 breast,
 Where all the passions lie in pious
 rest;
 The lamb and lion—and the child's
 control—
 The reign of Peace. Millennium of
 the soul!
 How beautiful! Old pilgrim, here
 by thee
 The heretic within me bows the knee.

ROME ENTERED.

THE loud vettura rings along the way,
 White as the road with dust. The
 purple day,
 O'er Monte Mario, dies from off the
 dome,
 And, lo! the first star leads us into
 Rome.

Oh, glorious city! Through the
 deepening shade
 A thousand heroes, like the gods
 arrayed,
 And bards, with laurel rustling on
 their hair,
 Walk proudly, and speak grandly,
 till the air
 Is full of solemn majesty, and
 night
 Is half-way robbed by temples marble-
 white.
 Yon tramping steeds, and yonder glit-
 tering wheel—
 Chariot a Cæsar—while the common-
 weal
 Greets him with pæans, and we
 proudly march
 On toward the Forum. The tri-
 umphal arch,
 Burning with banners, and the mur-
 muring street,
 Deep-strewn with roses, till the air is
 sweet
 With floating odors. How the heralds
 blow
 Their wild delirious trumpets, notes
 that go
 Like swift flames soaring with the
 fiery tune,
 Bursting from clarions blazing in the
 noon!
 Whence come we? from what con-
 quest? with what spoil?
 Whence are these captives, bleeding
 as they toil
 Under our load of trophies? Whips,
 and groans,
 And blood, that shames the rose-
 leaves on the stones
 For depth of crimson! And the dew
 of tears
 Blistering the noonday dust! O'er-
 come with years,
 And toil, and grief, there drops the
 wayworn slave
 Under the horses; and the conquer-
 ing wave,
 Above his carcass, pours its glorious
 flood
 Down through the Forum in a path
 of blood,
 Roaring with triumph! Do I wake,
 or sleep?
 Thank Heaven, 'twas but a dream: a
 ruined heap

The house of Cæsar and of Nero lies!
And o'er the golden wall the owl
nighly cries.

I.

THE SCALINNATTI.

IN Rome there is a glorious flight of
stone,
Great steps, as leading to a giant's
throne,
Or to a temple of Titanic gods.
This marvellous height, up which the
pilgrim plods,
Breathless half-way, seems like a stair-
way tracked
By myriad feet of some wild cataract;
Like those where Nilus, with his flag
of spray,
Leads his wild Abyssinian floods away.

Belbw this giant stairway, in the
square,
There springs a cooling murmur in
the air;
The liquid music of a tinkling rill;
A stolen naiad from the Sabine hill,
Still singing, in captivity, the lay
Learned on her native mountains far
away.

In middle of this fount a marble barge
Sits, overflowing with its crystal
charge;
Its light mast liquid silver in the sun;
Its viewless rowers singing every one,
Until—so feigns the fancy—warmly
dark,

Great Egypt sails in the fantastic
barque,
Melting in languors of her own heart's
heat,
A tame, bright leopard cushioning her
feet!

But here, with swelling heart, and
lordly mien,
The stately swan of Avon swims
between.*

Crowning the flight, a porphyry col-
umn stands
Dark as the sphinx above the desert
sands;

Solemn as prophecy it points the sky,
Propounding its dim riddle to the eye;
And it has seen, with look as calm
as Fate's,
On Nile and Tiber, the imperial States
Rise nobly, and fall basely; and there
still
Waits for new wonders, silent on yon
hill.

II.

THE SCALINNATTI.

IN Rome there is a glorious flight of
stone,
Terrace o'er terrace rising, like that
shown
To dreaming Jacob, climbing, till on
high
The last broad platform nobly gains
the sky.
On this great stairway what are these
I see,
Ascending and descending? They
should be
Angels with spotless mantles and
white wings.
But look again: those sad, misshapen
things,
They scarce seem human! Where
they crawl and lay
Their tattered misery in the stranger's
way,
Filling the air with simulated sighs,
Weeping for bread with unsuffused
eyes.
Would they did weep, indeed! for,
stung to tears,
Then were there hope where now no
hope appears.
But such the melting influence of the
place,
That one there was—most abject of
his race;
A whining trunk—deprived of every
gift
Save his misfortune; but, with this,
did lift
Himself to such a height of wealth
and power,
That many a Roman noble, at this
hour,
Envies his hoard, and many a sinking
name
The beggar's usurous gold still keeps
from shame.

* "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water," etc.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Here the brown Sabines, in their gay
attires,
Whose eyes still kindle with ancestral
fires,
Bring down their mountain graces to
the mart,
And wait for bread on the demands
of Art.
There Belisarius, with his patriarch
hair,
Sits blind and hungry. A Lucretia
there
Winds her light distaff. Young
Endymion here
Sleeps, as in Latmos. Yonder, draw-
ing near,
The original of many a picture moves,
And many a statue which the world
approves.
There sits the mother, with her soft
brown eyes
Bent o'er the face which on her bosom
lies—
Enough of mingled wonder, pride,
and trust,
To call the hand of Raphael from the
dust.

THE OLD STUDIO.

'TWIXT these four walls, so dusk and
soiled by Time,
Where you, poor student, with your
dreams sublime,
Build a proud future—many a flaming
brow
Hath reared the structure you are
rearing now,
Then saw it, under Time's relentless
hand,
Crumbling to nothing, like a dome
of sand,
And the heart with it. Many a canvas
here,
Painted with life-blood, and the
modest tear;
Where hope still shed its wild mis-
guiding light:
Or where ambition, in his fancied
might,
Rivalled the masters, now midst dusty
lots
Of kindred lumber in the Ghetto
rots,

Gathering blackness, till the stranger
calls,
And, for a pittance, decks his far-off
walls
With "Raphaels," "Claudes," and
other rubbish lies,
While the poor artist in his garret dies.
In yon low cell, that reeks with an-
cient damp,
The student sculptor burns his nightly
lamp;
The summer day too short to tire his
heart.
Art is his toil; his pastime still is art.
There hews his statue; suffering as he
carves,
And at the feet of his first effort
starves.
Here toiled a courage hunger could
not tame,
Till crushed ambition sapped the fail-
ing frame.
Here the young soul for truth and
beauty sighed,
Till Envy smote him, and the victim
died.

Here many an aspiration as divine
As yours has perished—as may thine
and mine;
And we may see the names we write
to-day
So proudly, brushed, as idle dust,
away.
Well, let them pass; 'twere nobler
thus to fall,
Striving, than never to have striven
at all.
Brave heart, toil on; and grandly
struggle still,
With steady purpose, and unwavering
will;
There is reward, though failure crowns
your lot,
A triumph Time and Envy baffle not;
The noble suffering, and the long en-
deavor,
Shall bring the soul its recompense
forever.

A VISION IN ITALY.

THE clouds were built of roses; purple
showers
Of light, like ashes of those flaming
flowers,

O'erweiled the mountains; and the
 vesper bells,
 Like hooded hermits lodged in turret
 cells,
 Chanted their "Aves." All the mel-
 low air
 Throbbled with the trembling pulse of
 praise and prayer—
 The thrill of worship—till the deep
 sky, even,
 A bell of silver in a greater heaven,
 Vibrating to the countless tongues
 abroad,
 Poured the melodious anthem up to
 God.

To watch the glories of the dying
 light,
 A pilgrim mounted to a rocky height
 That overlooked the mountain's misty
 sea;
 Alone he sat in silent revery,
 Endeavoring to make his heart believe
 That all the charms of the delicious
 eve,
 The sounds, the sunset, and the
 charmed air,
 Were Italy, and he was really there.

He looked, and dreamed, until his
 conjuring gaze
 Saw marvellous shadows issuing
 through the haze.
 Like clouds, they passed majestically
 slow;
 Silent as shadows of those clouds
 below;
 Stately as ships that skirt the hori-
 zon's bar,
 Bearing their freight of mystery afar.

All the great dead of Italy went by,
 Or rather say, the great, who cannot
 die;
 Poets and painters, sculptors, and the
 rest,
 Who wore the fire of glory in their
 breast;
 Burning, until, consumed with their
 own flame,
 They passed to Death, the chief high-
 priest of Fame,
 And were thenceforth immortal.
 Every brow
 Wore the green chaplet won in toil
 below,

And wore it grandly, spite the thorns
 beneath,
 The goring thorns, the skeleton of
 Fame's wreath,
 Which first about the bleeding brow
 she weaves,
 The better to support the after-leaves.
 And where the laurel loftiest brushed
 the stars,
 He knew its fulness hid the deepest
 scars.
 Each bent on him, in passing, their
 deep eyes,
 As if they felt that pain which never
 dies;
 The memory of mortal hopes and
 fears,
 And loves unquenched by their im-
 mortal tears.

Anon, upon the dusky sky appeared
 A crowned, colossal woman! which
 the weird
 Immortals seeing, in a curving line
 They rose, and rose above the Apen-
 nine,
 Until the tallest laurels caught a
 ray
 Of glory from the sunken flame of
 day,
 And thus they circled her. But who
 was she?
 Shade of what giantess, thus doomed
 to be
 A watcher, with great sorrows over-
 borne,
 While her poor dust below lay tomb-
 less and forlorn!

In gloomy quiet sat she, and her
 throne
 Seemed but a ruin rankly overgrown;
 Of ruins only was her queenly seat,
 And fallen columns lay about her feet,
 Enough to corridor the starry heaven;
 While rising round her, through the
 golden even,
 Shone grandly many a spectral arch
 and dome,
 Shattered, as they had stood a siege at
 Rome.

An empty scabbard in her right hand
 lay,
 The other propt her cheek; her hair,
 half gray,

Fell subject to the wind ; her drooping head
 Ached with three crowns, and all her forehead bled ;
 Her once bright mantle, trampled in the dust,
 Lay tattered, while a foreign robe was thrust
 About her rudely, held as by a blast,
 Whereon her eyes at times indignant cast
 Their direful glances, and her fingers, wild,
 Plucked at the garment like a fretful child.

There, round the sorrowing shadow, stood the line
 Of knightly phantoms, and their eyes divine
 Wept when she wept, and what she bade to do
 Their ghostly hands attempted. Well she knew
 They were her chiefest champions, and her trust,
 The guard which kept her memory from the dust.

What sound was that ? A ringing, martial note
 Jarred the near hills and streamed through lands remote ;
 And he who blew stood on a rocky crest,
 A battlement of nature, and the nest
 Where Freedom rears her tyrant-scorning young :
 When o'er the heights the clarion far had rung,
 Obeying answers ran from hill to hill,
 And in the valley were repeated still.

From Adria's mart a painful voice was borne,
 Like the low wailing of a bird forlorn ;
 Round the Campagna rang the thrilling call,
 And echoed loudly 'gainst the Roman wall,
 O'er poisonous marshes, down the purple shore,
 Then swept the sea, nor died amid its roar.

And, lo ! the glad Sicilian shepherds heard,
 And sped through orange groves the wakening word ;
 From *Ætna's* side the jubilant echo sprung,
 Till old Vesuvius woke, and all his vineyards rung.

These sounds, commingling, reached the shadowy throne ;
 The shade from off the queenly brow was blown,
 Swift as a cloud gust-driven from the sun,
 And all her form a sudden splendor won.
 She dropped the robe, and in her beauty stood,
 Like Hero, gazing o'er the battling flood.

At once, like meteors streaming down the air,
 Came all her court with every falchion bare,
 And round the summoning hero closely prest,
 Fanning the flame that fired his patriot breast.
 Through all the land there sped tumultuous roar,
 Loud as the sea. The awakened mountains wore
 Their battle-flags of fire. The blazing breath
 Of sudden conflict thundered notes of death ;
 Death to oppression wheresoe'er it be :
 The despots fled, and Italy was free !

"Viva Italia !" Every prison door
 Swung with a sound that clanged from shore to shore.

"Viva Italia !" In his chains of rust
 The Press arose and shook them to the dust,
 Proclaiming, in the tumult of his glee,
 "Viva Italia ! Italy is free !"

"Viva Italia !" rang the glad earth round.

"Viva Italia !" Answering to the sound,

The queenly shade descended, and her
 pride
 Was first to wreath the brow which
 had defied
 And frightened her oppressors with its
 frown.
 She, who had sat in exile, looking
 down
 Long centuries of pain, her sad estate
 Mocked with the memory—she once
 was great—
 Now felt the long-lost sceptre in her
 hand,
 Received once more the homage of the
 land.

MONTE TESTACCIO.¹

THIS is the hill of vases, urns, and jars
 The shattered relics of a far-off
 time—
 It may be those which held beneath
 the stars
 The wine of the immortals, when
 the clime
 Was golden with the glory of the
 morn,
 When the full grapes, half molten
 in the glow,
 From globes of lucent amber, or those
 born
 Unto the royal purple, gave their
 flow
 Of embryo eloquence and mellow verse.
 Here dusky grottos pierce the deep
 hill's side,
 Each welling with earth's sweetest
 boon and curse,
 Where mild-eyed Bacchus and his
 beasts abide—
 Where his light beaker, never emptied
 quite,
 Shows down its side the golden word
 "Content;"
 And though he sings or laughs his
 joy outright,
 Beneath that line the wine is never
 sent.
 The dregs he throws among his snarl-
 ing pards,
 Which rave and roar and wallow
 at the feet
 Of old Silenus, who no drop discards,
 But drains his two-hand flagon at
 a heat.

These murky cells are choked with
 earthy musk,
 As they had reached and tapped the
 antique store
 Spilt by their shattered vases. The
 chill dusk
 Exhales the odor at the reeking
 door.
 From jutting fragments, broken lips
 of beasts,
 The potter's fancy, mocking webs
 of mould
 Pour down this columbarium of dead
 feasts,
 And fan the air unutterably old.

What revellers o'er these flagons sung
 and laughed?
 Where were the vineyards that be-
 stowed the wine?
 It may be from this jar Æneas quaffed,
 And poured his first libation on the
 shrine
 Reared at his landing. It may be—
 But hold!
 The astonished fancy, starting at
 the thought,
 Shrinks back from her own conjuring,
 where the bold
 Oblivious riddle stares and answers
 naught.
 Pelasgic, or Etruscan, Roman—all
 These forms may mingle here; but
 they refuse,
 More sternly than the mountains, to
 recall
 Their age, their makers, and, it may
 be, use.

Enough! A flood of delicate purple
 haze
 Pours through the trees: the very
 landscape reels
 With the pure wine of sunset: the
 soft blaze
 Heightens the loveliness it half con-
 ceals.
 Spite of the Cross that sanctifies the
 mound,
 These must be satyrs 'mong the
 carts and casks—
 Gay peasants, decked in goatskins,
 lounging round,
 Glowing with health and brown
 with vintage tasks.

Here, one by one, the little cars come
in,
Bearing the new-pressed tribute to
the hill

Crowned with their tents, and jocund
with the din

Of thick-strung bells, where count-
less tassels fill

The air with brightness, gayly ring-
ing round

A melody of colors deftly met.

From the near lawn there comes the
sudden sound

Of hands that improvise the casta-
net

With snapping fingers, while the tam-
bourine

Rattles and throbs, and rude Cam-
pagna feet

Chase the tarantula about the green,
Where smiles and flashing eyes
together meet.

Why, surely this is Arcady? Not
so.

Or Andalusian dance-enamored
home?

Not so. Or festival beneath the
glow

Of old Vesuvius? Pilgrim, this is
Rome!

But surely these are Bacchus' antique
vaults,

His chariot caverns and his leopard
stalls,

About whose doors his thirsty retinue
halts?

Stand by! The rout begins! his
clarion calls!

Out of the gates, adrip, as it had
dashed

Through sudden showers of old
Falernian juice,

Rings the red car; the mellow air is
flashed

With music; song and merriment
let loose

Their fluttering reins, and follow
round the hill

With flying hair, like ancient char-
ioteers

When Nero led the circuit! Hark!
be still!

Just at the turn where Caius Ces-
tius rears

His marble peak, they halt their furi-
ous race,

And pass demurely, voiceless, with
bent heads.

Sighing, they pass with melancholy
pace

Where Keats and Shelley lie in
flowery beds.

The lowest deity of classic Greece

Here, like the highest, bows the
willing knee:

The last of her anointed bards were
these,

Though born in exile, where the
northern sea

Climbs the white cliffs, and, blind
with his own locks,

Chants to the land Homeric tales
of war,

Or, like pale Sappho, on the summer
rocks

Breathes of Ionian isles that woo
from far.

Under cathedral branches, tall and
dark,

O'er flowery choirs and ivy-clad
retreats,

Here swells the requiem of Shelley's
lark,

Here, nun-like, chants the night-
ingale of Keats.

Though far from England's shrine,
they sleep apart,

Their "Minster Abbey" is the
world's great dome—

Their "Poets' Corner" is its mighty
heart,

While tear-fed blossoms write their
epitaphs in Rome!

THE APPIAN WAY.

WRITTEN IN THE SHADE OF CASALE
ROTONDO.⁸

HERE slumbers Rome, among her
broken tombs,

A funeral highway stretching down
the past,

With few inscriptions, save the con-
stant blooms

By kindly Nature on these altars
cast.

The dust of glory all around me lies,
The ashes of dead nations and their
kings:

I hear no voice save what from out
the skies

The lark shakes down from his
invisible wings.

Where slept a Cæsar, now the owl
hides—

A silent spirit till the day has fled:
Here gleams the lizard, there the viper
glides—

The steadfast guests of the patrician
dead.

A funeral aspect fills the whole cam-
paign—

Their tomb-like flocks the distant
mounds disclose:

Like scattered blocks of granite on
the plain,

The dove-hued oxen Virgil sang
repose.

The cities seated on surrounding
mounts,

Or what were cities, glimmer on the
steeps

Like cemeteries, and the fancy counts
In vain their dead for whom no
mortal weeps.

Cæcilia's Tomb looks west to Ha-
drian's Mole

In widowed silence: eastward,
nameless, gray,

Stripped of her marble art-embel-
lished stole,

The matron Mausoleum of the Way

Sits with her crown of olives, robbed
of all

Save meek endurance and her ver-
nal dome:

Her grandeur tells of Rome before its
fall,

Her shattered splendor speaks of
modern Rome.

The broken masses quarried from her
base

To house a boor upon her head are
thrust,

Where dreamful sloth looks down
upon the race

Of heroes gone to history and dust.

All Rome to-days sits on the buried past,
Her later walls with sculptured
blocks are flecked:

The spoilers toiled for ages fierce and
fast,

Then left the rest to ruin and
neglect.

And still beneath their tread what
wonders lie!—

Brave statues of the godlike and
their gods,

And columns that might corridor the
sky,

While scarce a spade upturns the
shallow clods.

Unearth their marble wonders, with
their high

Immortal lessons, to awake men
here,

And elsewhere to arrest, as they sweep
by,

Ambition's armies in their mad
career.

Who to their chariots chain the fiery
team

Of elements to gain the realms of
gold,

Let them behold the more enduring
dream

Of Amphion-sculptors in the days
of old.

Exhume these silent teachers from
the dust,

And then— But hold! I see
around me strewn,

O'er miles and miles of ruins, a thick
crust

Of shattered remnants in dark ages
hewn

For wanton pastime or for kilns of
lime!

The very mortar in St. Peter's wall
Hath had its votaries in that grand
old time

When Poesy and Art o'erlorded
all.

But that is past. What sound is this
I hear

More than the lark's? As from a
mournful lyre

A weird, complaining murmur fills
my ear:

I look above, and, lo! the æolian
wire

Sings in the wind. It is the light-
ning's track

Stretching o'er sepulchres, which
serve for posts;

And yonder the swift train weaves
forth and back.

Thou highway of the dead! where
are thy ghosts?

The electric fire that reaches Rome
to-day

May give at best a poor galvanic
thrill—

The train that streams along the iron
way

May bring but mourners to the
sevenfold hill:

All this may be, but still within me
burns

The prayerful dream and hope that
even I

May see her rise above her funeral
urns,

And throw her long-worn sack-
cloth bravely by.

There is a sad necropolis in the heart,
A street of buried loves and joys
and dreams,

Where nest the night-owls, which will
not depart,

But hide the deeper when the day-
light beams.

And if a bird of hope sings overhead,
Wooping to pleasures near or far
away,

They only wait the darkened hour to
spread

Their secret wings and swoop upon
their prey.

With many sighs breathed o'er these
funeral heaps

I sit like Marius—not above the
wall

Of ruined greatness, but my spirit
weeps

O'er shattered fanes, where few are
left to fall.

There are to whom whole days of
light are given,

And fruitful seasons of unclouded
joy,

But not to me since through my
childhood's heaven

I wandered out a songful-hearted
boy,

Seeking the unscythed orchard with
the bees—

A little taller than the clover
then,

With light hair blown like wings
upon the breeze—

Long ere I knew the stubble-world
of men.

But this is vain; and yet the heart
will sigh,

At times adown her dark sepulchral
way,

Even when, as now, without a cloud
the sky

Is full of song that glorifies the day.

And surely on these shrines of pain
and care

Some chords of pleasure, stretch-
ing from abroad,

Reach to the soul's deep citadel, and
there

Bring messages of progress, peace,
and God!

Thus there is good in all, and over
all,

And e'en 'mid tombs some pleasure
finds a place;

And sympathies, that followed from
our fall,

On scenes like this may shed a
soothing grace.

So, 'mid these tumuli of long-gone
years,

A fruitful sadness on the spirit
beams—

A calm content to lie where all are
peers

When called, and sleep that sleep
which knows no dreams.

It matters little where our dust is laid;

But if there be a choice beneath the
dome

Of heaven's high temple, lay me in
the shade
Of cypress boughs which guard the
dead in Rome.

And yet I love my country none the
less :

My faith fulfils her prophet's grand-
est dream,
And when death woos me to his cold
caress,
My hovering soul shall watch her
course, supreme

In spite of traitors and ambitious fools,
Who threaten ruin to our soaring
towers !

The Master-Builder works with many
tools

When he erects a building such as
ours.

May, 1870, ROME.

Who would destroy to profit by the
spoils
Are sturdy laborers in the eye of
God :

The mad aspirant on his ladder toils,
Forgetting that he also bears a hod.

The great and good have bled to make
us free :

Our rainbow banner, by their hands
unfurled,

Waves o'er the new-born nation, yet
to be

The mother of a liberated world. .

Her Appian Way shall be the road to
Fame,

And lined with many a Christian
spire and dome :

Her arch triumphal, reared in Free-
dom's name,

Shall lead mankind to nobler marts
than Rome !

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA.

PART FIRST.

TO

HIRAM POWERS,

AS AN EVIDENCE OF FRIENDSHIP AND ADMIRATION,

THIS POEM

IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

BAGNI DI LUCCA, }
Sept. 1, 1855. }

He told a tale as wild as sad;
And they who listened deemed it mad—
Mad as the delirious dream
Of one who, on an Indian stream
Floating in a Morphean barque,
Feeds on the charmed lotus-leaf—
While under the palms, in visions brief,
Through shadows of sunset, golden-dark,

The camels and camelopards stand
 With pluméd tribes on the yellow sand,
 To gaze with steadfast, wondering eyes
 Where the feeding dreamer floating lies.

I.

ON a little, seaward-sloping lawn,
 The first bright half-hour after
 dawn—

With golden hair and cheeks as red
 As the hue in the brightening orient
 spread,

The child and the light of the fisher-
 man's home,

Bearing a pail that dript its foam
 Like snow-flakes on the wayside grass,
 Went singing as if her soul would
 pass

Into the air, and o'ertake that bird
 Which sang in the sky less seen than
 heard.

Her path was along the sweet-brier
 lane,

Dividing the sea from the clover
 plain:

Below, the billows inland bore
 And threw their foam-wreaths on the
 shore;

Above, the orchards, lightly blown,
 Scattered their snowy garlands down,
 As if the very trees would spread
 A pure white path for her virgin
 tread.

She plucked a violet from the hedge,
 And then a flower from the perilous
 edge

Of a cliff where foamed the sea's
 white ire,—

And now a bloom from the wayside
 brier;

Then placed them in her russet vest,
 To sway to the heaving of her breast.

Descending the steep of the sea-side
 rocks,

In pathways worn by the shepherds'
 flocks,

She saw the Stranger, whose cliff-
 perched home

Stood higher than ever the wild sea-
 foam

Could leap; and only the gust of
 spray,
 Seeking the cloud, passed up that
 way.

It might be a moon of dawns, per-
 chance,

Since first the stranger met her glance,
 And never at any later time

Than the crimson flush of the morn-
 ing's prime,

With the latest star he walked the
 shore,

And when that failed was seen no
 more.

They grew acquainted—yet did not
 speak:

There was a sadness on his cheek
 His smile made sadder; and his look
 Seemed to reflect some parchment
 book

Writ in a cave by a wizard gray
 To spirit both body and soul away.
 Her heart's deep instinct read in his
 eye

How he had sought that height to die;
 And, as one bears flowers of sweetest
 bloom

To brighten a sick man's twilight
 room,

When now they met, with resistless
 grace

She stood before him—scarce looked
 in his face,

Tendered the blossoms, then quick-
 ened her pace.

He pressed them to his lips, and then
 Strolled round to his cloudy home
 again.

He climbed to his airy balcony,
 That overbrowed the eastern sea:

Like a spirit in a dusky cloud,
 O'erleaning the world in wonder
 bowed,

Pale Roland leaned, and gazed below
 Into the gulfs—until on the flow
 Of the billows his fancies seemed to go:

And thus to the air and the spirits of
 air,
 Those delicate listeners everywhere,
 He winged his thoughts with careless
 words,
 Till they sailed the ocean like sea-
 born birds.

II.

"My house is built on the cliff's tall
 crest,
 As high as an eagle might choose her
 nest:
 The builders have descended the hill,
 Like spirits who have done their mas-
 ter's will.
 Below, the billows in endless reach
 Commune in uncomprehended
 speech—
 A language still—there is no sound
 But symbols something, though un-
 found.

"Here from the world I can safely
 lean
 And feel, if not hear, what the bil-
 lows mean;
 And dropping this flower, I can watch
 it sway
 Till it diminishes into the spray.
 The little alien from its hill-side home
 Is clasped and whirled in the heartless
 foam!
 Oh, reckless hand! it was the flower
 The peasant-girl gave me this very
 hour!
 Well, it is gone—so let it be:
 Not Indus could restore to me,
 With all its dew and odor fine,
 Fresh and free from the bitter brine,
 That victim of a heedless hand!
 But it must be fretted along the
 sand
 Till drowned and crushed, a noisome
 thing
 At last, where the foulest sea-weeds
 cling!

"Thus with the maid it may be, per-
 chance,
 Borne away from her vernal haunts
 To make some heartless breast look
 bright,
 Then carried to some dizzy height

And dropt from a hand relentlessly
 Into the gulfs of a pitiless sea—
 Into the tumultuous fret and foam
 To perish—an alien far from home!

"Here I stand, like a Persian priest,
 Gazing forever into the east,
 And bow my head before the sun,
 The symbol of a mightier One.

"Beheld from here, with march un-
 ending,
 By night and by day the sky is as-
 cending;
 This is the vision of youth—the scope
 Where rises the golden scale of
 Hope,—
 When the heart in its freshness stout
 and hale
 Recks not of the opposing scale,
 Which, though unseen in the future
 air,
 Sinks and sinks with its weight of
 despair.

"Nothing sets save yonder sail
 Chased away by an outward gale,
 And every hour to my straining gaze
 Some new barque issues through the
 haze,—
 Fresh, perchance, from the Orient,
 It sails with spicy breezes bent,
 Like that barge on the Cydnus seen
 Laden with odors that veiled a queen.
 It comes from what mysterious land?
 With freight of Bagdat or Samar-
 cand?
 From under the guns of Arabian
 forts,
 Or out of Al-Raschid's golden ports?
 From India, or the barbarous isles
 Where the Pacific summer smiles?
 I envy the sea-bird sailing there
 In the trackless ocean of blue air;
 It can see and it can hear
 What may never meet my eye or ear.

"I look to the east—all things ascend,
 And with them the eye and the heart
 must tend,—
 Only the heavy earth opprest,
 Turning forever out of the west,
 Rolls down and down: the fancy feels
 The sinking, and the spirit reels!
 What was the east an hour ago
 Even while I gaze is no longer so—

I am plunging now through its azure
veil,

While another rises dim and pale,
And this must shortly sink afar
To hold in the west the evening star.

"Here clinging we are daily cast
Into the future, out of the past,—
Through the sunshine into the
night,—

Through the darkness into the light.
Thus we whirl in the noiseless stream,
And the sky glides over us like a
dream,

Full of stars and mystery
And prophecy of things to be.

"This very moment we hold a place
Never filled before in space—
Where never again the world shall
reel—

The same wave never revisits the
wheel.

Year by year our course is run
In a voyage around the sun;
In million circlings forth and back
We never retrace a once gone track.
Did the countless earths abroad, like
snails,

Leave behind them shining trails,
What a web of strange design
Through the eternal space would
shine!

And such a web of marvellous lines
Left by each satellite and sun,
Though by us unseen, still clearly
shines

To the observant eye of One.

"And did the countless souls of men
Leave life-trails visible to the ken,
Each hued with color to betray
The character which passed that way,
How intricate and variously-hued
Would seem the woof of pathways
rude

Across the world's great surface laid!
And so inwoven with lines of shade,
Of vice and cruelty, anger and hate,
That darkness would preponderate!
And such a woof of tangled trails
Lies o'er the world and never pales—
Never varies. On earth's great page
Each soul records its pilgrimage,
And under the eye of God each shines
As visible in eternal lines,

As on the cliff I see from here
The various strata-lines appear.

"Thank Heaven! my path shall no
longer run

With the common highways under
the sun!

From the ways of men it shall lie
apart,

On a new and a separate chart;
No other foot shall e'er intrude
In my skyey holds of solitude.

Henceforth alone I walk afar
In the dream which death shall
scarcely mar,

Far above the obtrusive ken
And idle inquiry of men.

Already I can hear rehearse
The higher life of the universe,
Commune with those spirits whose
white tents

Are never stirred by these elements,
Camped on the dim ethereal fields
With meteor banners and starry
shields!

"And now my sole companion shall be
My sorrow embodied; and, hermit-
like, we

Will renounce the world and rest at
ease,

Content with our own sweet sympa-
thies.

Tell me no more of that larger plan,
The charity for and the faith in man:
I have tried it well, and ever found
The seven sins filling its utmost
bound!

And they who live in the world must be
One with the world, or content to see
Their dearest rights and their holiest
trust

With heels of steel trampled into the
dust!

All this I have suffered, and scarcely
restrained

At times the revenge whose swift
blow would have gained

The bad world's respect, and left me
exempt

A little from all save my soul's self-
contempt.

I was as a weed that is chafed on the
beach;

But, Heaven be praised! being thrown
out of reach,

I have taken firm root in the cliff,
 where no more
 The billows affright with their roll
 and their roar.

I have tasted the best which the
 world can bestow,
 But friendship turned bitter—love
 ended in woe!

"In the school of envy, and malice,
 and strife,

I have studied and learned the lesson
 of life ;

Studied it well from that dreary hour
 When the dark-hearted Fates had
 power,

Ministering at my birth—who threw
 Upon my brow their black baptismal
 dew !

From that sad night what time my
 spirit's barque,

Sailing over the sea of space,
 In a moment ominous and dark,
 Was stranded on this desert place,—

This treacherous reef of time,
 This rank and poisonous clime
 Called earth, where savage men

In hut or palace make their hateful
 den,—

I have known little peace and less of
 joy!

And even when a pleasure-seeking
 boy,

Unlovely faces with distempered
 tongue

Were my attendants, and they ever
 hung

Inseparably about me, like the shades
 From a baleful torchlight flung,

Which the torch-bearer not evades
 Until the light be drenched

And in the oblivious sea of death and
 darkness quenched.

And I have borne this torch—
 This flickering life—and still must
 bear,

Watching it flaunt and flare,
 Where all my hopes, like night-

moths, fly and scorch
 Their airy pinions, till their writhing
 forms

Drop round my feet a mass of wing-
 less worms!

"But, lo! the tempest of the world is
 past!

Its passion-bolts are no longer cast

About me, and I feel as one
 Who stands to gaze when life is done!
 Even the peasant with her bright blue
 eye

Seemed but the remnant of a cloud
 gone by ;

Or rather let me deem her form
 The farewell rainbow of the storm.

I am glad that in leaving this gallery
 Of horrors that have frowned on me,

A living thing so pure and bright
 Should have closed the hateful place
 from sight.

"How sweet it is to find release
 In this ærial tower of peace!

In this antechamber of the sky
 Next to the halls of eternity—

With only one thin door between
 This and the outer world serene,

Waiting to take that one step more
 When opens the celestial door,

And then, with the sudden splendor
 blind,

Hear the great portals close behind!"

III.

'Twas evening, and he mounted high
 Up to the terrace that faced the sky.

The fisherman, in his boat below
 Swinging to the billows' flow,

Beheld him like a guard of old
 On a dusky tower—a shadow bold

Standing against the sundown gold.

There Roland watched the dome of day
 In a conflagration fall away,

And saw the first white star that sped
 To gaze at the sunset ere it fled.

Westward he saw the spires and domes
 Overtopping the noisy homes

Of toil and trade, but all so far
 He felt no tremor of the jar

That like a daily earthquake rolls
 Through the world of dust-bound
 souls.

Out of the east the moon arose
 Red as Mont Blanc at morning glows ;

Over the sea, like a ship on fire,
 She sailed with her one star sailing by

her.
 Long, long he gazed, till he felt the
 might

And glory that pervade the night.

Awhile he looked upon the seas,
Then gazed to the shadowy orchard
trees,
And saw the fisherman's quiet home
Sitting under the vernal dome
Of one great elm, where the fire-flies
played
With their feast of lanterns nightly
made.

He saw the various shadows pass
Over the illumined glass,—
Saw tapers, moving to and fro,
From window to window come and go,
Like those lights which phantom
hands

Wave at night o'er marshy lands,—
Saw the maid at her casement lean,
And her shade steal into the night
serene.

"Thus from the casements of life,"
he mused,

"Our shadows are outward cast, con-
fused

Into a greater shade. What eye
Shall trace these phantoms where they
fly ?

None :—And it much behooves us all
That the lights from whence these
shadows fall

Should be guarded well and trimmed
with care,

That the flame shall neither sink nor
flare,

Protected from the fitful gusts
Blown from the lips of Caliban lusts."

Here and there a meteor fleet,
Struck from the invisible feet
Of Night's wild coursers, fierce and
black,

Streamed over the star-paven track :
Or it may be this voiceless levin,
Launched from the unseen clouds of
heaven,

Are bolts by spirit-tempests hurled
Into a purgatorial world ;
Or they may be in the fields of blue
Offsprings of nameless damps and
dew,—

Celestial will-o'-wisps at play,
Leading benighted souls astray.

Midnight was near. With a look di-
vine

He saw the maid at her chamber
shrine.

Two little tapers with flaming wicks
Burned beside a crucifix.
And while she prayed, it seemed
Over her face a splendor beamed,—
A light of purity and grace
Shed from the suffering Saviour's face.
Her angel look was upward turned ;
Her white breast heaved as if it
yearned

To breathe her very soul away
In a prayer which words had failed
to say.

Her upturned face—her fallen hair,
Her hands clasped on her bosom fair,
Her heaving breast but half concealed,
The fulness of her prayer revealed.

As the watcher gazed, he felt his
brain

Branded with a forgotten pain ;
And thoughts he had deemed frozen,
dead,

Warmed snakelike, by his heart's
flame fed,

Till thus the voice of a demon guest
With scornful laugh its joy ex-
pressed :—

*"The hawk looks down on the ring-
dove's nest ;*

*He loves her meek voice and her smooth
meek breast !*

*And the beautiful bird shall still be as
meek*

*When her red heart quivers in the
falcon's beak !"*

"Horrible fiend !" he cried, in pain,
"Back to your baneful den again !

Oh, Death, stand by me in this hour,
And strike me ere the fiend have
power !

Have I not, with a terrible oath,
On the breast of the dying sworn my
troth ?

Did I not swear when Death was at
strife,

In the white dome of her bosom, with
Life,—

Though I had wronged her living
trust,—

To be true, ay, as true as the tomb to
her dust ?

For this she forgave the great wrong
I had wrought,

And mingled my name in her last
sweet thought,

And promised that, in an hour of fear,
Her soul should be as a guardian
near!"

As he spoke, the great tears swam
over his gaze,
Till the white moon reeled in delirious
haze,
And the stars were unsteady as gust-
winnowed chaff—
Still his innermost soul heard the
mad demon laugh.
"Look! look again!" Thus cried
the fiend,
"One look before the vision is
screened—
Oh, never was Parian so fair to the
sight!
Oh, never such beauty pulsed love
through the night!"

But still the pale man, like some
martyr who dies,
Looked into the sky with fixed ago-
nized eyes.
Sighing, "Ida! dear Ida! The hour
of fear,
Like a tiger in wait for its prey,
crouches here!
I see its red eyes, and I feel its hot
breath!—
Come forth, thou sweet friend, from
the gateways of Death!
Press me close—side to side—soul to
soul—mind to mind—
Or lead through that path thou too
early didst find!"

As he spoke, soft lips, like sunshine
warm,
Kissed from his brow the late alarm—
Pale delicate arms his neck caressed,
And the head of a spirit was laid on
his breast!
The silken hair that fell unfurled
Still gleamed with the hue of another
world:
So soft were her tresses, each breath
of the gale
Caressed them in air like a gossamer
veil;
And her garments still breathed of
ethereal dew
In fields where no mortal has ever
passed through.

Then the fiend exclaimed with louder
jeers—

While the spirit pressed her hands to
her ears,
And gazed with that imploring
look

Which only a demon's eye could
brook—

"This hour, thou wretched ghost! is
thine—

But the next and the next shall all be
mine!

The cup is brewing which he shall
quaff,

While the angels shall weep and the
fiends shall laugh!

Then thou shalt be scourged away
with scorn

Into the outer dark forlorn,
And a mortal head usurp the breast
Which late thy phantom cheek has
prest!

Blood warms to blood—dust cleaves
to dust—

And in that hour depart thou must,
Thou dead leaf on a midnight gust!"

Then even as a pale dead leaf
Still clinging where its hour is brief,
The spirit-lady in her grief
Shuddered and sighed, as if even
now

The wind was plucking her from the
bough.

"O Roland!" she cried, "there's one
hour of dread,

Blackening like that cloud o'erhead;
A bitter wind is rising fast,
Like this which brings the ocean
blast!"

"It shall not be!" the bold man cried;
"No wind shall bear thee from my
side!

Let us descend to the altar shrine,
And kneel before the cross divine.
'Tis an altar by repentance built,
In memory of my former guilt,
That a daily prayer might there be
made,

To ransom thy departed shade."

Then they descended. The east winds
came,
Trampling the sea into phosphor
flame,

Which filled the black arch of the
 night
 With sheeted flashings of spectral
 light.
 And every maniac ocean-gust
 Scattered the feathery foam, like dust,
 Into the air—again and again
 Flinging on the window-pane
 White briny flakes, in rage and spite,
 As if to drown the altar light.

IV.

STILL leaning on her lover's breast,
 The spirit thus her crime confessed :—

“O Roland! from too much loving
 thee,
 From fear thou wert not wholly mine,
 My lips partook of misery,
 And left for thee that bitter wine
 Pressed in the dark from woe's black
 vine!

“I drained the cup that drowns with
 sleep,
 And pillowed my head on the breast
 of Death :

He closed the lids that ceased to weep,
 And kissed the lips at their latest
 breath!

That moment I had untimely birth
 Out of the chrysalis of earth!
 Then I saw that by the horrible deed
 The chain was sundered, yet I was
 not freed;

I had burst away from a windowed
 cell

Into a dungeon unfathomable—
 Into utter night—where I could only
 hear

The sighing of cold phantoms near!
 I shrank with dread; but soon I knew
 They also shrank with dread from me;
 And presently I began to see
 Thin shapes of such a ghastly hue
 That sudden agues thrilled me
 through!

“Some bore in their hands, as sign
 of guilt,
 Keen poniards crimson to the hilt,
 Which, ever and anon, in wild despair
 They struck into their breasts of air:

Some pressed to their pale lips empty
 vials

Till frenzied with their fruitless trials:
 Some, with their faces to the sky,
 Walked ever searching for a beam.

Some leaped from shadowy turrets
 high,

And fell, as in a nightmare dream,
 Half-way, and stopped, as some mad
 rill,

That leaps from the top of an alpine
 hill,

Ere it reaches the rocks it hoped to
 win,

Is borne away in a vapor thin:

Some plunged them into counterfeit
 pools—

Into water that neither drowns nor
 cools

The horrible fever that burns the brain,
 Then climbed despairing to plunge
 again:

And there were lovers together
 clasped,

O'er fumeless braziers, who sighed
 and gasped,

Staring wonder in each other's eye,
 And tantalized that they did not die.

“Then as I passed, with marvelling
 stare

They gazed, forgetting their own de-
 spair.

Oh, horrible! their eyes did gloat
 Upon me, till at my ashen throat
 I felt the fiery viper thirst
 Which ever in that dry air is nurst.

And, ere I was aware,
 I had raised the cup it was mine to
 bear:

My pale lips cleaved to the goblet dim,
 And found but dust on the heated
 rim;

And then I knew—oh, misery!—
 It was the same I had pledged to
 thee—

To absent thee, and to present Death,
 Pledged and drained at one long-
 drawn breath—

Drained to the dregs! Then a hot
 wind sighed

Close in my ear—‘THOU SUICIDE!’
 And those two words flew
 Into my heart, and pierced it through;
 And my eyes grew blind with pain
 As a serpent which, with rage insane,

Strikes himself with venom'd fangs,
And writhes in the dust with self-
dealt pangs.

Then in my agony's wild excess
I partly swooned, and the pain grew
less ;

While a form, not all devoid of kind-
ness,
Seemed leaning o'er me in my blind-
ness,
And whispered in my aching ear
Words which then were sweet to hear.

" 'Hast thou no friend?' the spirit
said,

'Who would rejoice wert thou not
dead ?

Who in his heart would call thee back
Into the world's green, visible track ?
If such an one there be,

Whose soul yearns constantly for thee,
Hearken, and when his voice is heard
Breathing one recalling word,

Arise and hasten, the veil is then
Lifted, and thou mayst return again !
And it shall be thy fate, perchance,

To see the long dull years advance,
And still a bloodless ghost to be
For many a weary century,
When all whom thou hast loved are
fled

Into the regions overhead.
Then drearier far that world will be,
With its homes and haunts reminding
thee

Of the loved and lost, than even this,
Where the vampire Pain enthronéd is.
But be thou ever wary and wise,

Gazing with unsleeping eyes,
And thou, perchance, shalt find ere
long

Some spirit, racked with sin or
wrong,

Aweary of Life's daily goad
And sinking under her dusty load,
Who, with rash and desperate hand,
Is about to sever the mortal band
Which binds her down, as once didst
thou,

To be the shadow which thou art now.
At such an hour be thou then near,
And when the spirit shall disappear,
And the deserted form

Lies beside thee, silent, warm,
Like a suit of mail in hot disdain
Discarded on a battle-plain,

Don thou that heated armor then,
And strive with the striving world
again !

And through long struggling it may
be

Thou mayst regain thy liberty !

"Thus spake the spirit. Then it
seemed

A sudden light within me beamed ;
And I arose and earthward sped
With a cautious, noiseless tread,
Harkening ever for that voice
To make my phantom heart rejoice.

"Through fields of twilight first I
passed,

Then through a sunset—till at last
I heard the roar
Of ocean jargonning with the shore,—
The sea-like voice of humanity,
And the tongue-like shouting of the
sea !

Then, as the night's wide track
Under my feet rolled dim and black,
I heard the voice which summoned
me,

'Ida !' it cried, and I came to thee !"

v.

Who that has heard the billows roar
On the rocky bastions of the shore,
Could restrain the sense of sublimity
Which drew him to overlook the sea—
One sea with the terror of many seas !
And held him with the mysterious law
Of wonder and soul-pervading awe,
And sympathy, the child of these ?

Out to the foamy balcony,
Where the phosphor light
And the black of the night
Struggled in gloomy rivalry,
Strode Roland—his cloak and hair
Twitched by the briny hands of air,
And all his dusk garb instantly
Made white with the insult of the sea !

Burning through the eastern dark,
At the bow of a perilous barque,
Rising with alternate leap
Out of the valleys of the deep,

He beheld a crimson light
Driving shoreward through the
night,—

Watched it as the lurid flame
Straight to its destruction came!
On it drove before the gale,
With empty mast or shivered sail;
And Roland shuddered in his fear
As he saw it neither tack nor veer,
And trembled to think of a crowded
deck

Dashed at his feet a shapeless wreck!

A shock! A shriek! The light was
drowned!

And the billows leaped with a higher
bound!

And the skyward spray the instant
after

Was stunned with the ocean's scorn-
ful laughter!

Then, bewildered with pain and fright,
Roland descended the stormy height,
Finding his way by the phosphor
light,

To seek amid the wild uproar
The drowning bodies thrown on
shore.

Suddenly at his feet a form
Lay like an offering from the storm!
White as a stranded wreath of foam,
White as a ghost from its charnel
home,

It lay where the gust with blinding
flight

Strove to hide the shape from sight,
Like a maniac murderer, to and fro
Raving and flinging the scattering
snow

Over the victim that mocks his de-
spair

With its unveiled face and tell-tale
stare!

A moment the brave man's heart re-
coiled,

Then he lifted the body and upward
toiled.

VI.

It was a sight both wild and dread
To see the living for the dead—
One stubborn and unaided form—
Battling with an ocean storm,—

Toiling up the jagged path,
Chased by the billows in their wrath,
Bearing the dripping shape away
Which the sea had deemed its prey.

Thus laden, Roland among the rocks
Strove upward 'mid the desperate
shocks

Of wind and wave—climbing a track
As crooked as that on the tempest's
wrack,

Where the arméd Thunder in his ire
Descends in a zigzag path of fire!

The long black hair
Of the drowned form he strove to
bear,

Flashed abroad on the wet sea-air,
Wild as the tresses of Despair:

And he thought, as he gazed on the
drooping head

Where the writhing locks were so
wildly spread,

Of the twisted horrors Medusa wore—
And a shudder pierced him to the
core.

But now he heard, or deemed he
heard,

The sound of that most piteous word,
That only word the full heart knows
To syllable its joys and woes,—

A sigh! Like a night-bird sweeping
near,

Its soft wing fluttered past his ear,
And he felt the heave of the rounded
breast

Which close against his own was
prest:

Then through his frame he took new
strength,

And with upward toiling gained at
length

The gusty height! A moment there,
While the lightning lent its sheeted
glare,

That group stood in the misty air
Like statues on a terrace high,
Relieved on a dusky wall of sky.

VII.

INTO the care of a gray-haired crone,
The sibyl who tended his dull hearth-
stone,

He yielded the body. A couch was
spread,
And the lady was laid as she were
not dead ;

And the dame from off the swooning
face

Smoothed the wet locks into their
place ;

And Roland, when the salt sea-
spray

Which blurred his vision was cleared
away,

Holding a white torch, bent to trace
The features of that sleeping face.

His heart stood still !

His blood ran chill !

His wide eyes could not gaze their
fill !

And as his marvelling face was drawn
Nearer and nearer to stare thereon—

Slowly—slowly as a veil

Lifted from a phantom's visage pale,

The lady's delicate lids were raised,
And in Roland's face the soft orbs
gazed

With all that touching tenderness

Which only loving eyes express.

He had clasped the ghost of his be-
loved,

And not a tremor in his soul was
moved—

From lips of air had taken the kiss,

With not a fear to mar the bliss,—

And heard what the threatening
demon said,

With a pang of pain but not of
dread !

But now an icy horror stole

Through the deepest depths of his in-
most soul ;

For here indeed was the risen dead

For whom the funeral tears were shed !

A spectre of dust !—a ghost of clay !—

That lived when the spirit had passed
away.

He trembled, but could not move or
speak :

He had gazed in those eyes till his
will was weak.

Then the lady sighed, and her bosom
heaved,

And she faintly smiled, as her heart
was grieved ;

While the thought of pain which
shadowed her brow

Said, " Roland, ah ! Roland, thou
lovest me not now ! "

When a great tear stole from under
her lid,

And rebukingly over her white cheek
slid :

Then Roland cried as he clasped her
hand,

" 'Tis a dream that I cannot under-
stand !

Forgive me, dear Ida, if even I seem
To wrong thy sweet shade in the dark
of a dream ! "

" Oh, joy ! Thou hast called me
' dear Ida, ' " she cried,

And she lovingly drew him more
close to her side.

That voice—'twas the same he had
heard in gone days,

While she poured in his eyes as of
old her soft gaze.

Then she sighed—" Ah ! dear Roland,
a vision it seems ?—

To me 'tis the sweetest of all waking
dreams !

And let me recount in this hour of
bliss

How I fled out of the past into this,
Escaping from Death's black preci-
pice.

VIII.

" FAR back in that dark desperate
hour,

When the swart mandragore had
power,—

While the suicidal draught, like flame,
Through all the galleries of my frame

Spread its malignant fire—even then
I repented and prayed for life again—

Not from the torture ; but that I
knew,

When it seemed too late, that thou
wert true.

" And then I swooned, and heard the
tread

Of muffled feet—while sad hearts said,
In sighs and whispers, ' She is dead !
is dead ! '

And then I knew—oh, woe was me !—
That word was a shaft of pain to thee,

A shaft which I had winged with flame
 And sped—and yet could not reclaim!
 I saw thy high soul with the blow
 Struck to the dreary plains of woe,
 Yet struggling in its fall, as when
 An eagle, sailing with sunward ken,
 Receives from the heartless archer's
 bow
 The envious arrow winged from below.

“Then I felt thy hasty farewell kiss,—
 A touch of mingled torture and bliss;
 And my soul within me writhed with
 pain
 That I could not return that kiss again.
 And then you fled! I heard the door
 Swing loud behind—and heard no
 more.

My very soul then swooned—and all
 Was blacker than midnight's starless
 pall.
 And more I know not—till a long
 cool breath
 Came into my breast and chased out
 Death—
 Or that dark sleep which did counter-
 feit
 Black Death so well, that I scarcely yet
 Can realize the miracle
 Which finds me freed from his dream-
 less spell.

“Then I awoke, and saw the room
 Tricked out with all the pompous
 gloom
 Of funeral weeds—the air was sick
 With incense-fumes suspended thick
 And blue, as at morn o'er a stagnant
 lake
 Swings the venomous mist ere the
 winds awake.
 There I saw two tapers with fiendish
 glare
 Burning in the ghastly air;
 And my breast with horrible pain was
 weighed,
 As if by the weight of a black dream
 made.
 I found it was a cross of gold
 Which lay on my bosom so heavy
 and cold—
 A cross entwined with lily-bells,
 And framed in a wreath of immor-
 telles.
 A garland of flame—a cross of fire—
 And I outstretched on a martyr's pyre

Had been less terrible!—So at last,
 By struggling I grew strong, and cast
 These emblems of death from off my
 breast,
 And, breathing, felt no more oppress.

“Then you should have heard the
 shriek
 Of Death's stout ward'ress!—Pale and
 weak,
 She reeled and tottered beyond the
 door,
 And fell in a fit on the marble floor.
 She awoke a maniac—her hair turned
 gray—
 And a maniac she goes to this very
 day.

“Then the household and the priest
 came in—
 The priest in his robe as black as
 sin!—
 All shuddered and shrank; till I rose
 and smiled,
 When they rushed to my side with
 wonder wild,
 And cried, in their mingled joy and
 dread,
 ‘She lives! Our Ida is not dead!’

IX.

“Days passed, and daily I asked for
 thee,
 Till at last they pointed over the sea,
 And said, in the madness of thy de-
 spair
 Thy barque had followed the red sun
 there.
 For hours they had watched the west-
 ward sail
 Growing in the distance pale,
 And sinking till beyond the line
 Of the flaming, sunset-gilded brine
 It set, like a star,—and never more
 Came tidings of that barque to shore.

“Then with a grief too great for
 speech,
 I wandered daily to the beach
 With one companion gray and old,
 A reverend friar—who hourly told
 His ‘Aves’ as we walked the sand—
 And the pious tears, on his sunbrown
 hand

His old eyes dropped, outcounted the
beads
As he thought of my sorrow! My
poor heart bleeds
That these tearful eyes shall no more
win

A sight of that saintly Capuchin!

"At last we found
A little shallop westward bound;
The daintest thing that ever yet
Was on the treacherous ocean set.
Under the prow we read her name,
Written in ciphers of golden flame,—
'THE FIRE-BEARER.' Each letter
did make,

The semblance of a twisted snake,—
One with the other all interwolved,
Like a riddle that is slowly solved.

"What ails the dame? What thus
can make

Her eyes so wide and her limbs to
quake?"

The crone replied, with a look of awe,
"Forgive me, lady, I thought I
saw—

My sight is dim,—

'Twas a foolish whim,—

But I thought I saw a fiery snake,
A little streak of flame just there
Writhing through your tangled
hair!"

The lady smiled, and gathered in
Her tresses betwixt her breast and
chin;

And thus pursued the delirious theme,
While Roland listened like one in a
dream:—

"So near the shallop tacked and sailed,
That in a desperate moment I hailed
The skipper, who leaned against the
helm,

Looking the lord of the watery realm.
Round went the rudder,—the sail
went round;

And the light barque neared like a
leaping hound;

But, seeing what I had done, I sunk
And swooned on the breast of the
dear old monk!

"Then, half awaking, I felt the mo-
tion

Beneath me of a summer ocean,

And dimly heard a voice of glee
Singing some ballad about the sea!—
'Twas the skipper's voice, as the helm
he prest,

Heading the shallop out to the west!

"The Capuchin was at my side,
Or else for very fear I had died.
There we sat on deck, in the breezy
shade

By the one tall lateen canvas made,—
Still flashing on in our track of foam
When the venturesome sea-gull turned
for home.

"Thus dreamily sitting, for many a
day

Under the bow we heard the spray,
And watched our backward path of
white,

And gazed on its liquid fire by night.

"Under us eastward the sea went by,
Over us westward went the sky—
The sun and the moon and those silver
barques,

Those soul-freighted celestial arks,
The starry fleets of the shoreless night,
Were the only things that surpassed
our flight!

As a swallow chases the summer, we
sped,

Chasing the days that before us fled.

X.

"THEN came the calm—we called it
so—

But the skipper knew, as now we
know,

That it was only the hungry Storm,
Crouching back with his awful form,
The better that he might spring and
light

Down on the unsuspecting night!

"The sail was furled,—the hatch
made fast,—

And the friar and I sat close to the
mast.

Then came the dark and the roaring
gale,

And we sailed as an autumn leaf
might sail,

Blown by a loud tornado gust—
And the spray was like a blinding
dust.

“Then to the shivering mast we clung
Still closer—while the friar’s tongue
Over his *paternoster’s* ran
As only a pious friar’s can ;
And my trembling lips, again and
again,
Strove vainly to respond ‘amen.

“The hard old skipper laughed out-
right
To behold us clinging to the mast in
fright.
Till suddenly he cried, ‘Land ho!’
And we saw in the west the crimson
glow
Of a light-house—or what we deemed
was so!

“Fiercer and fiercer the loud gale
came,
Driving us onward toward the flame.
The skipper strove to change our
course,
Pressing the helm with giant force:—
Battling a moment ’twixt rudder and
gale,
The light ark shuddered like a veer-
ing sail—
Then a crash!—and a curse!—o’er
the stern of the barque
The helm and the helmsman plunged
into the dark!
And the shallop leaped forth to the
black unknown,
With the joy of a steed when his
rider is thrown!
Spurning the waves and the wind’s
control,
On, on it sped to its direful goal!
I hid my face in the old man’s breast:
And then—and then—you know the
rest!

“Oh, Roland, a fearful dream was
mine—
Those swooning moments among the
brine!
I saw thee stand in a midnight tower,
And a beautiful fiend had thee in her
power.
I saw her pale lips pressed to thine;
I saw ye kneel at an altar-shrine;

And then I heard your mingled
prayer,
That, like a raven croaking in air,
Hung black and ominous, but did not
soar!
And then you named her by my name,
And that hot word clung to my heart
like flame
Slung from a torch! And I heard
no more!

“Oh, Roland, wherefore tremble so?
Or wherefore stoops your brow so low?
Oh, dreary hour! oh, woe is me!
If this terrible dream should prove
to be
The shadow of mad reality!
Look up, and assure me it is not so—
Or let me die with the sudden blow
Of the horrible truth! At thy com-
mand
Death shall strike with most welcome
hand.

“Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me!
Would I were lying under the sea!
Or would that dear old friend were
here
Who sleeps so low on his briny bier,
To mount with thee to that sinful
place
To meet the demon face to face,
With exorcism and with prayer
To scourge her into the utmost air!”

XI.

Was it the sound of a human cry,
Or wail of a night-bird driven by?
The lady started and half-way rose,
With that look the walking sleeper
shows,—
With large eyes staring vacantly,
That seem to listen and not to see.
Then, with a tongue of pitiful glee,
She cried, “O Roland, if that should
be
The voice of my friend so old and
gray,
Struggling among the rocks and
spray!
“There, did you not hear? that wild
cry through the roar!
Hark again! It is his! Wave the
torch at the door

And beacon him in ! Oh, I faint as I
 think,
 Perchance how he clings to some ter-
 rible brink !"
 Even while she spoke, as if at her
 will,
 The door swung wide, and over the
 sill
 The gust and the roar and the spray
 swept in,
 Like a crew of wild pirates, with in-
 solent din ;
 And suddenly a group of three
 Toiled breathlessly after, all dripping
 the sea.

There came the monk in his robe of
 brown,
 Over his breast his white beard blown
 And sparkling like a burst of foam ;
 As if old Neptune should leave his
 home,
 To traverse the dry land up and
 •down
 Disguised in a friar's hood and gown.

And, bearing a lantern, so covered
 with spray
 That the light could scarcely emit a
 ray,
 Came the fisherman, whose sturdy
 arm
 Had rescued the pious man from
 harm.

There, too, was the maiden, the fish-
 erman's child,
 With her glowing cheeks and eyelids
 mild.

For many a mile about the coast,
 That father and child were the coun-
 try's boast,

And many a sailor on a far-off deck
 Remembered Agatha and the wreck.
 Fame fondly pictured their struggling
 forms

Battling against the blackest storms.
 Through day or dark they might be
 found

Braving the tempest in their round ;
 And thus to-night they had met the
 storm.

And rescued from death this saintly
 form.

That moment there
 Was a living picture bold and rare,

With its massive lights and shadows
 thrown
 From the torch in the hands of the
 withered crone,
 Exalted above her own wild hair,
 Which streamed like the shreds of a
 banner in air,
 Tattered, confused, as if torn in the
 strife
 Of the seventy years' war waged by
 Death against Life.

The lady arose with joy and ran
 And fell on the breast of the ancient
 man ;
 And wept such tears as a child might
 shed
 On the breast of a parent just saved
 from the dead.
 Then from her heart of gratitude
 She thanked the fisherman, where he
 stood
 Gazing on her with marvelling face,
 As if in some enchanted place
 He stood, with uncontrolled sight,
 Chained to a vision of delight.

And then she seized the daughter's
 hand :

A moment her large eyes softly
 scanned

The modest maid, with look as mild
 As a mother casts on her beauteous
 child,

Conscious that its face confers
 A ray of splendor back to hers ;
 Then drawing her near with a smile
 of bliss,

Pronounced her thanks in a tender
 kiss.

Suddenly pale grew the maiden's
 lips,

And her soul was veiled with a deep
 eclipse ;

And she sunk at the old monk's feet
 with dread,

Begging his blessing to rest on her
 head,

And cried, " Oh, let me see and
 touch

The cross, which we cannot kiss too
 much !

And count one prayer on the beads
 divine !"

And the old monk murmured, " My
 blessing is thine."

While he laid his hand on her shining
hair;
But it seemed like a fiery gauntlet
there!

Then tracing his girdle and fumbling
his dress,
He cried, with a visage of deep dis-
tress,
"Oh, woe is me! They are lost in
the sea—

That miracle cross and rosary!
Torn from my side in those desperate
shocks

When the billows were lifting me over
the rocks.

Oh, woe is me! They were made
from a tree

In the garden of holy Geth——"

Here the sea,

Through the open door, hurled into
the place

Such a cloud of spray that the old
man's face

Was smothered with brine. The
white torch hissed,

And all the room was blind with the
mist.

Then thrice the maiden, with look
distressed,

Signed the cross on her brow and
breast,

And thus to the friar her fear con-
fessed:

"I feel in my soul what I cannot say;
But something so wicked has blown
this way,

That I cannot choose but shudder and
shrink,

As if I were dragged to a horrible
brink.

A demon is breathing this very air,
Which can only be banished afar with
prayer!"

The monk bent soothingly over her
form,

And said, "Be calm, my child, it is
only the storm;

Take cheer, take cheer!

It is only the loud wind shrieking
near.

The wind and the night and the sea
Are all that be

Abroad to fill the soul with fear."

XII.

THE lady, who heard what the maiden
had said,

As dizzy with pain, clasped her hands
to her head;

While her white bosom heaved as
with heart-broken sighs,

And she turned upon Roland her
pitiful eyes;

And he read in her visage of pallid
dismay

Far more than her language of sorrow
could say.

"Oh, the terrible dream! It is true—
it is true!

And a beautiful demon there waiteth
for you!

For you! Roland, you! and I to be
left

In a poisonous world, of all comfort
bereft!"

"Though I die it shall vanish!" the
desperate man cried,

"No demon shall hold me away from
thy side!"

The torch half-way dwindled—the
crone muttered and moaned—

The maid hid her face, and her deep
bosom groaned!

Then seizing the monk, like one in
despair,

Roland led through the hall to the
shadowy stair;

And said, while ascending, "Let thy
holy words be

A scourge which shall drive this fiend
into the sea!

Ay, into its own native sea of black
pain,

So deep it shall never turn earthward
again!"

Then the monk's pious pleasure burst
to laughter aloud,

Like a hot gust that blows the red
leaves in a cloud;

And he cried, "By the Pope, whose
brown livery I wear,

It shall frighten the night with its
shriek of despair!

And when my Pope hears the good
deed I have done,

He will call me to kneel at his great
crimson throne;

And, knowing the height of all
priestly desire,
He will crown this old brow with the
sacred attire
Of a cardinal's hat—flaming scarlet
as fire!

“No monarch is half so sublime as
our Pope!

You will visit our Rome and behold
him, I hope;—

You will find him enthroned in mag-
nificent state,—

His brow overweighed with the bur-
thensome weight

Of care for the souls of mankind!
You will see

The great of all nations there bend-
ing the knee—

Proud kings and their courts in their
splendor replete,

Like an ocean of flame, surging up
to his feet;—

All so eagerly crowding to press on
his shoe

The kiss of allegiance, that the place
through and through

Grows oppressively heated—besides,
as you know,

Our Rome's a warm climate—exces-
sively so!

“You will probably go there in car-
nival time,—

And see what no pencil, however
sublime,

Could picture with justice. If one
did not know

That the thing was a sanctioned and
sanctified show,

One might deem he had passed into
Lucifer's regions,

And think he saw hell pouring out
its red legions!

Indeed, they *do* say, that beneath his
black dome

The Devil *does* try to imitate Rome!
But this is rank scandal—you see

what I mean—

In no place but Rome can you find
such a scene.

“And then, oh! those gorgeous great
festival nights,

When the huge dusky dome is one
fabric of lights,

Done with marvellous skill, which
naught baffles or mars,—
A temple of flame!—a mosaic of stars!

“Believe me, nowhere are such fire-
works known,

As you'll find in our Rome. Quite
distinct and alone

They stand; for the artist who plans
them is one

In that line of business not easily
outdone!”

XIII.

THEY gained the stormy balcony
Where the light from the chamber
streamed out to the sea.

What ailed the friar, that he seemed
to fail

And grasped for support on the
shadowy rail?

Why did he shiver and seem so faint?
Was it that, like a beautiful saint,

He beheld the spirit-lady kneeling
With mild eyes full of tears and

feeling,
Clasping on her bosom fair

The crucifix, which piously there
Rose and fell on the tide of prayer?

“I am very old and nigh to death,
And climbing that stairway has taken
my breath!”

He murmured at last:—“Ah me!
ah me!

I am very weak from the abuse of the
sea!

And the chilly wet is piercing me
through

As if I had slept in a poisonous dew,
And awoke with all the horrible pains

Which death can inflict with chills
and blains!

“It will pass anon:—meantime do
thou

Secure the precious moment now—
Go seize on that polluted cross,

And into the sea, with a curse and a
toss,

Fling it afar, as you would fling
Some black, dead, offensive thing,

Hurled away with fierce disdain,
Never to be reclaimed again!

And then—and then—oh! this terrible chill,
 Piercing me like an electric thrill
 In a cavern of ice!—The punishing ire
 Of—our abbot, though wielding great lashes of fire,
 Were easier to bear than this shiver intense,
 Like icicles piercing the innermost sense!—
 Then take thou this girdle, which grasp like a scourge,
 And wield through the room!—It hath power to purge
 The air from such envious spirits as this,
 Who would rob even hell of its last ray of bliss!”

Then Roland, with averted head,
 Strode in and did as the friar said;
 He seized the cross—through the open door
 It spun to the dark and the wild uproar!

The spirit arose with a shriek of woe,
 Crying, “This is the storm! It must be so!
 The same I foretold thee an hour ago!
 Though thou comest, O Roland! as one in swift ire,
 And armed with those red hissing scourges of fire:
 Oh! know, Roland, know that the fiends of the pit,
 The Arachnes of woe, are all weaving their wit
 In webs to ensnare thee! Already thy will
 Is tangled, confused in the threads of their skill:
 Ere thou strike I depart—yet again and again
 My hand shall be laid on thy forehead of pain.
 And when thou hast passed through this fiery test,
 When reason and calm have re-entered thy breast,
 Again will I sit by thy side, and renew
 The chain which the demons have sundered in two.”

Ere the red scourge was lifted, the spirit had flown
 With a sigh in the air, and then followed a groan,
 And Roland dropt down with the weight of a stone.
 And the monk, leaning o’er him, breathed into his ear
 Thoughts without words, which his spirit in fear
 Beheld as black tangible visions at strife,
 Struggling which should be foremost to poison his life.

Down in the shadowy hall below,
 The maid and the fisher were turning to go,
 When the lady with a mild command,
 With language sweet and countenance bland,
 Recalled the maiden, and, seizing her hand,
 Pressed it to her bosom white
 And cold as a marble tomb at night;
 And murmured in accents sweet and mild,
 “We must be friends—dear friends—my child!
 And in token of this, this little ring,
 Quite a simple yet sacred thing,
 I place on your finger. It is, you see,
 The emblem of *wisdom* and *eternity*;
 And a symbol of what our love must be—
 Wise, watchful, unending—that hereafter we,
 Even in a future clime,
 May look backward to the realms of time,
 And say it was upon that night
 When the heavens were black and the seas were white,
 We plighted the faith that shall never grow cold,
 And linked our two souls with this serpent of gold!”

PART SECOND.

I.

WANDERING over the summer plain,
Like one gone, for love, insane,
And gathering through field and lane
Those wild blooms whose breath is
bane,

Passed Agatha, her golden hair
More golden in the noonday air,
Fluttering free from the wonted braid
Which her hand no longer made;
But twined with such wild vines and
weeds

As the rank marsh and woodland
breeds:

And, like pale Autumn when she
grieves,

Her brow was bound with crimson
leaves

Plucked from the woodbine, and her
breast

In a scarf of withered vines was drest;
Her cheeks were white, her eyes were
bright,

And full of supernatural light.

Oh, Heaven! it is a sight to make
The heart of the stoutest stoic ache,
To see a maid so young and fair
Decked in the garments of despair!
Like a statued sorrow, overrun
With garlands yellowing in the sun.

And thus as she gathered the leaves
and flowers

Fit only to deck the forbidden bowers
Wherein some pale enchantress fiend
In noxious odors is veiled and screened,
She murmured her fancies as they
came

Out of her brain like wings of flame:—

“They are gone, all the blooms by
the wild April strown

In the pathway of May;
For the passionate breath of the Sum-
mer has blown
Their leaves to decay.

“And the flowers of childhood must
wither and fall,

And pine unto death,
When the summer of passion breathes
over them all
Its feverish breath.

“Where the violets out from the
green hedges stole,
Unnoticed to shine,
The poppy is waving its fiery bowl,
A bowl of red wine.

“These goblets of crimson, these
beakers of sleep,
Each a chalice of flame,
I will pluck for my lady, her soul
they shall steep
In desires without name.

“And the berries that burn on the
poisonous vine,
Like embers blown red,
I will gather and string, and gayly
entwine
Round her beautiful head.

“From this wild ivy-climber, that
strangles the tree
And robs it of green,
I will weave for my lady a garland,
and she
Shall be crowned like a queen.

“Once I knew where to find the most
beautiful blooms
When the year was at noon,
Those delicate spirits called out of
their tombs
By the trumpet of June:—

“Now the daisies and buttercups fade
at my touch—
And even the sweet-brier,
That wild parent of roses my heart
loved so much,
Now wilts in my hand as if held in
the clutch
Of fingers of fire.

“Oh, this beautiful ring! and this
gem in its head
So scarlet and bright!
I feel a soft warmth through my
quick pulses shed
With a sense of delight!
Like a spark caught from Mars, as
lovely and red
It burns in the night!

“Since I knew the fair donor, a won-
derful change
Has mantled the earth:



THE HOUSE BY THE SEA.

*"They are gone, all the blooms by the wild April strown in the pathway of May ;
For the passionate breath of the Summer has blown their leaves to decay."*

The summer goes by, and no longer I
range
Through its bowers of mirth.

"The birds have grown hateful that
sing in the light;
No longer I hark
To any save those which talk madness
all night
To the fiery-eyed dark !

"Thou gem, let me press thee again
and again
With a passionate kiss !
Oh ! a pleasure inflames me that al-
most is pain,
The pain of pure bliss !"

II.

LIKE a shell among the rocks,
A tempest-stranded nautilus,
Wrecked but not ruined by the
shocks—
Lifted and lodged from danger—thus
The dainty barque was found,
Sitting upright, safe and sound,
Like a vessel on the stocks,
Waiting but to feel
The loosening hammers at her keel
To launch upon the sea
And leap away to liberty,
Like a captured swan set free.

Already there were toiling men
Laboring hard at the spars and ropes ;
And on the cliff, with anxious ken,
Gazing with mingled fears and hopes,
Stood Roland, with the lady's form
Languidly leaning on his arm.

There, too, with his beard and hair
Swaying to the summer air,
Stood the monk with mutterings low,
That like the billows' mystical speech,
Hissing, murmuring up the beach,
Were poured in such a Babel flow
None knew if they were prayers or
no—

Save the lady, who ever and anon
Responded till the monk was done.

Still laboring at the ropes and spars,
Yo-heaving, like a group of tars,

Toiled the men ; but the firm-set
keel
Clung to the rock like magnet to
steel.

Whereat the monk, as 'if in wrath,
Hurried down the zigzag path.
In the breeze his white beard shook,
Like the foam of a mountain brook.
He laid his shoulder against the keel,
At once she began to stagger and reel.
"Again !" he cried, "and all to-
gether !"

And, like a steed that has broken its
tether,
Away she sped with a bound and a
quiver,
Making the cloven water shiver
With the sudden blow ! And then
she wheeled,
Restively pawing the watery field,
Angered to feel the clinging check
Of the shoreward cable about her
neck.

The sea, to one of its slumberous
calms,
Now sunk as it never would waken
more :
Its breakers were only as flocks of
lambs
Bleating and gambolling along the
shore,
Where of late the storm-lion insane
Had shaken abroad his tumultuous
mane,
Frightening the land with his rage
and his roar.
Round the headland to a little bay
They led the shallop and drew it to
land,
Till at the golden beach it lay
With its keel on the smooth wet
sand.

How haughtily the gilded prow
Lifted its yawning, dragon head !
And backward—shaping the graceful
bow—
The dragon's flying wings were
spread ;
Where its curious name,
In letters of flame,
Burned in ciphers of golden red :
Lo ! there she stood, as fresh and
stanch
And bright as at her birthday launch.

III.

OUT of the great commercial town,
 Summoned by the barque's renown,
 Came the masters and merchants
 down,
 And crowded the beach;
 While with gesture and speech,
 With eyes of wide wonder and looks
 of delight,
 They declared such a sight
 In the waters of Christendom never
 was known.

The very dragon seemed to feel
 A tremor of pleasure that thrilled to
 the keel;
 And like a lady fair and proud,
 Flattered by praises breathed too
 loud,
 The shallop withdrew—so it seemed
 to the crowd—
 And somewhat stiffly its acknowl-
 edgment bowed.
 But perchance it was only the swell
 Of the waters that under her rose and
 fell.

And there were builders, with rule
 and line,
 Measuring its breadth and length,
 Gathering its secret of grace and
 strength;
 While, sitting on the sand,
 With accurate and dexterous hand,
 An artist secured the fair design.

Singing a scrap of maniac song,
 Agatha pressed through the wonder-
 ing throng,
 Bedecked in garlands of strange
 device,

As if for a heathen sacrifice:
 She scattered blossoms from her hand
 Around the keel where it pressed the
 sand,

Until it seemed to be wading through
 A flowery foam of various hue,
 And, singing still, began to deck
 The dragon's curved and haughty
 neck,

Slipping over the glittering head
 A garland of yellow, and blue, and
 red;
 And then withdrew a space, to admire
 The beautiful collar of floral fire.

When the fisherman saw his child,
 And heard her voice so strange and
 wild,
 Over his visage scarred and tanned
 The trouble spread. Then he knelt
 on the sand,
 And, hiding his face in his sunburnt
 hand,
 He sobbed aloud, while the tears of
 pain
 Through his fingers trickled plain,
 And dropt on the thirsty ground like
 rain.

Along the beach his forsaken net
 Lay weltering in the briny wet,
 Where the scaly things in their de-
 spair
 Were struggling in their tangled
 snare,
 Flashing their silvery sides in air.
 Around the shore in the sunshine
 bright,
 Like webs of those invisible looms
 Whose noiseless shuttles are plied at
 night
 Among the briers and garden blooms,
 Innumerable nets were spread
 On stake and fence, and over the head
 Of many a low marsh-willow, to
 dry—
 The delight, until now, of the fisher-
 man's eye:
 For each, he thought, ere the season
 was o'er,
 With a miraculous draught would
 come to shore,
 And thereby enable him proudly to
 pay
 His daughter's dower on her wed-
 ding-day.

But, alas! the wary Fates had cast
 Their unseen net in the river of Life;
 And all his hopes, the best and last,
 Were dragged to land with a fruitless
 strife,
 To pine on the sand without relief,
 And die on the sunless shores of grief.

IV.

Down from the height,
 With steps as light
 As a party for a bridal bedight,

The lady and the monk were seen
 Gliding through the pathway green,
 While, with uneasy tread
 And drooping head,
 With one arm at the lady's zone,
 And one on the friar's shoulder
 thrown,
 Pale Roland walked between.
 They seemed, to a gazer far away,
 Like a happy group in the fields of
 May.

Out of the little belfry near,
 A bell with accents loud and clear
 Poured its pious peal abroad,
 To turn the thoughts of men to
 God.
 Far and wide through the valley
 round
 Sailed the silver wings of sound,—
 Like a flock of doves rung out,
 Wheeling joyfully about,
 Flashing from their pinions white
 A sense of quiet and delight.

The lady, as before a shrine
 Suddenly called to thoughts divine,
 Dropt upon her knees straightway,
 With hanging head that seemed to
 pray.

And as one who stumbles with a curse
 and a groan,

The monk fell in the pathway
 prone,

And lay, like a statue overthrown;
 Muttering harshly to the air
 Something that passed for a hurried
 prayer.

And when the bell was done, he
 rose

Red in the face as a furnace glows—
 And cried, "Now, hang that sac-
 ristan!

What pious crank has got into the
 man,

Thus to be ringing a vesper tune
 In the very middle of afternoon?
 It takes one down so unawares
 That one can scarcely remember his
 prayers!

And, besides, we have an old tra-
 dition,

Which may be merely superstition,
 That when one kneels and forgets his
 prayer,

The Devil is also kneeling there!"

The crowd gave way as the party
 neared:

And much they marvelled at the
 friar's beard,

Hanging so long with crispy flow,
 Like a winter hemlock's barb of snow.
 But when with wondering eyes they
 saw

The lady, they held their breath with
 awe,

Transfixed and speechless with the
 sense

Of beauty's rare magnificence.

All bared their brows as she passed
 between,

Bowing like subjects to a queen.

The monk straightway regained his
 mood,

And blessed the courteous multitude;
 For he thought such deference alone
 could be

Paid to his age and piety.

When the lady beheld the maid

In her tawdry veil of flowers arrayed,
 She pressed her with a warm embrace;
 And, smoothing the wild locks from
 her face,

Printed a kiss upon her brow,
 Which brought to her forehead the
 crimson glow,

As if smitten by the sudden blow
 Of a fiery hand! Then said, in ac-
 cents gay,

"Come, my sweet friend, come
 away,—

You must go with us to-day.

Under the shadowy sail we'll sit,
 While our fairy barque shall flit
 Like a swallow that stoops to lave
 Its burnished bosom in the wave,
 Just tipping with its airy breast
 The enamored billow's eager crest!"

Straightway, without more remark,
 The jubilant party gained the barque.
 Then the monk came to the bow,
 And, overleaning the dragon prow,
 A moment anxiously scanned the
 crowd,

And cried in a voice of mirth aloud,
 "Who is there here so loves the sea
 That he will bear us company?
 One who knows the billowy realm,
 To trim the sail and to set the
 helm?"

Who will man our little ship
For a three-hours' pleasure-trip?"

Up stepped the fisherman; but ere
His feet had touched the slanting
plank,

He staggered back, and shuddering
sank,

Like one who swoons with sudden
fear!

Then, shouldering his way till he
gained the sand,

A withered sailor, wrinkled and
tanned,

Holding a piece of a helm in his hand,
And twitching his waistband with
swaggering air,

Cried, "Avast there, my hearty!

While I'm of your party,

You'll scarcely be wanting these land-
lubbers there!

Oh, ho! I'll be bound

That you thought I was drowned,
Because I plunged overboard into the
dark!

But with this stout piece of helm,

What sea could o'erwhelm

A sailor who fears neither billow nor
shark?—

Who on a fragment of wreck

Sits as safe as on deck,

And brings it to shore like a well-
guided barque?"

The lady laughed with joy insane

When she beheld the skipper again.

With a bound and a leap, he cleared
the side,

And strode the deck with his former
pride:

Once more he leaned against the helm,

Once more he was lord of the watery
realm!

v.

THE cable was loosed—the barque was
free,

And like a white sea-bird, it flew to
the sea.

Of all the shapes that swim

Through the ether blue and dim,

Or over the swinging ocean skim,

With their lifted plumes for sails

Set before the summer gales—

Or on enchanted lakes the swan,—

Or the swift wind-footed fawn,

None might with that fairy barque
compare,

Less in the water than in the air,
As she sped from shore through a
track of foam,

With the sudden joy and speed
Of the carrier-bird when its wings are
freed

And it darts from its alien tower for
home!

Flying away with its white sail full,
It doubled the headland like a gull,
That, careening suddenly, seems to dip
In the flashing brine its white wing's
tip.

Then up and down the coast it bore—
In and out, as it would explore
The hundred inlets of the shore!

With all her garments fluttering wild,
On the deck the fisherman's child
Stood by the lady, who proudly sat
On a little throne—where an Indian
mat

Mantled the floor, like a flowery moss
Where Mab and her fairies gambol
and toss,

And covered with figures of strange
device,

And scented with odors of orient spice,
Which rose like an incense heavy
and sweet

When the lady stirred her delicate
feet.

The maiden stood robbing her own
bright hair

To garland the lady's locks less fair:
The scarlet wreath seemed a brighter
red

As it gilded the braids of that darker
head,—

And the poisonous berries livelier
shone,

Like crimson embers newly blown.

It seemed a chaplet fit for Fame

To bind on the brazen brow of Shame,

The guerdon of deeds which have no
name!—

Like Evening wreathed with sunset
flame,

The lady sat; and in her eyes,

Like shadows which the day defies,

Nursed by the darkness, there seemed
to rise

Thoughts which on the black wings fly
Of sin-engendered mystery!

Still humming a scrap of maniac tune,
The maiden stood, like frenzied May,
At the close of her last sweet day
Casting all her blossoms away
Into the burning lap of June!
Stripping herself of every flower,
She shed them all, a fiery shower,
Over the lady, till she was as bright
As a statue decked with lamps at
night,—

Those little lamps of various hue,
Scarlet, purple, green, and blue,
Which in myriads star the dark
In a royal festive park.

Many a venomous brier and burr
Among the rest she gave to her:—
There were slips of hemlock, tips of fir,
Mingled with leaves of juniper;
Monkshood flower and mandragore,
Henbane rank and hellebore,
And nightshade breathing deadly
malice;

And there was the foxglove's purple
chalice

Full of bane; but which, 'tis said,
Hath power to thrill and move the
dead.

And there, like goblets brimming
red

Stolen from a demon's palace,
Shone the poppies, flaming bright;
And those which had a withered
look

At the lady's touch fresh vigor took,
As if it did their lives renew
With a taste of their own noxious
dew;

Even as stars that wilt in the light
Revive again in the lap of Night,—
Thus each, like Mars, refreshed with
fire,

Flamed where they lay; while high
and higher,

Heaving with a strange desire,
The lady's breast 'gan swell; and she
Kissed the maid with unwonted
glee,—

The maid who, without a blossom left,
Looked scarce less lovely thus be-
reft,—

While the other shone as gorgeous
and gay

As if she were decked for a queen of
May

In a fiery tropic far away!

VI.

Low at her feet pale Roland sat,
Gazing up in her radiant face;
And said, "In such a time and place
How sweet were song, did thy voice
but grace

The air with melody!" Whereat
The crownéd lady smiled, and sent
Her glance to a little instrument
Which a crimson cord made fast
Up at the side of the polished mast;
And without further sign or com-
mand,

Roland placed it in her hand.

It was a curious instrument,
A kind of Persian mandolin,
Found perchance in an Arab's tent,
With every manner of gem besprent,
And wrought with all the tracery
Which Eastern art is cunning in:
The body was ribbed like a shell of
the sea,

Yet black and burnished as ebony;
The graceful neck was long and thin,
Where the cords ran up to golden
keys;

And it looked as it had only been
Waked to mysterious melodies,
On phantom lakes and enchanted seas,
Flashing to fingers weird and wan,
In the minstrel ages lost and gone.

Waiting to hear the wakened lute,
The very air and the sea hung mute;
And the maiden, breathless with
listening desire,
Crouched silently down at the side of
the friar.

The lady's fingers, like swift wings,
Over the flashing cordage stirred,
Till music, like an answering bird,
Suddenly leaped from out the strings.
Round and round the cadence flew,
Sailing aloft and dropping low,
Now soaring with the wild sea-mew,
Flushing its breast in the sunset glow,
Then slowly dropping down the air,
Wailing with a wild despair.

Down and down,
Till it seemed to drown,
With wide pinions on the brine,
Weltering with no living sign,
Till the listener's pitying eye
Wept that so fair a thing should die.

Then with malicious laughter loud,
 Jeering the sighing hearer's grief,
 In a moment wild and brief,
 Filling the air with mockery,
 It leapt to the sky and pierced the
 cloud,

Soaring and soaring, till it seemed to be
 Climbing to the airy throne
 Where the Thunder sits alone.

Roland listened, confused, amazed,
 While an unknown frenzy thrilled
 his heart;

And Agatha on the lady gazed
 With steadfast eyes and lips apart;
 And there sat the friar smoothing his
 beard,

As into the maiden's eyes he peered
 With a sidelong sinister glance;
 While she, as one in a charmed trance,
 Bending forward, could only see
 Roland leaning on the lady's knee,
 With pale, bewildered countenance,
 Gazing up in her face, which beamed
 As if a torchlight on it gleamed;
 And flushed as with an orient wine,
 Where passion's swift and fitful flame
 On the breath of music went and came
 Like a gusty blaze on a heathen shrine.

"'Tis a sight to make a graybeard
 feel,"

Exclaimed the monk, "his old heart
 reel,
 E'en though it beats in the breast of
 a friar!

Old age is a rust which may conceal;
 But under it there is the tempered
 steel

Holding its latent spark of fire.

"See how he looks in the lady's face,
 And how her dark eyes gloat on him!
 In each other's souls they gaze, and
 trace

Thoughts which to us are vague and
 dim.

"Ah me! it recalls that hour divine,
 In a palace garden at day's decline,
 When a youth beneath a Sicilian vine
 Sat with a lady, and she was crowned
 With scarlet flowers and leaves em-
 browned,

Even as they had been seared to death
 In the hot sirocco of passion's breath!

Oh, how she played! The hours were
 drowned

In goblets of music, and love, and
 wine!

But, well-a-day!—for that same sin
 The youth became a Capuchin!"

VII.

EVERY word of the garrulous monk
 Into the maiden's sad heart sunk,
 With a dreary plunge and spasm
 Sinking through the aching chasm,
 As desperate shapes of agony
 Leap from a burning ship at sea!
 And as she gazed on the lovers there,
 Every hope in her breast of despair—
 Hopes which until now unknown
 Had thronged her heart—with a sigh
 and a groan

Dropt away through the dusky waves
 Low and lower to their briny graves,
 With downward face and wide-spread
 hair!

Was it Love—or was it Hate—
 The hate of bitter Jealousy—
 Or conscious of being desolate—
 Or was it the combined three
 That thrilled the maiden suddenly,
 Like variant winds that smite and
 wake

The waters of a summer lake?

"See!" said the lady with a glance
 of glee,

"How the dear child looks at us!
 Why stares she so? Why breathes
 she thus?

As if her heart were parching to dust
 In a roaring and raging furnace-gust!
 Ah, Roland, it is plain to see
 This is all for the love of thee!

"Oh, it is a pity and shame
 To see a young heart thus consumed—
 Even though it burns self-doomed
 In an unrequited flame!"

Thus speaking, the lady, with looks
 of pity,

Woke the prelude of a strange wild
 ditty;

Touching the lute with a gentler
 sweep,

She poured from her bosom, full and
 deep,

A burst of song that rose and fell
 With a heavy and heated and stifling
 swell,
 As fanned from a tropical garden in
 bloom
 By the sultry wings of a far simoom !

"A princess dwelt beneath the sea,
 In a palace of coral and pearl;—
 Her liquid chambers wide and free
 Were lined with soft green tapestry,
 Where a thousand suitors bent the
 knee;
 But her lip wore a scornful curl.

"There day by day she seemed to pine,
 In her palace of coral and pearl;—
 Thronging the halls of the crystal
 brine,
 In vain they came in a flattering line,
 With the wealth of every Indian
 mine,
 King, Prince, and Duke, and Earl.

"But her heart was wandering far
 away
 From her palace of coral and
 pearl;—
 Seeking the realm of the upper day,
 Sighing as April sighs for May,
 Through her emerald roof she saw
 the ray,
 Like a flag at morn, unfurl.

"For she, like many a princess before,
 In her palace of coral and pearl,
 Had dreamed of one on a foreign
 shore,
 The only one her soul could adore,
 And thither her thoughts went more
 and more,
 Till her weary brain 'gan whirl !

" 'I pine,' she cried, 'alone, alone !'
 In her palace of coral and pearl:—
 'I pine and perish where hope is none !
 Would I were sailing with the sun,
 Would that the home of my love
 were won,
 Though he spurned me like a
 churl !

" 'But like a dull sea-weed I cling
 To this palace of coral and pearl !—
 Though round me the crystal alcoves
 ring

With praises my siren subjects sing,
 Yet hopeless I pine as he were a king
 And I a peasant-girl !' "

She ceased ; but ere the sound had
 passed,
 The skipper's voice, like a rattling
 blast
 Blown through empty spar and
 shroud,
 Announcing the tempest-bearing
 cloud,
 Took up the strain, while he pressed
 the helm,
 Still looking the lord of the watery
 realm ;
 And, as he sung, the instrument
 Its wild accompanying cadence lent:—

"A monarch reigned beneath the sea
 On the wreck of a myriad thrones,—
 The collected ruins of Tyranny,
 Shattered by the hand of Destiny,
 And scattered abroad with maniac
 glee,
 Like a gibbeted pirate's bones.

"Alone, supreme, he reigned apart,
 On the throne of a myriad
 thrones,—
 Where sitting close to the world's red
 heart,
 Which pulsed swift heat through his
 ocean mart,
 He could hear each heavy throe and
 start,
 As she heaved her earthquake
 groans.

"He gazed through the shadowy deep
 which shields
 His throne of a myriad thrones,—
 And saw the many variant keels
 Driving over the watery fields,
 Some with thunderous and flashing
 wheels
 Linking the remotest zones.

"Oft, like an eagle that swoops in air,
 He saw from his throne of thrones,
 The wingéd anchors with eager stare
 Leap midway down to the ocean's
 lair—
 While hanging plummets gazed in
 despair
 At the unreachèd sands and stones !

"Along his realm lie mountainous bulks,

The tribute to his throne of thrones,—

The merchant's and the pirate's hulks,—

And where the ghost of the slaver skulks,

Counting his cargo,—then swears and sulks

Among the manacled bones !

"His navy numbers many a barque

The pride of his throne of thrones:—

Golden by day and fiery by dark,

Each cleaves his pathway like a shark !

But his favorite barge is a dragon-ark,

The fairest ship he owns !

"The voice of that princess beneath the sea

Reached to his throne of thrones;—

Then he leaped in his barge right gallantly—

And cried, 'My child, come sail with me,

We will flash to sunward far and free,
Till love for thy grief atones !'"

The skipper ceased. 'Twas but a lull
In the gale of song ! With bosom full
As some gigantic organ-bellows,
Worked by the hands of officious fel-
lows,

While the priest at the altar white
Is slowly chanting a sacred rite,
The monk burst forth with a gusty
roar,

That seemed to echo along the shore:—

"An abbot dwelt beneath the sea

In a cloister of shell and weed;—

Its walls of curious masonry

Were built by the ocean peasantry,
Those merman slaves, whose supple
knee

Loves best a mysterious creed.

"And he was so virtuous, the story runs,

In his cloister of shell and weed—

That the pious mermen, fathers and sons,

Their daughters and sisters, the fairest ones,

Brought to his charge, till a thousand nuns

Chanted his mystical creed.

"And he had control of a thousand friars,

In his cloister of shell and weed;—
He taught them to chasten all worldly desires,

To smother with prayer all carnal fires;—

Not to be drunkards, and not to be liars,

Or gluttons of boundless greed !

"And warned them,—but this was a slander base,—

In his cloister of shell and weed,—
Not to be like that earthly race

Who had brought the system into disgrace,

Till the Devil himself grew red in the face

At sins he had never decreed !

"This abbot heard, through the sedgy grate

Of his cloister of shell and weed,
The woful princess bewailing her fate,

Then saw the approaching barge of state—

And, closing his missal and locking his gate,

He leaped aboard with speed.

"A scion of Church and State was he,

In his cloister of shell and weed,—
And well he knew if a wedding should be,

That he, as chief prelate under the sea,
Must be there to perform the solemn decree,

To sign and to seal the deed !"

VIII.

WHILE the songs were sung, each passing breath

Seemed breathed from the feverish breast of Death ;

All the air which had heard the tune
Hung sultry and heavy and dead,

Pulsed through and through with flushes of red,

And hot as a broad, unshielded noon
In a fiery clime at the end of June.

In the purple sky, an hour too soon,
Like a wedding-barque await
At a Venetian palace gate,
Floated the empty crescent moon,
Moored at a crimson cloud,—a barge
of state

In the sunset's broad lagoon.
But to Agatha that cloud
Seemed like a world consuming with
fire—

Whereon the avenging sun had
breathed his ire!

And the moon was only a poor corpse
in a shroud

Which had been shot from a barque
forlorn

Into the tranquil sea at morn,
That rose at eve a ghastly sight,
To blanch the mariner's cheek with
fright!

Incongruous fancies, a maniac crowd,
Leaped through her brain, and
shrieked aloud;

While, as to a blighting gust
Of red ashes and dust,
With a desperate wail her sad soul
bowed.

And when with dry, hot eyes she
saw—

Each throbbing like a burning heart—
The glowing lady lean and draw
Roland close to her heaving side,
And, smoothing his floating locks
apart,

With looks of mingled passion and
pride,

Press on his brow a heated kiss,—
Her heart, as one in a nightmare
dream,

Striving with fruitless effort to scream,
Seemed plunging down a black abyss.

But when the lady, with sidelong eyes
Half veiled in mocking hate's
eclipse,—

A look which pitied, yet seemed to
despise—

Glanced at the maiden's face of
despair,

And, bending down and down with
triumphant air,

Set the hot seal of her love on his
lips—

There was more than a frenzied soul
could bear!

A sudden shriek—wild, sharp, and
shrill!

A plunge!—a gurgle!—a widening
thrill

Rippling the water! And all was still!

"Oh, see!" cried the lady,—"*O*
Roland, behold!

She has leapt in the sea!

She is drowned in the sea!

And it is all for the love of thee!

Her heart was so warm, and your
blood was so cold!"

"By Heaven!" he cried, "it shall
not be!"

Then another plunge and another
thrill

Rippled the wave; and a voice as
shrill

As ever a fiend could shout in glee,

Cried, "*Adieu! adieu!*

Till we meet anew

In our palace of splendor far under
the sea!"

And all the air, the moment after,
Was filled with wild demoniac
laughter—

And like swift hounds in pursuit of
a wolf,

Sudden flaws from the leash of the gale
Leapt upon the straining sail,

And chased it over the flashing gulf.

Away and away, with a murderous
flight,

Sped the barque,—away and away!

Doubling the headland into the bay,

Like a red-handed homicide flying
from sight!

IX.

THE toil, the danger and despair
Struggling with hope in that brief
moment there,

May not be chronicled or said;

Or how it seemed from ocean's
shadowy bed

That demon shapes leapt up, with
murderous hands,

Striving to pluck the desperate swim-
mer down,

That with his burden he might sink
and drown,

And lie supine upon the charnel sands.

But still he labored;—and a form
 divine,
 Such as an angel clothed in sunshine
 hath,
 Glimmered before him, walking on
 the brine—
 Slow leading shoreward in a golden
 path.
 And well he knew 'twas that sweet
 pitying sprite
 Which he had driven into the howl-
 ing night!
 But now her pale lips seemed to move
 Forgivingly with smiles of love,—
 Until his heart with hope beat high
 and warm,
 And a new impulse nerved his
 struggling arm.

Anon his feet were on the slanting
 sands,
 Where slow he toiled with the in-
 creasing weight,
 Which, like a sea-weed stranded, des-
 olate,
 Hung o'er his arm with dripping hair
 and hands.
 And now wild groups came down the
 sloping lands,
 Looming gigantic 'gainst the level
 sun,
 And their long shadows to the beach
 did run
 Precipitate with uncontrolléd woe—
 Outstripping those who followed!
 Till anon
 Around the melancholy show
 The people gathered, and with faces
 wan
 Told their great grief as only
 mourners can
 Who loved the thing they mourn from
 the hour its life began!

Foremost her sire, a wild disconsolate
 man,
 Mingled with the wet grief of the sea
 The tears of his tempest agony,
 Which like baptismal waters ran
 Over her breathless breast, as from
 the hand
 Of the pale priestess Sorrow flung,
 Naming her one of that most enviable
 band
 Whom loving Death hath ta'en into
 his land

While beautiful and young—
 Into the land of May, forever green,
 To be crowned with virgin flowers
 immortally a queen.

With shreds of white hair sorrowing
 in the breeze,
 The village priest leant o'er her with
 a prayer;
 And then he said, "Let loving arms
 of care
 Take up this mournful victim of the
 seas,
 And bear her to the church, and on a
 bier
 Lay her before the sacred altar-shrine,
 Where the mild Saviour, with His
 eyes divine,
 Looks peace to grief, and hope to
 those who fear;
 And as He lifted Jairus' child from
 death,
 He may renew even here the life-
 reviving breath."
 And as he bade they bore her; while
 behind
 Pale Roland followed with bewildered
 mind.

X.

WHEN they had gained the little
 chapel door,
 And were about to cross the sacred
 sill,
 Their drownéd burden breathless as
 before,
 The anxious crowd beheld, with sud-
 den thrill,
 The serpent ring her dripping right
 hand bore
 Leap from her finger and as lightning
 pass,
 Flashing between their feet,
 Searing the ground with heat,
 A crooked flame that vanished in the
 grass.

Then straightway to the maiden's
 cheek
 Flushed up a little dawn of life;
 And her waking pulses, weary and
 weak,
 In their recovery seemed to speak
 Of the long and maddening strife,

Of the maniac dreams which had
filled her brain,
While her heart lay stunned in its
night of pain.

And when at the altar-shrine
They laid her like a corpse supine,
Scarce noting the life-announcing
sign,
Then Roland fell on his knees, and
pressed
Her cold white hands to his aching
breast:
And instantly the long-frozen pain
Which had oppressed and benumbed
his brain,
Seemed to melt in a repentant glow,
And in floods of tears to his eyelids
flow,
Till his sad heart felt like an arid plain
That is drenched with a generous
summer rain.

Was it the sunset's parting beam
Piercing the little window red?
Or was it the lightning's vivid gleam
Through the startled twilight shed?
They only knew a crimson flush,
Making the sacred shadows blush,
Shot up the aisle, as if the fiery rays
Of a meteor-ball had set the air
ablaze:

And then a baleful voice
Drew their eyes to the door away:
And all could plainly hear it say,
"Come, Roland, come! Thou hast
no choice:

Thou shalt not, darest not stay:
The prayer which thou must learn to
pray
At another altar must be made,
And thy vows to another God be
paid!"

And, gazing through the door, they
saw
The lady and monk beyond the sill;
And every breast was filled with awe,
And every pulse ran chill.
They stood like travellers in the night,
Surrounded by a blazing light,
Who see the eyes of the wolf and pard,
Fixed with wild and eager desire,
Insane with hunger, and only de-
barred
By a living threshold of circling fire.

Then Roland cried, "Avaunt!
avaunt!

Here at this holy altar I swear,
By my future hopes and my past de-
spair,
To fly from the fiends and that lonely
haunt,
With pain, and woe, and demons rife!
And if once this sweet maid come to
life,
To claim her my bride! And in
token of this,
I set on her lips this sealing kiss!"

He spake and bowed—lips touched to
lips;
And as a taper, when the gusty dark
Has blown its splendor into eclipse,
While its wick still holds the crimson
spark,
Which, touching another taper's rays,
Instantly stands in the air ablaze,—
So life, in a swift contagious flame,
Suddenly illumined the maiden's
frame!

A moment surveying the sacred place,
Her blue eyes turned, then with
modest grace
Gazing up into Roland's face,
Her sweet tongue said, in its first
release,
With words which seemed breathed
from the lips of peace—
"The spell is past! Oh, hour divine!
Thou, thou art mine! and I am
thine!"

And the listening shadows cool and
gray,
In the gallery, like a responding
choir,
Where the organ glowed like an altar-
fire,
Seemed to the echoing vault to say,
Softly as at a nuptial shrine—
"Thou art mine! and I am thine!"

And still through the breathless mo-
ments after,
Like doves beneath the sheltering
rafter,
Along the roof in faint decline,
The echoes whispered with voices
fine—
"Mine and thine! mine and thine!"

And now, like a golden trumpet,
 blown
 To make a glorious victory known,
 The organ, with its roll divine,
 Poured abroad from its thrilling
 tongue
 Words the sweetest ever sung—
 "Mine and thine! mine and thine!"

And up in the tower the iron bell
 Suddenly felt the joyous spell,
 And flung its accents clear and
 gay,
 As if it were rung on a wedding-
 day;
 And like a singer swaying his head
 To mark the time
 Of some happy rhyme,
 Breathing his heart in every line,
 Thus swayed the bell, and swaying
 said—
 "Mine and thine! mine and thine!"

XI.

THE lady standing beyond the door,
 Like one whose despair can bear no
 more,
 Shrieked a fiendish shriek of wrath;
 And, with a hollow sepulchral sound,
 Her body fell upon the ground
 And lay a corpse along the path!

And then a shadow, like a cloud
 On a hissing whirlwind fierce and
 loud,
 Swept seaward, pierced with curses
 and shrieks,
 Which like the lightning's fiery
 streaks
 Flashed madly through the twilight
 shades,
 Cleaving the air with sulphurous
 blades!

Then the people ran to the headland
 height
 With the fascination of wonder and
 fright,
 And saw the little dragon barque
 Speeding out to the eastern dark,
 Away and away, as swift and bright
 As a red flamingo's sudden flight.

And, climbing the black rocks high
 and higher,
 They gazed and gazed with aching
 sight,
 Till into the distant realm of night
 They saw it pass—a ship on fire!

Then Roland, who gazed on the body
 which lay
 In the path, a loathsome shape of clay,
 Defiled by a fiend and cast away,
 Called to the sturdy sacristan,
 Who came, a shuddering, awe-struck
 man,
 And bade him with his graveyard
 crew
 Bear and bury the thing from view.
 But when they strove, with fear and
 disgust,
 To raise that form which once had been
 The temple of Beauty and then of Sin,
 It fell from their hands a mass of
 dust,—

Like a cavern of sand, so fragile and
 thin
 That a single touch will shatter it
 in;—

Or like a long-consuméd brand,
 Whose form in the ashes seems to
 stand,
 From whence the hungry flame has
 fled
 And left it a thing devoured and dead,
 Which the lightest touch of the lift-
 ing hand
 Shivers to nothing, a shapeless
 mass;—

Thus the body fell, and lay on the grass
 A crumbled pile at their startled feet,
 As if it had been consumed by the heat
 Of that most subtle and fiery fiend
 Which so long it had fearfully har-
 bored and screened!

Days dawned and set, and year by year
 The bride became more fair and dear;
 And Roland saw with secret delight,
 As her face grew more refined and
 bright,
 How through every feature it seemed
 That the light of his long-lost Ida
 beamed!
 And by degrees her softening voice
 Like Ida's made his heart rejoice;

Until, when the first few years had
 down,
 He forgot that his early love had died,
 And, walking at his lady's side,
 He called her "Ida," and she replied
 To the name as it had been her own.

Never more to that lonely height,
 Where only the wild birds of the sea
 Peopled the gusty balcony,
 He turned his feet; but lived and
 moved
 Among his fellows—revered, beloved;
 And the world was no more a world
 of blight,
 But a realm of sunshine, warm and
 bright.

With his brooding grief no longer
 blind,
 This simple truth his soul dis-
 cerned,—
 And well it were for all mankind
 Had they the self-same lesson
 learned,—
 That it is not in the world abroad,
 In the sight of men and the light of
 God,
 That fierce temptations chiefly
 dwell;
 But in the misanthropic cell,
 Where the selfish passions are all
 enshrined
 And worshipped by one darksome
 mind.

WAR POEMS.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder
 bore,
 Like a herald in haste, to the chief-
 tain's door,
 The terrible grumble, and rumble,
 and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar;
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold,
 As he thought of the stake in that
 fiery fray,
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester
 town,
 A good broad highway leading down;
 And there, through the flush of the
 morning light,
 A steed as black as the steeds of night
 Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
 As if he knew the terrible need;
 He stretched away with his utmost
 speed;

Hills rose and fell; but his heart was
 gay,
 With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs,
 thundering South,
 The dust, like smoke from the can-
 non's mouth;
 Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster
 and faster,
 Foreboding to traitors the doom of
 disaster.

The heart of the steed, and the heart
 of the master,
 Were beating like prisoners assault-
 ing their walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field
 calls;
 Every nerve of the charger was
 strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind,
 And the steed, like a barque fed with
 furnace ire,
 Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
 But lo! he is nearing his heart's de-
 sire;

He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.

What was done? what to do? a glance told him both;
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust, the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

THREE ERAS.

INSCRIBED TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

I.

THE TREATY ELM.⁹

ERE to the honored patriot's mansion yonder
These charmed and emblematic relics pass,

Upon the sacred fragments let me ponder,
While Fancy, to the admiring eye of Wonder,
Withdraws the veil, as in a magian's glass.

I see the "Treaty Elm," and hear the rustle
Of autumn leaves, where come the dusky troops,
In painted robes and plumes, to crowd and jostle,—
A savage scene, save that the peace-apostle
Stands central, and controls the untamed groups.

These are the boughs the forest eagle lit on,
Long ere he perched upon our nation's banner;
Beneath their shade I see the gentle Briton,
And hear the contract, binding, though unwritten,
And worded in the plain old scriptural manner.

Across the Delaware the sound comes faintly,
And fainter still across the tide of Time,
Though history yet repeats the language quaintly
That fell from lips of Penn, the calm and saintly,
Speaking of love, the only true sublime.

This is his mission, and his sole vocation;
To hear of this, the savage round him presses;
How sweetly falls the beautiful oration
Which bids them hear the marvellous revelation
Of Christian peace through all their wildernesses!

Not to defraud them of their broad possessions
He comes, or to control their eagle pinions,



SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

*"Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas—"*

But to pledge friendship and its sweet
relations,
Truth and forbearance, gentleness and
patience,
To all the people of their wild
dominions.

"We meet," he said, "upon the
open highway
Of broad good will, and honest faith
and duty ;
Let love fraternal brighten every by-
way,
And peace inviolate be thy way as my
way,
Till all the forest blossoms with new
beauty."

So spake their friend, and they revered
his teaching ;
They said, " We will be true to thee
and thine."
And through long seasons toward
their future reaching
No act was shown their plighted faith
impeaching—
Marring the compact, loving and
divine.

O thou, like noble Penn, who truth
adorest,
A priest at her great shrine in Free-
dom's temple,
While o'er this gift in thoughtful
mood thou porrest,
Point to the faithful children of the
forest,
And bid the nations learn from
their example.

II.

THE ALLIANCE.

HERE is an oaken relic from a barque,
That speaks of olden scenes and
ocean mystery,—
An anchor from the Revolution
ark,
Dropt to the present through the twi-
light dark,
Linking the troubled periods of our
history.

It may be that the sapling of this
wood,
Crowned on the coast with vines
inviting inland,
Was swaying to the sea-wind's fitful
mood,
Learning the rocking motion of the
flood,
When roving Norsemen stood agaze
at Vinland.

Or, did it feel the westward-sweeping
gale—
The wind that still of God and
freedom hymneth—
Which landward drove the saintly
hero's sail,
Until the sea-tossed pilgrims, worn
and pale,
Were landed on the icy rock of
Plymouth ?

Where'er it grew, the woodman found
the oak,
It knew the teamster and the
hewer's trestle,
It felt the hammers, snuffed the
pitchy smoke,
Then seaward, like a steed from stall,
it broke,
While Salisbury hailed her favorite
warrior vessel.

Those were the days wherein we flung
defiance
Unto a tyrant monarch and his
henchmen.
We asked for friendship, France gave
her compliance ;
And, hence, we called our vessel the
Alliance,
In honor of the noble-hearted
Frenchmen.

Then France was generous France :
her well-earned fame
Shed round the world a lustre of
pure glory.
No Italy breathed curses on her
name,
No Mexico stood pointing at her
shame
With feeble fingers, desperate and
gory.

The royal vessel sought her future realm,—

Royal, because her parent oak was regal;
And sceptred Science shaped her prow and helm,
And crownéd Courage, naught could overwhelm,
Breathed in the bosom of that fierce sea-eagle.

The ocean cormorants fled before her path;
Her wing, descried afar, was fearful omen;
Full oft her desolating vengeance bath,
In the great tempest of her iron wrath,
Sent a wild shudder through the hearts of foemen.

Hers was the enviable pride to bear
The unselfish hero's well-beloved exemplar,
A Paladin, whose heart was full of prayer
For freedom's Palestine—his soul was there.
Forever honored be the good knight-templar.

O Gratitude, forget not the ovations
Due to a noble country's nobler scion.
Let Lafayette, before the gaze of nations,
Stand canonized amidst our constellations,
Belted with starry fame, like brave Orion.

Old Europe's waters bore her graceful keel,
And heard the rolling of her threatening thunder;
She taught the insolent buccaneer to kneel
And sue for quarter,—taught their homes to feel
A mingled sense of due respect and wonder.

Though she awhile the doubtful Landais bore,
It was her glorious privilege to carry

The pennant of Paul Jones, the commodore,
The pride and terror of the sea and shore.
And his, the hardy and intrepid Barry.

And when the war was o'er, she laid aside
The latest vestige of the past commotion,
And to the winds of Commerce, far and wide,
Shook out her sails for other realms untried,
And brought home treasure from the farthest ocean.

There have been doubtful Landais' on our deck,—
The deck of State,—that wellnigh brought disaster;
But thou, obedient to a nation's beck,
Didst save the flag-ship of the world from wreck,
O noble patriot and unswerving master!

And still thou rul'st this stormy deck of State,
With all thy sea-worn councillors in communion;
Still, with thy manned and well-tried guns in wait,
Stand by thy charge, O Captain, calm and great,
Beneath the steadfast banner of the Union!

And when the Southern buccaneer at last
Shall strike her colors, saying, "It is over,"
Lash on the prize and raise her jury-mast,
Stop all her leaks, make all her rigging fast,
And bring her homeward, a repentant rover.

And when anon our battle-flag is furled,
If that no insolent gauntlet lies before us,

By dastard in the hour of danger
 hurled,
 Then let our ship of commerce sweep
 the world,
 Her deck made musical with Free-
 dom's chorus.

III.

THE PIECE OF HALLIARD
 FROM THE FLAG OF THE
 CUMBERLAND.

THIS simple cord, by unknown fingers
 spun,
 Holds history in every slender
 fibre,—
 Telling more baseness in one action
 done,
 And of more heroism, than the sun
 E'er saw upon the storied tide of
 Tiber.

A shred from off the halliards of our
 hope,
 Our battle-banner, seldom lowered
 or baffled!
 Did he who twined the fellow to that
 rope
 Behold, in his imaginary scope,
 The trembling traitor on his well-
 earned scaffold?

He should have seen, methinks, the
 dance of death,
 The traitor's dance in this rebellious
 season,
 While the gaunt wizards on the
 Southern heath,
 Like the foul hags encountered by
 Macbeth,
 With hell-born charm and chant
 are brewing treason.

Fierce maledictions, breathed with
 desperate might
 By trodden nations, longing to be
 freemen,
 Shall fall upon them with the wither-
 ing blight
 Of leprous pestilence that walks at
 night,
 Till their own hearts shall curse
 their reigning demon.

THE ATTACK.

IN Hampton Roads, the airs of March
 were bland,
 Peace on the deck, and in the for-
 tress sleeping,
 Till, in the lookout of the Cumber-
 land,
 The sailor, with his well-poised glass
 in hand,
 Descried the iron island downward
 creeping.

A sudden wonder seized on land and
 bay,
 And tumult, with her train, was
 there to follow;
 For still the stranger kept its seaward
 way,
 Looking a great leviathan blowing
 spray,
 Seeking with steady course his ocean
 wallow.

And still it came, and largened on
 the sight;
 A floating monster; ugly and gi-
 gantic;
 In shape, a wave, with long and
 shelving height,
 As if a mighty billow, heaved at
 night,
 Should turn to iron in the mid-
 Atlantic.

Then ship and fortress gazed with
 anxious stare,
 Until the Cumberland's cannon, si-
 lence breaking,
 Thundered its guardian challenge,
 "Who comes there?"
 But, like a rock-flung echo in the air,
 The shot rebounded, no impression
 making.

Then roared a broadside; though di-
 rected well,
 On, like a nightmare, moved the
 shape defiant;
 The tempest of our pounding shot
 and shell,
 Crumbled to harmless nothing,
 thickly fell
 From off the sounding armor of
 the giant!

Unchecked, still onward through the
 storm it broke,
 With beak directed at the vessel's
 centre,
 Then through the constant cloud of
 sulphurous smoke
 Drove, till it struck the warrior's wall
 of oak,
 Making a gateway for the waves to
 enter.

Struck, and to note the mischief done,
 withdrew,
 And then, with all a murderer's im-
 patience,
 Rushed on again, crushing her ribs
 anew,
 Cleaving the noble hull wellnigh in
 two,
 And on it sped its fiery imprec-
 ations.

Swift through the vessel swept the
 drowning swell,
 With splash, and rush, and guilty
 rise appalling;
 While sinking cannon rung their own
 loud knell.
 Then cried the traitor, from his sul-
 phurous cell,
 "Do you surrender?" Oh, those
 words were galling.

How spake our captain to his com-
 rades then?
 It was a shout from out a soul of
 splendor,
 Echoed from lofty maintop, and
 again
 Between-decks, from the lips of dying
 men,
 "Sink! sink, boys, sink! but never
 say surrender!"

Down went the ship! Down, down;
 but never down
 Her sacred flag to insolent dictator.
 Weep for the patriot heroes, doomed
 to drown;
 Pledge to the sunken Cumberland's
 renown.
 She sank, thank God! unsoiled by
 foot of traitor!

THE APOSTROPHE.

GREAT ruler, these are simple gifts to
 bring thee,—
 Thee,—doubly great, the land's em-
 bodied will;
 And simpler still the song I fain
 would sing thee:
 In higher towers let greater poets ring
 thee
 Heroic chimes on Fame's immortal
 hill.

A decade of the years its flight has
 taken,
 Since I beheld, and pictured with
 my pen,
 How yet the land on ruin's brink
 might waken
 To find her temples rudely seized and
 shaken
 By traitorous demons in the forms
 of men.

And I foresaw thy coming,—even
 pointed
 The region where the day would
 find its man
 To reconstruct what treason had dis-
 jointed.
 I saw thy brow by Honesty anointed,
 While Wisdom taught thee all her
 noblest plan.

Thy natal stars by angels' hands sus-
 pended,
 A holy trine, where Faith, and
 Hope, and Love—
 By these celestial guides art thou at-
 tended,
 Shedding perpetual lustre, calm and
 splendid,
 Around thy path wherever thou
 dost move.

No earthly lore of any art or science
 Can fill the places of these heavenly
 three:
 Faith gives thy soul serene and fixed
 reliance;
 Hope to the darkest trial bids de-
 fiance;
 Love tempers all with her sublime
 decree.

'Tis fitting, then, these relics full of
 story,
 Telling ancestral tales of land and
 sea,—
 Each fragment a sublime *memento*
mori
 Of heroes mantled in immortal
 glory,—
 Should be consigned, great patriot,
 unto thee.

THE DEFENDERS.

OUR flag on the land, and our flag on
 the ocean,
 An angel of Peace wheresoever it
 goes;
 Nobly sustained by Columbia's de-
 votion,
 The angel of Death it shall be to
 our foes.
 True to its native sky,
 Still shall our eagle fly,
 Casting his sentinel glances afar,
 Though bearing the olive-branch,
 Still in his talons stanch
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of
 War!

Hark to the sound! there's a foe on
 our border,
 A foe striding on to the gulf of his
 doom;
 Freemen are rising and marching in
 order,
 Leaving the plough and the anvil
 and loom;
 Rust dims the harvest sheen
 Of scythe and of sickle keen;
 The axe sleeps in peace by the tree it
 would mar;
 Veteran and youth are out,
 Swelling the battle-shout,
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of
 War!

Our brave mountain eagles swoop
 from their eyrie;
 Our lithe panthers leap from forest
 and plain;
 Out of the West flash the flames of
 the prairie;
 Out of the East roll the waves of
 the main.
 Down from their Northern shores,
 Swift as Niagara pours,

They march, and their tread wakes
 the earth with its jar,
 Under the stripes and stars,
 Each with the soul of Mars,
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of
 War!

Spite of the sword, or assassin's sti-
 letto,
 While throbs a heart in the breast
 of the brave,
 The oak of the North, or the Southern
 palmetto,
 Shall shelter no foe except in the
 grave.
 While the Gulf billow breaks,
 Echoing our Northern lakes,
 And ocean replies unto ocean afar,
 Yield we no inch of land,
 While there's a patriot hand
 Grasping the bolts of the thunders of
 War!

ROME, July 4, 1861.

THE OATH.

HAMLET.—Swear on my sword.
 GHOST (*below*).—Swear!—SHAKESPEARE.

YE freemen, how long will ye stifle
 The vengeance that justice in-
 spires?
 With treason how long will ye trifle,
 And shame the proud name of your
 sires?
 Out, out with the sword and the rifle,
 In defence of your homes and your
 fires.
 The flag of the old Revolution,
 Swear firmly to serve and uphold,
 That no treasonous breath of pollu-
 tion
 Shall tarnish one star on its fold,
 Swear!
 And, hark, the deep voices replying
 From graves where your fathers are
 lying:
 "Swear, oh, swear!"

In this moment, who hesitates, barter
 The rights which his forefathers
 won,
 He forfeits all claim to the charters
 Transmitted from sire to son.

Kneel, at the graves of our martyrs,
 And swear on your sword and your
 gun;
 Lay up your great oath on an altar
 As huge and as strong as Stone-
 henge,
 And then, with sword, fire, and halber,
 Sweep down to the field of revenge.
 Swear!

And, hark, the deep voices replying
 From graves where your fathers are
 lying:

"Swear, oh, swear!"

By the tombs of your sires and
 brothers,
 The host which the traitors have
 slain;

By the tears of your sisters and
 mothers,

In secret concealing their pain—
 The grief which the heroine smotheres,
 Consuming the heart and the brain;
 By the sigh of the penniless widow;
 By the sob of her orphans' despair,
 Where they sit in their sorrowful
 shadow,

Kneel, kneel, every freeman, and
 swear.

Swear!

And, hark, the deep voices replying
 From graves where your fathers are
 lying:

"Swear, oh, swear!"

On mounds, which are wet with the
 weeping,

Where a nation has bowed to the sod,
 Where the noblest of martyrs are
 sleeping,

Let the winds bear your vengeance
 abroad;
 And your firm oath be held in the
 keeping

Of your patriot hearts and your God.
 Over Ellsworth, for whom the first
 tear rose,

While to Baker and Lyon you look;
 By Wintthrop, a star among heroes;
 By the blood of our murdered
 McCook,

Swear!

And, hark, the deep voices replying
 From graves where your fathers are
 lying:

"Swear, oh, swear!"

THE EAGLE AND VULTURE.

IN Cherbourg Roads the pirate lay
 One morn in June, like a beast at
 bay,

Feeling secure in the neutral port,
 Under the guns of the Frenchman's
 fort;

A thieving vulture; a coward thing;
 Sheltered beneath a despot's wing.

But there outside, in the calm blue
 bay,

Our ocean eagle, the Kearsarge, lay;
 Lay at her ease on the Sunday morn,
 Holding the Corsair ship in scorn;
 With captain and crew in the might
 of their right,

Willing to pray, but more eager to
 fight.

Four bells are struck, and this thing
 of night,

Like a panther, crouching with fierce
 affright,

Must leap from his cover, and, come
 what may,

Must fight for his life, or steal away!
 So, out of the port, with his braggart
 air,

With flaunting flags, sailed the proud
 Corsair.

The Cherbourg cliffs were all alive
 With lookers-on, like a swarming
 hive;

While, compelled to do what he dared
 not shirk,

The pirate went to his desperate work;
 And Europe's tyrants looked on in
 glee,

As they thought of our Kearsarge
 sunk in the sea.

But our little barque smiled back at
 them

A smile of contempt, with that Union
 gem,

The American banner, far-floating
 and free,

Proclaiming her champions were out
 on the sea—

Were out on the sea, and abroad on
 the land,

Determined to win under God's com-
 mand.

Down came the vulture; our eagle
 sat still,
 Waiting to strike with his iron-clad
 bill;
 Convinced by the glow of his glorious
 cause,
 He could crumple his foe in the grasp
 of his claws.

"Clear the decks," then said Wins-
 low, words measured and slow;
 "Point the guns, and prepare for the
 terrible blow;
 And, whatever the fate to ourselves
 may be,
 We will sink in the ocean this pest
 of the sea."

The decks were all cleared, and the
 guns were all manned,
 Awaiting to meet this Atlantic
 brigand;
 When, lo! roared a broadside; the
 ship of the thief
 Was torn, and wept blood in that
 moment of grief.

Another! another! another! And
 still
 The broadsides went in with a hearty
 good will,
 Till the pirate reeled wildly, as stag-
 gering and drunk,
 And down to his own native regions
 he sunk.

Down, down, forty fathoms beneath
 the blue wave,
 And the hopes of old Europe lie in
 the same grave;
 While Freedom, more firm, stands
 upon her own sod,
 And for heroes like Winslow is shout-
 ing, "Thank God!"

THE FLAG OF THE CONSTEL- LATION.

THE stars of the morn
 On our banner borne,
 With the iris of heaven are blended;

The hand of our sires
 First mingled those fires,
 And by us they shall be defended.
 Then hail the true
 Red, White, and Blue,
 The flag of the Constellation;
 It sails as it sailed,
 By our forefathers hailed,
 O'er battles that made us a nation.

What hand so bold
 As to strike from its fold
 One star or one stripe of its bright'-
 ning,
 For him be those stars
 Each a fiery Mars,
 And each stripe be as terrible light-
 ning.
 Then hail the true
 Red, White, and Blue,
 The flag of the Constellation;
 It sails as it sailed,
 By our forefathers hailed,
 O'er battles that made us a nation.

Its meteor form
 Shall ride the storm
 Till the fiercest of foes surrender;
 The storm gone by,
 It shall gild the sky,
 A rainbow of peace and of splendor.
 Then hail the true
 Red, White, and Blue,
 The flag of the Constellation;
 It sails as it sailed,
 By our forefathers hailed,
 O'er battles that made us a nation.

Peace, peace to the world,
 Is our motto unfurled,
 Though we shun not the field that is
 gory:
 At home or abroad,
 Fearing none but our God,
 We will carve our own pathway to
 glory.
 Then hail the true
 Red, White, and Blue,
 The flag of the Constellation;
 It sails as it sailed,
 By our forefathers hailed,
 O'er battles that made us a nation.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

DEDICATED TO MAJOR-GENERAL
ROSECRANS, WHO INSTITUTED THE
ORDER OF THAT NAME IN THE
ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

LIKE the lordly Mississippi, we are
sweeping to the South,
A mighty Union river, and the Gulf
shall be its mouth;
O'er our front wave floats our banner,
boys, that leads to glory's goal,
And at its side, in martial pride, is
borne the Honor Roll.
On the Roll of Honor, boys; on the
Roll of Honor, boys;
Oh, let us see our names shall be on
the Roll of Honor, boys.

Like a great wind we drive South-
ward, with a storm of North-
ern hail,
And our banner rides before us, as a
cloud upon the gale;
We will tear from out the rebel's hold
his stolen stars and bars,
And fame shall see our names enrolled
beneath the stripes and stars.
On the Roll of Honor, boys; on the
Roll of Honor, boys;
And fame shall see our names will be
on the Roll of Honor, boys.

With this great gale sweeping South-
ward, daily come the gentle
airs
Of our fathers' words of courage, and
our mothers' constant prayers;
With them our wives and sweet-
hearts, with a love beyond con-
trol,
Are reading in their fancy, boys, the
names on Honor's roll.

On the Roll of Honor, boys; on the
Roll of Honor, boys;
Oh, let them see our names will be on
the Roll of Honor, boys.

And when the last armed rebel falls,
and bites his native dust;
When waves o'er every mile of land
the banner of our trust,
We'll return to those whose images
are shrined within the soul,
And proudly listen while they read
our names on Honor's roll.
On the Roll of Honor, boys; on the
Roll of Honor, boys;
Oh, let them see our names will be on
the Roll of Honor, boys.

When the twilight settles round us
in life's evening cool and gray,
Among our children's children we'll
describe the battle-day;
They'll cluster to our knees to hear
the story never old,
And watch our trembling veteran
hands point out the names en-
rolled
On the Roll of Honor, boys; on the
Roll of Honor, boys;
And they shall see our names will be
on the Roll of Honor, boys.

And when at last Death's night comes
on and stops the battle-din,
And we have conquered in our hearts
the rebel hosts of sin,
To the fields of Peace above us, may
we march there soul to soul,
And find our names emblazoned on
the great Celestial Roll.
On that Roll of Honor, boys; on that
Roll of Honor, boys;
Oh, let us see our names will be on
that Roll of Honor, boys.



THE WAGONER OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

*"On many a dangerous mountain-track,
While oft the tempest burst its wrack—"*

THE WAGONER OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

A POEM OF THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

Look on your country, God's appointed stage,
 Where man's vast mind its boundless course shall run.
 For that it was your stormy coast He spread,—
 A fear in winter; girdled you about
 With granite hills, and made you firm and dread.
 Let him who fears before the foeman shout,
 Or gives one inch before a vein has bled,
 Turn on himself and let the traitor out.

BOKER.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE author is well aware of the justice of the remark made by his publisher, that the present is not a favorable time to expect the country to receive a volume of poetry with any marked attention; yet, as much of it has already been given to the public through the beautiful medium of Mr. Murdoch's voice, and as many have expressed a wish to see the poem entire, the author is induced to risk the chances. This is, however, not done without some fear and trembling on his part, inasmuch as it may turn out to be that the various audiences who have heard it, and expressed their approbation, may have been led captive by the reader's great elocutionary power rather than by the beauty of the verse. Whatever the verdict may be, one gratifying fact remains with the writer, that it has been instrumental, in the hands of Mr. Murdoch, of putting no inconsiderable sums of money into the treasuries of sanitary committees,—thereby benefiting the sick and wounded who have suffered in our country's cause.

THE scenes of this poem are chiefly laid on the banks of the Schuylkill, between Philadelphia and Valley Forge; the time, somewhat previous to and during a great part of the war of Independence.

DEDICATION.

TO JAMES L. CLAGHORN.

MIGHT I draw the inspiration
 Which the sky not oft awards,
 And so join the constellation
 Of the death-defying bards;

Might I build some lofty moral,
 Reaching heavenward like a hill,
 On whose top should grow the
 laurel,
 Leaning towards me at its will;—

I would gather all the honor
 Not to bind around my brow;
 But to you, a grateful donor,
 I would come, as I do now,

And bring trophies, where the Ages
 Should behold our mingled names:
 But, alas! these simple pages
 Are the most my labor claims.

Yet, should any leaves grow vernal
 In the summer breath of praise,
 Then for you, with hand fraternal,
 Let me twine my wreath of bays.

ROME, August 1, 1861.

INTRODUCTION.

A GUEST was I at Berkley Hall,—
And more behooves not guest to say:

The very pictures on the wall
With kindness seemed to whisper,
"Stay!"—

Old portraits of a dwindled line,
From Lely's ruff and doublet down
To Copley's matchless coat and
gown,

Or Stuart's later touch divine.
Still from their frames of gold or oak,

A knight or lady shepherdess,
In valor or in loveliness,
Leaned through the twilight air and
spoke:

They whispered that the road was
dark,

And lone the highway by the river,
That past recall the latest barque
Had swept the landing of the park,—
There on the stream I still might
mark

Its fading path of ripples quiver,
And hear the shore-wave running
after,

Like childhood with a voice of laugh-
ter.

'Twas evening, and the autumn fire
Was feasting at the well-built pyre,
Where every log, with glowing mirth,
Poured from its breast of ample girth
Some memory of April birth,

To cheer the hearth-stone of October.
There, conscious of his place and
worth,

One lordly hound, with visagesober,
Sheathed his large eyes in sleep's
eclipse,

While visions of the woodland
chase

Disturbed the slumber on his face
With twinklings at his ears and lips.

That honored hearth was like a gate
Wide with the welcome of old days;
No sulphur-fuming, modern grate,
Which black bitumen daily crams,
But waved between its ample jambs
Its flag of hospitable blaze.

A century gone 'twas lined with tiles,
Like those the hearths of Holland
show;

And still each Scripture picture smiles
And brightens in the hickory glow.

Of from those painted sermons rude,
In musing hours of solitude,
A voiceless thought hath searched the
heart

Beyond the theologian's art.
A moral winged with verse may reach
A soul no weightier words will teach,
As arrow from the archer's bow
Has cleaved where falchion failed to
go;

And truths from out a picture oft,
In colors as the iris soft,
May shed an influence to remain
Where argument would strive in vain.

The chairs were quaint, antique, and
tall,

As in some old baronial hall;
And in an alcove dusk and dim,
Like Denmark's mailed and phan-
tom king,

A suit of armor tall and grim
With upraised glaive seemed beck-
oning.

And had it walked, the gazer, drawn,
Must needs have followed on and on!
The perforated steel confessed
What death had pierced the wearer's
breast.

Near by, upon a throne upreared,
A harp of bygone times appeared;
The graceful form was deftly made,
With pearl and precious woods inlaid;
And in the firelight, as of old,
It flushed the shadowy niche with gold.

In all the orchestras which lift
The soul with rapture caught from
far,

As in a bright triumphal car
Round which celestial splendors shift,
No instrument of earth affords

An influence so divine and deep
As when the flying fingers sweep
The harp, with all its wondrous chords.
Around its honored form there lives
Romance mysterious, vague, and
old;

I see the shapes which history gives
The bards in dim traditions told,—
With visions of great kingly halls,
Where red, barbaric splendor falls;
But chiefly I behold and hear—
While bends a troop of seraphs near—
The angels, with their locks of gold.

Such shadowy halls of deep repose
A New-World homestead seldom
shows;

But such the traveller frequent sees,
Embowered within ancestral trees,
In that maternal isle whose breast
First warmed our eagle into life,
And then, with rude, unnatural
strife,
Pushed the brave offspring from her
nest,—

Which, launched upon its sunward
track,
No voice on earth could summon
back.

Here, while I slowly paced the room,
Strange visions filled the fitful gloom.
On soft, invisible feet they came;
I heard them speak,—or was't the
flame

That muttered in the chimney wide?
Faint shadows wavered at my side,
My spirit heard a spirit sigh,
While gauzy garments rustled by!
A pallid phantom of the fire
Leapt o'er the high flame wildly
higher,—

A blaze that vanished with a bound!
A whine escaped the sleeping
hound,—

A sudden wind swept up the lane,
And drove the leaves like frightened
herds;
Some, like the ghosts of summer
birds,
Fluttered against the window-pane.

Hawthorne, my friend, had I your
wand,
How, at the waving of my hand,
The place, and all its grandeur
gone,
Should on the marvelling vision
dawn!

Each shepherdess, or warrior bold,
Each knight and dame, in ruff and
frill,

Obedient to the wizard will,
Should step from antique oak or gold;
Bright eyes should glance, sweet
voices sing,

And light feet trip the waxen floor,
And round the festive board should
ring

The friendly goblets, as of yore;

And Love's sweet grief be newly
told

Under the elm-trees, as of old.

But, ah! the hazel wand you wield
Was grown by that enchanted
stream

Which sometimes flashes through
my dream,
But flows not through my barren
field!

The host came in: he took my
hand:

He saw the wonder on my face,
And said, "Ah, yes: I understand:

You marvel at this curious place,
Which starts your fancy into play.
My locks, you see, are somewhat
gray:

What touches you on me is lost.
This white hair drives romance
away,

As flowers are driven by the frost.
But if a tale would please your ear,
There's one which you are free to
hear.

"Within a little, secret drawer
Of this black, antique escritoire,
I found a simple golden case,
Which held the semblance of a face
So wondrous in its wild attire

Of floating robe and flying hair,
And eyes that thrilled the very air
To pleasure with their starry fire,
That instantly the long-passed name
Blazed on my memory like a flame;

And old traditions, dimmed by
years,
Breathed from invisible lips there
came,

And lingered in my credulous
ears,
And night and day disturbed my
soul,

Until, perforce, I wrote the whole:
That is the picture,—this the scroll.
Draw near; and let wild Autumn
blow:

He does but fan the lighted pyre:
Between the warmth of wine and
fire

Perchance the verse may thaw and
flow

From off the visionary lyre
As in the days of long ago."

PART I.

I.

BERKLEY'S BRIDE.

My grandsire, when he built the place,
Sir Hugh (you may behold him
there,

With ruffles, cue, and powdered
hair,

And proper blandness on his face)
Was Tory, and his loyal soul

No rebel dream could e'er beguile:
He would have had the land in whole,
Colossal, touching either pole,

A likeness of his native isle!

Hence the Elizabethan gables,
The lawns, the elms, the antique sta-
bles,

And all this lumber called *virtù*,
This old time frowning down the new.

But, ere I tell you more of him,
Or point the objects strange and
quaint,

I pray you note these figures dim,
Half hid in dust and cracking paint.

That picture of those little ones,
Which represent Alcmena's sons,
Young Hercules and his weaker
brother,—

One with the snake in his baby
hands,

Crushing it as in iron bands,
While in affright recoils the other,—
Are portraits which the Berkley
mother,

In all the wealth of parental joys,
Had painted of her two fair boys;
And pictured thus, because she knew
There was that difference 'twixt the
two.

The child who holds the writhing
snake

Was Ralph; the one who seems to
quake
And shudder back,—that was Sir
Hugh.

They grew, and oft the quarrel loud
Raged 'twixt them when they were
together:

Sir Hugh was sullen, wintry, proud,
The other fierce as mad March
weather,—

A swift, cloud-blowing, whirling day,
That o'er all obstacles makes way,
Whether in wrath or whether in play,
Striding on to the stormy end,
Breaking what will not bow or bend.

The soul which lights that face of
paint,
You well discern, would scorn re-
straint;

And when he grew a stripling tall,
Knowing himself the younger
brother,

And feeling the coldness of the
other,

The place for him proved far too
small:

So, staying not for leave to ask,
Our Hercules went to seek his task;

And, lest his family might reclaim
The truant, took another name,

Joining the army. Tradition tells
He did some daring miracles.

'Twas said he fell in a midnight trench
At Fort Du Quesne, against the
French.

Sir Hugh was then the only son
To hand the name of Berkley on.

His lady—she who bears a crook,
And shepherds at her careful side
A lamb, while from her eyes a look
Of mildness chastens half her
pride—

Gave to the house one child, and
died.

That child a maiden grown you see,
With laughing eyes and tresses free,
Which wellnigh mocked the
painter's skill:

It glows as if some morning beam
Had poured here in a golden stream,
And, when the sun passed, lingered
still.

A year or two went by, and then
His heart was vacant as his hall.
No pleasure answered to his call,
No joy was in the world of men:
One passion only swayed his mind,
And thrust all other thoughts
aside,—

The passion of ancestral pride.
The blindest of all eyes most blind
Are those forever turned behind.

Sheer to the past he held his face,
 Like some mad boatman on a river,
 With eyes still on some long-gone
 place,
 Until he feels the shock and shiver
 Which tells him he is gone forever.

The empty hall, or vacant heart,
 When a new-comer passes in,
 Throwing the dusty doors apart,
 Sounds and re-echoes with a din
 Which makes the ghostly shadows
 start
 And fly into the dusk remote;
 The webs about the casements float,
 And flutter on the sudden gust;
 The sun pours in its golden dust;
 The phantom Silence dies in air,
 And rapidly from hall to hall,
 With questioning eyes and back-
 ward hair,
 Wild Wonder speeds, and mounts
 the stair,
 Chasing the echoes' far footfall.

Thus into Berkley's hall and heart,
 Led by his fancy's sudden whim,
 Passed a new bride,—a face to dart
 Strange lustre through the twilight
 dim,—
 A soul that even startled him,
 Until he half forgot his pride:
 Else had he never stooped to em-
 bower
 Beneath his ancient roof the flower
 To common wild-wood vines allied.

Thus oft the passion most profound,
 Which triumphed over all the
 past,
 With unexpected halt, wheels round,
 And contradicts itself at last.

He took her from a rival's breast.
 The hot youth dared him to the test:
 Alas! he fell on Berkley's steel;
 And, it is said, through woe or weal
 She ever loved the rival best.

Her heart was like a crystal spring,
 Fluttered by every breezy wing:
 Was there a cloud? a darker shade
 Was in its deep recesses laid;
 Was there a sun? the pool, o'errun
 With glory, seemed to mock the
 sun.

Her black hair, oft with violets twined
 (Her heart was with the wildest
 flowers),
 Tossed back at random, wooed the
 wind,
 That chased her through the forest
 bowers.

The woodman felt his hand relax
 A moment on the lifted axe,
 As through the vistas of the trees
 He saw her glide, a spirit blithe;
 Or, when she tript the harvest leas,
 The singing mower stayed his scythe,
 Watched where she fled, then took
 his way,
 And, mowing, sang no more that day.

With no misgiving thought or doubt,
 Her fond arms clasped his child about,
 In the full mantle of her love;
 For whoso loves the darling flowers
 Must love the bloom of human
 bowers,—

The types of brightest things above.
 One day—one happy summer day—
 She prest it to her tender breast:
 The sunshine of its head there lay
 As pillowed in its native rest,—
 A blissful picture of repose,
 A lily bosomed on a rose:
 The smallest lily of the vale
 Making the rose's sweet breast pale.

One only day,—and then the sire,
 Still to his former spirit true,
 Lest the young bud should take the
 hue
 Of that which glowed too fondly by
 her,—
 Of that sweet wildling, nature's
 own,—
 And thereby learn the look and tone
 Of spirits alien unto pride,
 Conveyed her to the river's side.—
 For months his household felt
 eclipse,—
 And one of his own many ships
 Bore her across the ocean wide;
 And soon in her ancestral isle
 Was shed the sunshine of her smile.

Ere half the summer passed away,
 The lady Berkley grew less gay,
 And, like a captured forest fawn,
 She seemed to mourn some freedom
 gone,—

Mourned for her native mountain-
wild,
From which her feet had been be-
guiled.

Her cheeks grew pale, and dim her
eye,

Her voice was low, her mirth was
stayed;

Upon her heart there seemed to lie
The darkness of a nameless shade;

She paced the house from room to
room,

Her form became a walking gloom.

The menials, in their fancy wise,
Glared at each other with strange
leers;

And, when she met her husband's eyes,
Her sad soul burst to instant tears.

He wondered with a cold surmise,
And questioned with as heartless
words:

And could it be a woodland flower
Would pine within such stately
bower?

Or, favored o'er all forest birds,
Could this one droop with strange
desires

Within a cage of golden wires?

Have you beheld the mountain brook
Turned to some cultured garden-
nook,—

How it grows stagnant in the pool,
Like some wild urchin in a school
That saddens o'er a hateful book?

Thus grew the lady, and her look
Became at last as one insane;

The cloud that long o'ercast her
brain

Still whirled with gusty falls of
rain,

Which drowned her heart and
dimmed her eyes,

As when the dull autumnal skies
Long blur the dreary window-pane.

One morn, strange wonder filled the
place,

And fruitless searching filled the
day;

The stream, the woodland, gave no
trace:

They only knew she passed away,—
Passed like a vision in the air,
With naught to tell of how or where.

Tradition adds how, night by night,
With hanging hair and robes of
white,

With pallid hands together prest
In pain upon her aching breast,

Her spirit walked from room to room,
As if in search of something lost;

That even Berkley shunned the
gloom,

Fearing to meet that breathless
ghost;

For some averred her form had been
Afloat upon the river seen;

While some, with stouter words, re-
plied,

The maniac lady wandered wide
Upon her native mountain-side.

II.

THE WILD WAGONER.

In days long gone, "The Ship and
Sheaf"

Was deemed of goodly inns the
chief:—

"The Ship,"—because its ample door
Fronted the barques that lined the
shore,

Where oft the sun, o'er Delaware,
Looking 'twixt masts and cordage
bare,

Their shadows threw on the sanded
floor,

Sailing a phantom vessel there.

And there the crews from far-off
climes

Reeled in and sang their rough sea-
rhymes,

With laughter learned from the ocean
gale,

As clinked their dripping cups of ale;
While froth was dashed o'er many a
lip,

Like foam against a speeding ship,
And tables chronicled in scars

The tankards and the thirsty tars.

"The Sheaf,"—because the wagoner
there,

The captain of the highway-ship,
Fresh breathing of his mountain air,

Hung on the wall his coat and
whip;

And farmer, bringing his stores to
town,
And drover, who drove his cattle
down,
Conversed of pastures and of
sheaves,
The season's drouth, or ruinous rain,
Or told of fabulous crops of grain,
Or fields where grazed incredible
beeves.

'Twas April, and the evening winds
Were rattling at the open blinds;
The sign, upon its hinge of rust,
Made dreary answer to the gust,
That smote the masts like an ocean
squall,
And, whistling, mocked the boat-
swain's call.

The latch went up; the door was
thrown

Awide, as by a tempest blown;
While, bold as an embodied storm,
Strode in a dark and stalwart form,
And all the lights in the sudden wind
Flared as he slammed the door be-
hind.

The noisy revellers ceased their din,
And into the corner skulked the cur,
As the startled keeper welcomed in
The feared and famous wagoner!
Not long they brooked the keen eye-
glance

Who gazed into that countenance;
And even in his mildest mood
His voice was sudden, loud, and rude
As is a swollen mountain-stream.
He spoke as to a restive team.

His team was of the wildest breed
That ever tested wagoner's skill:
Each was a fierce, unbroken steed,
Curbed only by his giant will;
And every hostler quaked with fear
What time his loud bells wrangled
near.

On many a dangerous mountain-
track,

While oft the tempest burst its wrack,
When lightning, like his mad whip-
lash,

Whirled round the team its crooked
flash,

And horses reared in fiery fright,

While near them burst the thunder-
crash,
Then heard the gale his voice of
might.

The peasant from his window gazed,
And, staring through the darkened
air,
Saw, when the sudden lightning
blazed,
The fearful vision plunging there!

And oft on many a wintry hill
He dashed from out the vale below,
And heaved his way through drifts
of snow,
While all his wheels, with voices
shrill,
Shrieked to the frosty air afar,
As if December's tempest-car
Obeyed the winter's maniac will.

Ye knew him well, ye mountain-
miles,
Throughout your numerous dark de-
files:—

Where Juniata leaps away
On feathery wings of foam and spray;
Or queenly Susquehanna smiles,
Proud in the grace of her thousand
isles;

Where Poet and Historian fling
Their light o'er classic Wyoming;
And you, ye green Lancastrian
fields,
Rich with the wealth which Ceres
yields;

And Chester's storied vales and hills,
In depths of rural calm divine,
Where reels the flashing Brandy-
wine

And dallies with its hundred mills.

Such was the figure, strange and wild;
And at his side a twelve-years child—
An eagle-eyed, bright, wondering
lad,

In rustic winter garments clad—
Entered, and held the wagoner's
hand,

While on his visage, flushed and
tanned,

A pleasure mingled with amaze
Parted his lips and filled his gaze.
His hair was wavy, long, and black,
And from his forehead drifted back

By the last greeting of the gale,
Where still the random rain and
hail

Clung glistening like the tangled
pearls
In careless locks of Indian girls.

The host with usual "welcome"
smiled,
And praised the bright-eyed stranger
child;

Whereat the wagoner lightly spake:—
"Be all your praising for his sake:
I found him in the wagon-trough
A-swinging like a cradled thing;
With angry words I bade him off,—
He stared with large eyes wonder-
ing;

And answered that his way was
long,

His knees were tired, his feet were
sore;

And then his face new brightness
wore,

And straight his spirit burst to song:
I listened, and my frown gave o'er.

"My nature, like my hand, is rough,
My heart is of rude mountain stuff;
And yet, I own, a laughing child
Can make at times my temper mild.

"I placed him on the wheel-horse
back,

Where shoulder-shaken bells were
ringing.

The king of all the bells was he,—
So silver-clear his voice of glee;

And there he cheered the way with
singing,

Till music filled our dreary track.

"There is not much I ask or need;
Yet would I give my favorite steed
To sing the song he sang to-day,
And for a heart as light and gay:
The very team went rearing mad
With joy beneath his voice so glad,
As when the steeds of battle hear
The wild war-clarion ringing near.
Come, my young wood-bird, sing
again

That breezy song,—that mountain
strain."

And thus, from lips of fresh delight,
The wild and artless song took flight.

SONG.

I.

Where sweeps round the mountains
The cloud on the gale,
And streams from their fountains
Leap into the vale,—
Like frightened deer leap when
The storm with his pack
Rides over the steep in
The wild torrent's track,—
Even there my free home is;
There watch I the flocks
Wander white as the foam is
On stair-ways of rocks.
Secure in the gorge there
In freedom we sing,
And laugh at King George, where
The Eagle is king.

II.

I mount the wild horse with
No saddle or rein,
And guide his swift course with
A grasp on his mane;
Through paths steep and narrow,
And scorning the crag,
I chase with my arrow
The flight of the stag.
Through snow-drifts engulfing.
I follow the bear,
And face the gaunt wolf when
He snarls in his lair,
And watch through the gorge there
The red panther spring,
And laugh at King George, where
The Eagle is king.

III.

When April is sounding
His horn o'er the hills,
And brooklets are bounding
In joy to the mills,—
When warm August slumbers
Among her green leaves,
And Harvest encumbers
Her garners with sheaves,—
When the fall of November
Is swinging with might,
And the miller December
Is mantled with white,—
In field and in forge there
The free-hearted sing,
And laugh at King George, where
The Eagle is king.

Some praised the voice, and some, in doubt,
 With look uncertain, gazed about ;
 And some, with loyal feeling strong,
 Condemned the singer and the song,
 And swore it was a rebel strain.
 They would not calmly hear again.
 Whereat the wagoner's eyes of fire
 Flashed round a withering look of ire ;
 His brows grew black, his temple-veins
 Grew large, like brooks with sudden rains ;
 From face to face he bent his glance,
 And searched each quailing countenance.

Thus for a time great Henry stood,
 When cries of "treason" fired his blood,
 Till from his quivering lips was hurled
 The answer that awoke the world.
 And thus the last of all that band,*
 The giants of our native land,
 The safeguards in our darkest hours,
 Our bulwarks and our sentinel towers,
 Oft stood, and from his cavernous eyes
 Sped to the heart his great replies :
 Far in advance he fiercely sent
 The fiery shaft of argument ;
 And, when he spoke, 'twas but to tell
 In thunder where the red bolt fell !

Thus stood the wagoner, till at length,
 With voice subdued to conscious strength,
 He spoke, and said, " Our eagle's wing
Shall mount, the eagle *shall* be king !
 And jackals shall be heard no more
 When Freedom's monarch bird shall soar."

'Twas passed, and none essayed reply :
 Defeat or triumph filled each eye.
 Whence came the boy ? was asked in vain ;
 What errand brought the truant down ?
 What would he in the noisy town ?—
 Conjecture but replied again.

The wagoner drew the host aside,
 And said, " The storm approaches near,
 And soon its bolts must be defied :
 For me its thunders bring no fear ;
 But for this tender fledgling here,
 'Twere well if he awhile might rest
 Secure in some protected nest.

" This hand that long has grasped the whip
 Must shortly take within its grip
 Another scourge, and boldly deal
 The blow a tyrant needs must feel :
 Hence it were best the boy should be
 Removed a little space from me,
 Lest that the battling oak might wrong
 The eaglet it has sheltered long."

Then said the landlord, as he took
 Another survey of the face,
 " It was no fancy made me trace
 In that young form the Ringbolt look.
 Although your answer seemed to say
 He crossed but now your townward way."

" Even as I told," the wagoner said,
 " The urchin, wild of heart and head,
 Wishing to follow where I led,
 Stealthily stole behind the wain,
 Breasting the gusts of hail and rain.
 It was no easy task, I fear,
 For one so young to keep so near.
 For miles I thought I heard the heat
 And splash, behind, of following feet.
 You well may guess with what surprise
 I met the truant's laughing eyes.
 And how that face of brave delight,
 While in the trough he sat upright,
 Put all my chiding words to flight.

" All day my thoughts were somewhat sad
 With too much dwelling on the lad,
 Contriving where I best might trust
 His sheltered head when comes the gust.
 For when it comes, I must be where
 The thickest dangers are to dare ;
 And there are cowards who would make
 The boy a victim for my sake.

* Webster.

It was for this I would not own
 Before these Tories of the town
 The child was aught to me beside
 A friendless truant wandering down,
 Whom, pitying, I allowed to ride.

"And now, my friend, I ask of you
 To aid me in my urgent need,—
 To give or find the boy a home
 Where present danger may not come:
 For this you shall receive your due,
 Even though it cost my last good
 steed."

The host replied, "Leave that to me:
 There's many a one comes here to
 dine
 Would joy beside his chair to see
 So lithe an urchin serve his wine."

"*Serve!*"—but between the wagoner's
 teeth
 The word was crushed to instant
 death:
 His brow grew black a moment, then
 As quickly it was cleared again.
 "Be it, good landlord, as you say,"
 He murmured: "'tis but for a day,"
 And then abruptly turned away.

Under the gable-roof the boy
 Soon prest the soothing bed with joy:
 A little while he heard the sigh
 Of winds like spirits hovering nigh,
 The weather-vane that creaked aloof,
 The slumberous rain along the roof,
 And breathed the scent of bundled
 herbs

Close to the waspy rafters hung;
 Then heard the hour from the belfry
 flung,
 And then the watch along the curbs,
 With voice that warns but not dis-
 turbs;
 Then slept, and dreamed of his native
 place,
 And woke with the red sun on his face.

III.

THE HEIRESS.

OUT of the sea, and over the land,
 Over the level Jersey sand,
 Making the bay with splendor quiver,
 Flashing a glory up the river,

Came the morn on its wheel of fire,
 Flinging flame from its glowing tire.

And with the morning, up the tide,
 Through golden vapor dim descried,
 A distant ship was seen to ride,
 Vague as a vessel in a dream,—
 More in the sky than on the stream.

Down to the wharf a horseman rode,
 As oft on many a morn before,
 To note the barques that inland
 bore;
 And when his glance had swept the
 shore,

His face with sudden pleasure glowed.
 He gave the rein to a boy near by,
 And raised him in his stirrups high,
 And poised the glass at his anxious
 eye.—

Long time with breathless breast he
 gazed,
 Then deeply sighed, "Now, Heaven
 be praised!"

And to a skipper sauntering past
 He cried, "Unless my vision fail,
 I know the set of yonder sail,
 And the streamer at her mast!"

The skipper then a moment scanned
 The ship beneath his shading hand,
 And answered, with a sudden
 smile,

"Ay, ay, sir: I should know that
 deck:

The same that saved us once from
 wreck,—
 'The Lady of the Isle'!"

In haste the rider grasped the rein,
 And turned his restive steed again,
 Yet, ere he sped, with hand of joy
 A coin of silver flung the boy,
 And, as he threw, looked down and
 smiled;

And then, as if some form had risen
 To meet him from its churchyard
 prison,
 He stared upon the wondering child.
 He would have spoke; but gayly
 now,

Before the startled words could join,
 The boy was toying with the coin,
 Twirling it in the sunny air,
 Laughing to see it flashing there.

A moment the rider pressed his
 brow,



THE WAGONER OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

*"And with the morning, up the tide,
Through golden vapor dim descried,
A distant ship was seen to ride
Vague as a vessel in a dream."*

Then dashed the vision in scorn aside,
And glanced again o'er the distant
tide,

And, with a face of new delight,
Struck to the rowels the glittering
spurs:

The steed obeyed the urging burrs,
And bore proud Berkley out of
sight.

The hour went by. Before the town
The ship came up; the sails were
doft;

The happy crew, a low and aloft,
Sang as the anchor rattled down.—
Down and down, as the windlass
flew,
Linking the Old World with the
New.

A crowd was gathering on the wharf,
A crowd leaned on the vessel's side,
And here and there a waving scarf
Bespoke some welcome friend de-
scried.

At the open gang a maiden stood,
Reflected in the happy flood,—
Oh, enviable flood, how blest
With such a vision on thy breast!—
Stood like a timid, startled fawn
Gazing where its mates are gone;
Stood like a white star in the dawn,
Looking with inquiring eyes
Where its westward pathway lies.

Loud rumbling to the shore anon
A stately coach came proudly drawn,
With the ancient Berkley arms
thereon;

And soon to land the maid, whose
hair

Shed amber beauty in the air,
Was borne, and on her father's breast
The long-expected child was prest.

The gold of fifteen summer suns
Was tangled in young Esther's
locks;

Her voice, it was a rill that runs
Half spray among the flowers and
rocks;

The hues of the dewiest violet
Within her liquid eyes were set;
Her form was small, her figure light
As is some fabled fountain-sprite;

The ærial scarf about her twined
Like gossamer, seemed to woo the
wind;

A shape so light, she seemed to be
That vision which poets only see,—
The spirit of that iris small
Poised on the mist of a waterfall.

Foremost amid the crowd amazed
The truant urchin stood and gazed.
His sunbrown cheek and large dark
eyes,

His long black hair and rustic guise,
Contrasted with the maiden bright,
In her auroral beauty dight,
As if some offspring of the eve
His dusk home in the west should
leave,

To gaze, by love and wonder drawn,
On some fair daughter of the dawn.

Again the proud man, in his joy,
Shuddered as he beheld the boy;
But the happy maid looked round and
smiled,—

Smiled through her tears at the vision
wild

Of flashing eyes and raven hair,
And cheeks long tanned by mountain-
air.

That smile went to the urchin's heart,
Secure as ever archer's dart
Sped to the target's central shade,
Long quivering where it struck and
stayed.

But soon the carriage, with rumbling
loud,

Conveyed the lovely shape from
sight;

And he felt like a traveller in the
night

When the moon glides into a thunder-
cloud

And will no more return to sight.

Out of the vessel came many a box
Of Berkley's treasures manifold;
Some with iron bands and locks,
Some from the cabin, some from
the hold.

Some were carried, some were
rolled;

But one, with curious shape, to
shore

With careful hands the sailors bore:

They said it contained a harp of gold
Of strange device,—they knew no
more.

A wain took up the various load ;
The truant followed it out of town,
By wild, adventurous wonder drawn,
Along the winding highway road,
Where Berkley Hall looked proudly
down
Over its river-reaching lawn.

When Berkley saw the boy again,
He took him by the willing hand,
And asked him questions simple,
plain,

In easy words to understand ;
But still the youth, with laughing
eyes,
Made answer with wide, vague re-
plies ;
Nor would he tell from whence he
came,
But answered, " Ugo " was his name.

And then the master smoothed his
hair,

And said, in soothing accents mild,
" It is a barren world, my child,
And full of hearts as bleak and bare
As is a winter heath forlorn,
Where only thrives the tangled
thorn ;

And when a stray lamb wanders there
Its sides are sorely fleeced and torn.
What can you to secure your bread ?
Or how at night procure your bed ? "

The boy looked up with wondering
face,
Which told such thought had never
place

Within the precincts of his brain ;
And then he gayly cried again,
With voice on laughter's sudden
wing,

" So please you, master, I can sing ! "

" A fair profession, by my troth ! "

Sir Hugh replied, " when tune and
words

Are fitted well, and, suiting both,
The spirit with the voice accords :
But they come off the hungriest
birds

Who, so enamored of their strain,
Sing while the others, in the grain,
With voiceless but industrious beaks,
Feed well through all the harvest
weeks.

But pour me from your frolic heart
A sample of your vocal art. "

His simple tongue no urging stayed,
And thus the call for song was paid.

SONG.

I.

Where the peaks first greet the
morn,
Where the mighty streams are
born,—
Streams that sweep from east to
west,
Bearing great arks on their breast,—
Where the eagle rears her young
Barren rocks and pines among,
There's a child which knows no fear,
In the home of the mountaineer.

II.

Oft among the forests wild
The lone woodman hears the child
Singing with the earliest dawn,
And his playmate is a fawn :
When that fawn's broad antlers
spring,
They shall hear him louder sing ;
Then his startling song shall cheer
Far and wide the mountaineer.

III.

Then his hero-hand shall take
In its grasp a crested snake,
And its front, so proudly crowned,
Shall be humbled to the ground,—
Humbled, trampled in the sand,—
And no longer fright the land ;
Then the world shall thrill to hear
Songs of that young mountaineer.

The listener, half-way frowning,
smiled,

And said, " Perchance you are that
child
Far wandering from your mountains
wild,

And full of those obnoxious songs
But fit for rebel ears and tongues?"

"Oh, no!" the laughing youth replied;

"Although I come from the mountain-side,

My songs I learned from a school-man gray,

Who, when the children went to play,
Oft called us round him in a ring,
And, singing, taught us all to sing."

Then Berkley's brow relaxed his frown,

And he looked still more kindly down;

For there was something in that voice
Which made him sigh and yet rejoice;
And then he cried, "Come in! come in!—

I care not what your kith or kin,
Your face and singing please me well;

And, if you will, here may you dwell,

And be, till your maturer age,
A gentle lady's faithful page."

IV.

THE WELCOME.

DAYS passed; and now from Berkley Hall,

When evening sped her herald star,
Gay music, with wild rise and fall,
Streamed on the air; the windows all
Shot their red beams of splendor far,

Firing the dark like beacon-torches;
While, like a wedding-train, there flowed

Gay coaches up the winding road,
Grating the gravel near the porches.

Form after form, in rich attire
Of gems and rustling garments bright,

Swept like shadows out of the night
Into the sudden blaze of light,
Gleaming as in a robe of fire.

The peasant on the distant slope,
AgaZe at joys beyond his hope,

Believing the world was what it seemed,—

Alas that others should be more wise!—

Beheld them glide, as he fondly deemed,

Into a transient paradise.

Along the casements he saw them pass,

As phantoms on the flaming glass;
And when the music awoke the dance,
Like shadows they seemed to sway and glance,

Or revellers seen in a dreamer's trance.

Fond soul, could some kind sprite have shown

Some hearts beneath those robes and gems,

The smile without, within the groan,
He had not sighed that, poor, unknown,

He stood apart in the open air,
Or bartered his peace with the proudest there

To wear the wealth of diadems.

On the side of the neighboring height
He saw the modest cottage light

Gleam, like a glow-worm in the night,
Through the foliage deep and dark:

Strange contrast to the splendor bright
Burning in midst of Berkley Park.

And could the marvelling man have seen

As clearly into that home serene

As into that glittering hall of pride,—
Have seen the pastor's patriarch hair

Bending over the volume wide,
And heard the old clock on the stair

Saying its "Amen" to the prayer,
And, when the evening hymn was sung,

Joining with its silver tongue,—

He had not sighed o'er his station mean,

While hearkening to that worldly din,

Nor envied the tinsel triumph thin

Of the stateliest hero of the scene.

But hearts are human moths, alas!

Fluttering against the glittering glass,

Flying from Nature's flowery ways
To worship and die at a transient blaze.

Within, beneath the chandeliers,
Wealth, envious of her two com-
peers,
Beauty and Wit, her shoulders bare,
Strode with her diamond front in
air.

There Beauty walked, too oft a shell,
A bower of roses round a cell,
A casket exquisitely bright,
With not a jewel hid from sight;
Like those proud piles by travellers
found

In foreign lands, with statues crowned,
Covered with all that charms the eye,
While within sits Poverty,
Cowering in the ancestral dust,
With scarce an ember or a crust.

And Wit, with sparkling glance, was
there,
With flashing words of transient
glare,
Of satire or of flattery,—
Thoughts that lorded or bowed the
knee:
They who lord it with haughtiest
brow

Have ever the supplest knees to bow.
All these, Wealth, Beauty, Wit,
bright three,—

Graces they were by Heaven de-
signed,
But oftener grow, through vanity,
The vices that ensnare the mind.

But there was one in whom these
three

Were joined in sweetest unity,—
To all the Virtues reconciled,
But chiefly Charity's favorite child.

So bright the spirit her form en-
shrined,

So clearly the face displayed the
mind,
That the coldest gazer's heart 'gan
melt,

And, in after-days of memory, felt
A kindlier impulse toward his kind:
And it was all to welcome her
The glittering groups collected were

Through the crowd, on her father's
arm,—

How proud he was! how very
proud!—

She passed, like a ray of sunshine
warm
Cleaving its way through a broken
cloud.

First there was silence,—breaths long
drawn,

As they would breathe her beauty
in,

And eyes full-orbed, as they would
win

New light from her enchanted dawn;
And then the sudden whisper stirred,
Like winds within the aspens heard.

The proud man caught the applause
around,

That thrilled his depths of pride pro-
found,

Where it echoed, like a bugle wound
Near caverns that prolong the sound.

Then to her thronéd harp he led,
Where lustre of gold and pearl was
shed,

Like the light that flushed the air
Around the maiden's pearl-looped
hair.

A moment her timorous fingers tried
The chords that tremulously replied,
Like reeds beside a little lake.

Warned by a breeze ere the winds
awake:

She toyed with the prelude; but not
long

The herald notes foreran the song.

SONG.

I.

What though my feet have wandered
far

Through groves and lawns of an-
tique shores,

Where ever to the morning star

The enamored lark her love-song
pours,

And through enchanted woods and
vales

Romance still walks, a spirit free,
Thrilled by the poet-nightingales:

I turn, dear native land, to thee.

II.

It is not that thy giant floods
Sweep seaward with unrivalled
flow ;
It is not that thy pathless woods
Have majesty no others show ;
Not for thy matchless inland seas,
Wider than eagle's eye discerns,
Nor mountains vast ;—'tis not for
these
My heart, dear land, to thee re-
turns :—

III.

Not for thy seasons, though they
sweep
From unknown continents of ice,
Or, waked in tropic forests deep,
Bring summer from the land of
spice ;
Not that thy fiery forest-trees,
At harvest-close, with splendors
burn
In hues triumphant ;—not for these
To thee, dear land, my steps re-
turn.—

IV.

Not only that my native hearth
Is shrined among thy greenest hills,
Or that my earliest infant mirth
Was learned among thy flowers
and rills,
But, chiefly, that before thee opes
A glorious future, grand and free,
And thou hast all my brightest
hopes,—
For this, dear land, I turn to thee.

To give the words by a maiden sung
After they have passed her tongue,
When more than half of all the grace
Was in her voice and on her face,
Is but to render a cup long drawn,
With all its effervescence gone ;
'Tis but to treasure in after-hours
The garland of faded and dewless
flowers
That in the flood of the banquet-light
Made the wearer's brow more bright.
Had another dared the same to sing,
They had denounced it a rebel thing ;

But from her lips could come no
wrong :
So they praised the singer and the
song.

'Mid those who listened, too rapt to
praise,
Like blossoms that close in the sun's
full blaze,
Folding the ecstasy into the heart
In silence, lest the smallest part
Should exhale on the breath of joy
expressed,
Stood one, a chance-invited guest,
Half hidden by a curtain's fold,
Too modest and proud to be more
bold,
A youth—the neighboring pastor's
son—
Whose mind and mien had already
won
The wide applause which oft exalts
Till envy finds the virtues faults.
A student he was, with cheeks grown
pale,
Long bleached in that scholastic vale
Where mild-eyed Meditation camps
Among her midnight books and
lamps.

But as he stood and heard her sing,
And gazed with charmed lips apart,
The joy long nestling in his heart
Flew to his cheek on flaming wing.
So feels the prisoner when his cell
Flies open, as by a miracle ;
So glows he, breathing what freedom
yields
That first hour in the summer fields.

Yes ; love, and wonder, and delight,
All three into his breast took flight ;
And those who knew young Edgar
best
Noted the change on his face con-
fessed.

Near by, with scarlet coat and plume,
Like a bonfire in the room,
An officer of the royal troops
Blazed among the admiring groups,
Who, when his eye approval glanced,
Or when he spoke the applauding
word,
Deemed Berkley's honor was ad-
vanced ;

And, he, too, felt a new delight,
 And deigned from his great warrior
 height
 To stoop, and own his heart was
 stirred.

Outside, in the stars' still light,
 Like a spirit of the night,
 Pressing close to the window-pane,
 With eyes of wonder and mirth in-
 sane,
 There looked a face which shunned
 the gaze,
 Coming and going, as a shadow plays
 When the wind, with rise and fall,
 Sways the elm-shade on the wall.

This with a smile the maiden saw,
 Saw it come and then withdraw;
 And oft they knew not why she
 smiled,

Nor saw the vision strange and wild
 Which she beheld with looks of joy,—
 The frolic-hearted truant boy.

Thus oft beside a delirious child
 The watchers see upon its face
 Expressions which they cannot trace,
 And where its eyes so fondly turn
 They look, but nothing can discern,
 Still conscious of a presence near
 Of what they cannot see or hear.

After the supper and the wine,
 Where flowed the Moselle and the
 Rhine,
 And Burgundy and prouder Spain,
 Disputing, held divided reign,—
 For Berkley deemed the worst of faults
 Poor brands, or scant-provided
 vaults,—

Out they sallied into the air;
 And the great white moon was there.
 In merry groups about the green
 They strolled, and praised the night
 serene;

Here the laugh and there the song
 Waked from sleep the feathery throng,
 Nested in the vernal realms
 Of the poplars and the elms.
 Their heads unsheathing from the
 wing,

Some, which only the dark makes
 dumb,

Wondered if the dawn had come,—
 The time to deck their plumes and
 sing.

In the grove the whippoorwill
 Forgot his story, and sat still:
 But all who tell a tale of pain
 Know well the place to begin again.

Music on a waveless stream
 Where the stars and moonshine gleam,
 While the light oar noiseless dips,
 And then, lifting, brightly drips,
 As if hung with pearl-strings rare,
 Caught from the water-spirits' hair;
 Then the music-freighted boat
 Seems some fairy ark afloat,
 Filled with groups of airy elves
 Playing to delight themselves,
 Blowing marvellous instruments,
 With a thrill of joy intense,
 Until the sounds that ring afar
 Seem blown from many a clarion star;
 Or as the thin rays of the moon,
 By some marvellous alchemy,
 Were changed from light to melody,
 One-half lustre, one-half tune;
 Or as the veil of the other world
 Were partly lifted, partly furled,
 And underneath the soft notes born
 In the eternal fields of morn
 Were wafted, on the wings of bliss,
 Out of that realm into this.

Such were the sounds there heard to
 flow

From off the winding stream below,—
 Till suddenly a clattering steed
 Dashed up the road in furious speed;
 But soon the checking rein was drawn,
 And now the rider gained the lawn.

And into Berkley's ear apart
 He breathed a word that thrilled his
 heart;

And then from group to group it
 passed,

Quaking the breast from first to last:
 Something about a rebel troop,
 Like an eagle, soon to swoop;
 How some of that obnoxious clan,
 With horrid noise of horn and pan,¹⁰
 Had borne in mockery up and down,

In a rough and jolting car,
 The noisiest Tory of the town,

And only spared the plumes and tar
 Because they deemed the honor due
 To loyalists of deeper hue.

And it was said, and well believed,
 And much the king's supporters
 grieved,

That many a secret rebel band
 Was swiftly forming through the
 land;
 Nor could the wisest well divine
 The object of their full design,
 But knew it much behooved them
 each
 To be prepared or out of reach.
 And—who could tell?—before they
 knew,
 Some lawless and marauding crew—
 None guessed their number or their
 power—
 Might choose in such a festive hour
 To burst into their midst and lay
 A tax which it were hard to pay.

Scarce was the warning heard before
 There was swift mounting at Berkley
 door,

And jostling hurry down roads of dust,
 As if they fled from a thunder-gust!

They swept along the highway white,
 Like autumn leaves before the wind
 Which heralds the drowning storm
 behind,

And round the far hill passed from
 sight.

v.

THE UNWELCOME.

PROUD Berkley, while his arm was
 placed

Around his daughter's slender waist,
 As up the lawn they swiftly paced,
 Called loudly to his men in haste
 To make the outer gates secure,
 To bar and lock the stable door,
 Then loose the iron kennel-check
 From off the savage mastiff's neck.

But scarce their feet had pressed the
 floor

Beside the open entrance-door,
 When still he heard the revelling din
 Of some who drank and laughed
 within.

Then cried the host, in gayer strain,
 "It seems some lingering guests re-
 main,

To praise those old Burgundian casks
 Or compliment the Rhenish flasks.

This suits me well. I'll bid them stay
 And revel till the break of day;
 For where such manly mirth is made
 No rebel band will dare invade."

He paced the hall like a generous host,
 And laughed to hear the loud up-
 roar,

Then cried, as he swung the festive
 door,

"Fill up, my friends, to a loyal toast!
 Fill high!"—but, at the sight re-
 vealed,

Some sudden paces backward reeled,
 Like a stunned warrior on the field,
 And stood a moment dumb and lost,
 Like one who meets a midnight ghost.
 Then stammered, "If my sight be
 true,

This 'is an honor scarcely due.

To what may I ascribe, strange sirs,
 The presence of such visitors?"

"To what," cried one, with the voice
 of a gale

That laughs through an Allegha-
 nian pine,

"But to drink your health in good
 red wine

Till its hue returns to your cheek so
 pale?"

And then the dozen sturdy men
 Laughed, and brimmed their cups
 again,

And drained them to the hearty toast
 Of Berkley Manor and its host.

'Twas hard to see his dear old wines,
 The heart's blood of the noblest vines,
 Poured by a rough and sunburnt hand
 To nourish the souls of a rebel band.
 He heard the very wine's heart throb
 As it flowed from the flask with a sigh
 and a sob;

The bubbles that wept around each
 rim

Looked with imploring eyes at him.

Then swelled that gusty voice once
 more,

As the speaker rose full six feet four:—
 "That loyal toast you left unsaid,

To spare your breath, I propose in-
 stead;

And let the craven, who dares, resist
 To drink the toast of a loyalist!"

Sir Hugh a moment felt relieved :
 That word,—perchance he had been
 deceived ;
 They surely could no rebels be
 Who proffered toasts to loyalty.
 A goblet into his hand was thrust,
 Brimming and dripping, and drink he
 must.

“ Here’s to our royal governors,
 And every man who such prefers !
 May Heaven on their advancement
 smile
 In their speedy return to their native
 isle ! ”

Before his sense the words explained,
 The lifted cup was wellnigh drained.
 Then burst the intruders’ laughter-
 roar,

While stood the host with bewildered brain.
 They rose and bowed, and said no
 more,
 And now behind them slammed the
 door ;

He heard them descend the river-
 lane
 With laugh and song, and all was o’er.
 They had come like a sudden burst
 of rain,
 And, like a gust, withdrew again,—
 Their voices dying beyond the lawn,
 Like rumbling clouds when the storm
 is gone.

Then in chagrin he dashed the glass
 Down to the floor, a shattered mass,
 And glared thereon, till, laughing,
 came,

Queen of the keys, the brave house-
 dame,—

A woman tall and somewhat sere,
 But, like October, calm and clear ;
 Her dark eye still retained its ray,
 Her hair its gloss, though touched
 with gray.

She cried, “ You had strange guests
 to-night,

And such not often you invite
 Did but the world know who were
 here,

Yours would a rebel name appear.”

To which Sir Hugh, with anger red,
 “ May a thousand plagues light on
 each head !

I cannot guess what men they be :
 I only know they drank my wine :—
 Would they might hang, a scare-
 crow line,
 On the next lightning-blasted tree ! ”

Hulda replied, “ Unless I err,
 I heard a voice I have heard before :
 Each tone of his is a clinging burr,
 That from the memory will not stir.—
 Though it is full ten years, or more,
 Since last I heard his laughter-roar,
 Or his great stride along the floor,
 I would know, though twice as long
 it were,
 Ringbolt, the wilful wagoner.”

Then, in silence and in gloom,
 The proud man passed to his private
 room,

And paced the floor, in spirit vexed,
 With dusky fancies sore perplexed,—
 Thought of his daughter, thought of
 his pride,

And of a hundred things beside.
 But soon o’er his soul of turbulence
 The quiet stole, and soothed the sense,
 As silence with its hand at last
 Smooths the pool where the storm has
 passed.

But hark !—was it the rising wind
 Swinging the boughs on the window-
 blind ?

Or chimney-swallows come anew,
 And talking in the sooty cavern,
 Conversing as room-mate travellers do
 Ere they go to sleep in a wayside
 tavern ?

Or was it some burglarious crew,
 With many a stealthy gouge and
 scratch,
 Working their way from screw to
 screw,

Mining around the bolt and latch,
 With jar and screech, by sure degrees,
 Or torturing locks with skeleton keys ?

His heart beat loud : he spake no word,
 But seized two pistols and a sword ;
 With cautious hand he oped the
 door,—

It creaked as it never creaked be-
 fore,—

Then descended the stair ; in his soul
 he vowed

He never knew them to crack so loud.

At every step he seemed to hear
The noises more distinct and near;
Now at the pistol-pans he tapped,
And cocked the flints,—how loud they
snapped!—

Then followed the sounds with breath-
less care,
Here encountered a table, and there a
chair,
Till it seemed as if to retard his pace
Each article had changed its place.

The wave of every curtain's fold
Now made his trembling heart less
bold,
Lest, issuing from the midnight air,
His phantom bride should meet him
there,
With wild mysterious eyes to peer
Into his shuddering soul of fear.

But now he gained the parlor door
The noise was louder than before,—
A strange, mad music,—a grate,—a
jar,—

Like a maniac trying to tune a guitar.
By inch and by inch, he opened the
door,

Saw long phantom windows stretch
over the floor,
Made by the moon, and in the full
flood,

Up at the end where the golden harp
stood,

Beheld—and his heart strangely
thrilled at the sight—

The cause of the noises, the source
of his fright.

He gazed with anger mixed with joy,
As he beheld the marvellous boy,—
Anger at the fears unbounded,
Joy that they had proved unfounded:
One long relieving breath he drew,
Then gazed with silent, steadfast view.

Close to the harp the urchin prest
And clasped it fondly to his breast,
Then softly o'er his fingers stirred,
To wake the tones he late had heard;
Now stopped among the bass per-
plexed,

Then tried the tinkling treble next;
Now over all his wild hands sped,
And then, despairing, he shook his
head;

His large eyes, wondering, seemed to
say
The music had gone with the maid
away.

Then he arose, with puzzled air,
And gazed upon the pictures there,
Marvelling much that such things
were,

All so alive, and yet no stir:
And now he climbed into the niche
Where stood the suit of armor rich,
With golden tracery embossed,
And gazed on it in wonder lost,
From head to foot, with searching scan,
Surveyed the marvellous iron man;
Then, with a hand that nothing feared,
The visor carefully upreared,—
While Berkley saw, with a shudder
of dread,

The horrid yawn of that iron head,—
Looked calmly in, and nothing saw,
Then closed it, having felt no awe.

Methinks to the angel of Peace
'twould be

A charmed and sacred sight to see
A child by an offcast coat of war,
Who dreamed not what 'twas fash-
ioned for.

Heaven send the time when bloody
Mars

Shall only be known among the stars,
And his armor, with its thousand
scars,

In a niche, as a curious thing, be bound,
And peered into, and nothing found!
Oh, would some sweet bird of the
South¹¹

Might build in every cannon's mouth,
Till the only sound from its rusty
throat

Should be the wren's or the blue-
bird's note,

That doves might find a safe resort
In the embrasures of every fort!

Again to the harp the urchin passed,
And sat him down, subdued and
tame,

And seeming overweighed at last,
He leaned against the golden frame;
His black hair drooped along the
strings,

Like a fainting night-bird's wings;
A long sigh heaved his tired breast,
And slumber soothed him into rest.

There, like a spirit bright and good,
The guardian moon above him stood :
She kissed his cheeks, caressed his
hair,

And filled with happy dreams the air,
Till the smile which o'er his features
strayed

The pleasure at his heart betrayed.

Sir Hugh approached the sleeping
child,

And stood with wondering thoughts
beguiled.

How beautiful the picture there!—

The gold harp propping the weary
head,

The flashing cords, the shadowy hair,
And over all the moonshine shed !

That slumbering face, it touched his
heart,

And bade the puzzled memories start ;
He had seen it in a dream before,—

A dream long gone, to come no more.

To keep the weary sleeper warm,

He spread a mantle where he lay,

And pressed it softly round his form,

Then turned with noiseless feet
away,

And left him there to dream at
large,

The shadows' and the white moon's
charge.

VI.

THE RISING.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled
skies.

And there was tumult in the air,

The fife's shrill note, the drum's
loud beat,

And through the wide land every-
where

The answering tread of hurrying
feet,

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington.

And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

The strife was loud, the time was
wild,

When from the sky Heaven's favorite
child,

Sweet Liberty, in joy descended ;

A veil of lightning round her clung,

Whereon the stars of morning hung,

While o'er her head Jove's eagle
swung,

With all his thunderbolts attended.

She came with Victory hand in hand,

Whose flashing eyes and streaming
hair

And gleaming robes and flaming
brand

Shot splendor through the dusky
air,

And gladdened the awakening land.

Wild was the night ; but wilder still

The day which saw those sisters
bright,

In all their beauty and their might,

Hanging above the battle-stroke,

Waving like banners through the
smoke

That veiled the heights of Bunker
Hill.

The field was wellnigh won, when, lo !

From the enraged and reeling foe

Another charge, another blow,

That reached and smote the patriot
chief.

Pale Liberty recoiled a pace,

And for a moment veiled her face ;

While Victory o'er her hero prest,

And wildly wept on Warren's breast

The first tears of her grief.

Alas ! that moment was her cost :—

When she looked up, the field was
lost.

"Lost ? lost ?" she cried. "It shall
not be,

While Justice holds her throne on
high !

By Heaven ! for every martyr dead,

For every sacred drop here shed

From out the brave hearts of the free,

The foe shall doubly bleed and die !"

Such was the voice that fiercely rung
From brave New England's rocks
and pines ;

Such were the notes that echo flung
Far southward, from its clarion
tongue,

Through all the Alleghanian lines ;
And every homestead heard the call,
And one great answer flamed through
all.

Each sacred hearth-stone, deep and
wide,

Through many a night glowed
bright and full ;

The matron's great wheel at its side

No more devoured the carded wool,
And now the maiden's smaller wheel

No longer felt the throbbing tread,
But stood beside the idle reel

Among its idle flax and thread.

No more the jovial song went round,
No more the ringing laugh was
heard ;

But every voice had a solemn sound,
And some stern purpose filled each
word

The yeoman and the yeoman's son,
With knitted brows and sturdy dint,
Renewed the polish of each gun,

Re-oiled the lock, reset the flint ;
And oft the maid and matron there,
While kneeling in the firelight glare,
Long poured, with half-suspended
breath,

The lead into the moulds of death.

The hands by Heaven made silken soft
To soothe the brow of love or pain,
Alas ! are dulled and soiled too oft

By some unhallowed earthly stain ;
But under the celestial bound
No nobler picture can be found .

Than woman, brave in word and deed,
Thus serving in her nation's need :
Her love is with her country now,
Her hand is on its aching brow.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

I.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dis-
sembles,

The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and
trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the
tear,

And Fame shall never know her
story,

Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory !

II.

The wife who girds her husband's
sword,

'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering
word,

What though her heart be rent
asunder,

Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him
rattle,

Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle !

III.

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she
presses,

Then breathes a few brave words and
brief,

Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon
her,

Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of
honor !

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor
stood :

There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank
is naught :

All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine
full,

Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and
wool!

Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own
heart,

A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

There, veiled in all the sweets that are
Blown from the violet's purple
bosom,

The scent of lilacs from afar,
Touched with the sweet shrub's
spicy blossom,

Walked Esther; and the rustic
ranks

Stood on each side like flowery
banks,

To let her pass,—a blooming aisle,
Made brighter by her summer smile:
On her father's arm she seemed to be
The last green bough of that haughty
tree.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and
care;

And, calmly as shepherds lead their
flocks,

He led into the house of prayer.
Forgive the student Edgar there
If his enchanted eyes would roam,
And if his thoughts soared not be-
yond,

And if his heart glowed warmly
fond

Beneath his hopes' terrestrial dome.
To him the maiden seemed to stand,
Veiled in the glory of the morn,

At the bar of the heavenly bourn,
A guide to the golden holy land.

When came the service' low response,
Hers seemed an angel's answering
tongue;

When with the singing choir she sung,
O'er all the rest her sweet notes
rung,

As if a silver bell were swung
'Mid bells of iron and of bronze.

At times, perchance,—oh, happy
chance!—

Their lifting eyes together met,
Like violet to violet,
Casting a dewy greeting glance.

For once be Love, young Love, for-
given,

That here, in a bewildered trance,
He brought the blossoms of ro-
mance

And waved them at the gates of
heaven.

The pastor rose: the prayer was
strong;

The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the
right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;

Then from his patriot tongue of
flame

The startling words for Freedom
came.

The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,

In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,

Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;

When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.¹²

A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, "Cease,
traitor! cease!"

God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous
cause:

His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe:
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—

The warrior-priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's
cry,

As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's
name,

For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

VII.

THE WREATH.

How sweet it is when day is new,
And Summer is bathed in her young
dew,

To contemplate, 'twixt sun and sod,
Each miracle that tells of God!

Thus Edgar mused in dreamy mood,
Next morn, on the upland solitude,
As, slowly pacing, he gained the site
Of the one great oak that crowned
the height.

He threw him on a mossy mound,
His whole soul flooded with the
sense

Of that delightful recompense
Which ever in the fields is found,
Which lifts the heart when tempest-
bowed,

And sets the rainbow on the cloud.

He saw the river where it flowed
Under the morn, a golden road,—
Saw ships upon that highway free
Moving out to a boundless sea.

He saw the mist-dispelling sun
Mount, proudly conscious there was
none

Sceptred beside himself, to hold
High state upon that throne of gold,
And thought of Freedom's glorious
light

Conquering the dull mists of night.
He saw the moon with anxious stare
Walk down the cloudless western
air,

Seeking the stars with pale dismay,
Like a shepherdess whose flocks
From the fields have gone astray
Among dusky woods and rocks,

In the wilderness to roam,
Till the eve shall bring them home.
But he thought decaying Tyranny
Might search for his lost flock in
vain.

Those stars now seeking to be free
No gloomy eve should bring again.

Long, long he gazed on Berkley Hall,
And then on his native cottage
small,—

The one embowered in tall, proud
trees,

The one with its woodbine porch and
bees;

And never before they struck his sense
With such a hopeless difference.

He felt how often heart from heart
Are kept by the mason's walls apart,
Even though the doors were open, free,
As Wealth can afford his doors to be.

Gliding along the garden-walks,
Gathering blossoms from the stalks,
He saw the heiress of Berkley Hall,
And fancied he heard the rise and fall
Of the melody he knew must be
Flooding her lips incessantly:
For song was native to her tongue
As to a rannel valeward flung,
As wind to a cloud, as mist to a fall,
As dew to the rose, and as sunshine
to all.

His full heart ached with love's sweet
pain,

Like a sealed fountain, charged with
rain,

That longs to sing in the summer air,
Yet faints in its cavern of despair.

From plot to bower, from vase to vase,
Down to the very garden-base,
He watched her gliding, fawnlike
pace;

The branches bowed to her forehead
fair
And shed their blooms on her golden
hair.

Oh, what is so like an embodied
May

As a frolic maiden, with laughter
gay,

Chasing her fancies as they flit
Out of her heart of innocent wit,
Shrining herself in the blowing
bowers,

Her tresses flecked with falling
flowers?

O Heaven, when I am old and bent
And into the valley deathward sent,
Be the last sweet vision which charms
my way

A breathing, bright, embodied May,
That, while I lean upon my staff,
I may see her smile and hear her
laugh,

That my heart may be fresh, till its
life is null,

With the sun and the dew of the
beautiful!

A tree blown bright with summer
blooms,

O'errun with honeysuckle-vines,
A very fount of sweet perfumes,
Stood in the garden, where the bees
Toiled ever in these murmurous
nines:

And Edgar might have envied these;
For some which mined that odorous
store

Brought back their sweets to his
father's door.

Around this tree a stair-way led
Into the branches overhead,
And there, 'mid spreading antler-
boughs,

A little room was fitted well,
Where a votaress might make her
vows

Secure within her flowery cell.

Such a one there stands to-day
In a poet's garden far away,
Where on many an afternoon,
His great soul full of marvellous tune,
Cloistered among flowers and leaves,
He sings, and all the world receives.

Lightly up the vine-like stair,
Light of heart and light of foot,
Flitted the maiden into the bower.
Never in enchanted air
Held a vine so fair a flower
Or tree so sweet a fruit.

She sat; the flickering sun and shade
Like winged sprites about her played:
The wren peered in with curious eye,
The bluebird carolled closely by,
The robin from her nest above
Looked, and resumed her task of love.

The maiden's lap was full of flowers,
Culled from the lavish garden-bowers.
'Mid these her fingers gayly played
Entwining happy shade with shade,
And, as she wrought the flowers
among,

Her sweet thoughts rippled into song.

I.

The blue-eyed lady of the morn,
While she wreathes her flowers of
light,
Knows for whom those flowers are
bright,
By whom they shall be worn:
She knows the golden locks of Day
Shall bear that flashing wreath away.

II.

Though she knows their shape and
hue
May be crushed and tarnished soon,
And the battle-heat of noon
Waste their precious dew,
Yet she knows when Day is through
He shall wear his wreath anew.

III.

Would I knew some hero now!
He should wear the wreath I make.
Not for mine, but Freedom's sake,
I would deck his brow:
Should his arm victorious prove,
He should wear the wreath of love.

IV.

Should he fall, I would outgrieve
 All who ever grief possessed ;
 I would weep upon his breast,
 Overveiled like dewy eve,
 And above my hero dead
 Pour my tears till life had fled.

The music on its golden wing
 Dropt from those dewy lips of spring :
 Scarce had the cadence ceased to flow,
 There was a sound of footsteps
 fleet,

And suddenly, with cheeks aglow,
 Young Edgar knelt before her feet.
 She started with surprise—not fear—
 To find the stranger youth so near.
 He read the question in her eye,
 And, ere she spoke, he made reply :—

“ Oh, lady, if I err, forgive :
 I know not, scarcely, if I live,
 Or that it is my soul is drawn
 By witching music, on and on,
 To kneel to thee in holier guise,
 While its poor dwelling yonder lies !
 I was as one within a land

Where all he sees is dead and sere,
 Who droops with thirst, till near at
 hand

He hears a fountain singing clear,
 Then, without further question, flies
 To find the spring which life supplies.
 In sooth, the music drew me near,
 And left me, lady, kneeling here.
 I heard the wish your song expressed,
 And echo answered in my breast.
 Oh, bid me wear that wreath you
 make,
 For thine as well as Freedom's sake ! ”

The maiden's lips no word replied ;
 But still the youth could well de-
 sery

That there was pleasure in her eye
 And that her cheek was double-dyed.

A moment, with extended hands,
 She held the precious wreath in air,
 Looked in his face her sweet com-
 mands,

Then pressed it on her hero's hair,
 And would have fled with girlish
 bound,
 But suddenly a whirring sound

Made her light foot recoil a pace,
 And drove the roses from her face.

A wingéd arrow fiercely near
 Had lightly grazed the stranger's ear,
 Dislodged one garland-bloom, and
 sunk

Quivering in the gnarléd trunk,
 And firmly there the angry dart
 Transfixed the blossom's odorous
 heart.

Her flashing eye the maiden turned :
 One hurried glance the truth dis-
 cerned.

Near by, upon the gravel path,
 Holding his attitude of wrath,
 The wild-eyed boy defiant stood.
 His black hair in a flashing flood
 Flung back, the quivering bow's ad-
 vance,

The right hand to the shoulder
 drawn,
 The knitted brow, the fiery glance
 Still following where the dart had
 gone,—

He looked the great Apollo's child,
 Born in a forest dark and wild.

A moment thus his posture kept
 The young soul burning in his face,
 Then suddenly, as in disgrace,
 He flung him on the grass and wept.

Her heart was moved, her pity stirred :
 She fled to him as flies a bird
 Which hears its lonely fledgling call ;
 She raised his head, smoothed back
 his hair,

Looked in his eyes of wild despair.
 He smiled, and she forgave him all,
 Then led him calmly up the lawn,
 Glanced at the bower,—the youth was
 gone.

Young Edgar passed the garden-gate
 With dazzled brain and heart elate ;
 The very landscape seemed to quiver,
 As if the burning pulse of love
 Was throbbing in the sky above,
 Thrilling the forest, field, and river.

His spirit's wings had sudden birth ;
 He felt beneath no heavy earth :
 He trod as on a field of air,
 And the flowers like stars shone every-
 where.

Down through the grove he gained
the stream,
Which flowed before him like a dream,
Its ripples whispering to the shore;
And love their burden evermore;
Stream, flower, and tree, and breeze,
and bird,
Were eloquent with that one word.

He knelt, with very joy o'erweighed,
Beneath a flowering poplar's shade,
And seized the coronal and kissed

The blossoms (Love must have
his will),
And held them to his lips until
His eyes were full of blissful mist,
Through which the bright scene
brighter shone

In iris colors all his own.
Then solemnly the flowers he prest
Beneath the crossed hands on his
breast,
And cried, "In face of Death and
Heaven,

This sacred wreath by thee was given,
And it shall not dishonored be!
Here, in face of Heaven and Death,
I pledge my life, my latest breath,
To Freedom and to thee!"

"A valiant oath,—and nobly sworn!"
Exclaimed a voice of thunder near;
"And, if it be no idle boast,
Go forth to-day, and take your post:
For hark! 'tis Freedom's bugle-horn
Which summons you from here!"

"Mount yonder steed,—unless I err,
He will not wait for whip or spur, —
And I have one as good beside.
'Tis well: we both have far to ride."

The youth sprang up. The speaker's
height
Loomed o'er him like a cloud of
night:

The palm on Edgar's shoulder flung
In friendship, wellnigh made him
reel:

The pledging right hand ached and
stung,
Grasped in the wagoner's grip of
steel.

"Our place of secret rendezvous,"
He said, "is only known to few,—

A cavern in a wild ravine,
Hid by the friendly oak and vine,
Where naught is heard but the
Brandywine,
Which rolls a shadowy flood between;
A hidden place, that well might be
The stronghold of a robber crew:
Of such persuasion are not we,
Save in our royal tyrant's view.

"Your guide I cannot be to-day;
My course lies far another way;
But there is one will guide you true:
Already, with a heart of joy,
By yonder wall he waits for you,
Henceforth your friend,—the frolic
boy.

Mount you, and place the youth be-
hind,—
The wildest steed may carry
double,—
And in the holsters you will find
Two trusty guards in case of trouble.

"And when you meet the wild-eyed
dame
Who reigns within our secret place,
If she looks strangely in your face,
Speak kindly,—simply name my
name,—

That my command has brought you
hence;
No further it behooves to know:
'Twere well you give her no offence:
She may be—— Well, no matter:
go."

They parted, and the youth obeyed,
And when the friendly evening laid
Concealment over rock and wave,
He gained the river and the cave.¹³

PART II.

I.

THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

THREE years the flying sun and shade
O'er Berkley Hall their change had
cast,
Since the wild urchin and the maid
Within its loyal portal passed.

Two years the invader's war-alarms
 Had waked the land, which still
 defied,
 And oft the gleam of patriot arms
 From Berkley's turret was descried.

Upon his central roof a tower
 Rose and o'erlooked the country
 wide,—
 A place scarce fit for lady's bower ;
 For there was seen, on every side,
 Many a cast-off coat of war,
 Helmet and sword, with hack and
 scar,
 With guns and pistols crosswise hung,
 O'er which the dust of years was flung.

And there through many a changeful
 hour
 The anxious father and the maid
 Through telescopic glass surveyed
 The impending cloud of battle lower ;
 They watched it move o'er land and
 stream,
 They saw the white sails come and
 go,
 And all the flashing splendor gleam
 Along the bristling plains below.

There had they gazed through one
 long day,
 Watching an army glide away
 Beyond the city's western side,—
 So far, the line was scarce descried ;
 But Esther knew a nation's trust
 Marched there in that long cloud of
 dust.

"Thank Heaven!" the loyalist ex-
 claimed,
 "They are gone!—our city is re-
 claimed,
 And England's banner now may fly,
 To gladden every loyal eye!"

But now a voice, like a clarion clear,
 Rang laughing in the speaker's ear :—
 "I saw him! and your vaunt is
 vain :
 I saw him and his warrior train :
 Had you beheld that hero host,
 Your fears had not allowed the boast."

Who dared in Berkley's presence
 proud
 Speak rebel words so fierce and loud ?

Sir Hugh his hand in anger laid
 Upon the handle of his blade ;
 But when he saw the wild-eyed boy,
 And gazed upon his face of joy,
 The vengeance in his breast was
 stayed.

Then, with a tremor on his tongue,
 While something paler grew his
 cheek,
 As some retarding memory clung
 On the rebuke he fain would speak,
 He said, "Rash boy, beware! beware!
 You put my kindness to the proof.
 Is it for this my three years' care
 Has sheltered you beneath my roof?
 Is it for this——" He said no more :
 He saw the tear, the brow of pain,—
 A look which he had seen before,
 And one he would not see again.

"Nay, Ugo, nay!" the maiden cried,
 Her two hands clasping his be-
 tween ;
 Her tender eyes to his replied,
 And straightway all his troubled
 mien
 Grew bright, as when the iris form
 Glows on the cloud that threatened
 storm.
 "Nay, Ugo, nay: speak out, and
 say
 The things which you have seen to-
 day."

"Him have I seen," the boy ex-
 claimed,
 "Yes, him!—what needs he to be
 named?
 The world has only one broad sun,
 And Freedom's world but Washing-
 ton."

Even while he spake that fiery word,
 The stripling's stature seemed to
 grow ;
 All his young hero spirit stirred
 Sent to his cheek the warrior glow :
 Save the same look, which knew no
 awe,
 Learned on his native mountains
 wild,
 You scarcely longer saw the child
 Which thrice a twelvemonth past you
 saw.

"Him have I seen!—oh, sight to cheer

The patriot when he bleeding lies,
To kindle hope and scatter fear,
And light new fire in dying eyes!

"His way with banners waved and burned;

The welkin rang with patriot cheers;

From every window fondly yearned
Bright eyes that spoke their joy in tears.

"And music round his pathway flung
Its gladness in a silver shower,
And over all the great bells swung,
Shouting their joy from every tower.

"The snow-white war-horse he bestrode

Stept conscious, with a soul of flame,

As if he knew his master rode
Straight to the glorious gates of Fame.

"The coldest gazer's heart grew warm,

And felt no more its indecision;
For every soul which saw that form
Grew larger to contain the vision.

"I watched the long, long ranks go by,¹⁴

And saw defiance in every eye;
And every soldier true and stanch
Wore in his cap a vernal branch,
As Victory had placed it there
For Fame to twine about his hair.

"Oh, how the wild heart sent its blood

Through all the frame, a throbbing flood,

To see those spirits, true and tried,
Who crossed at night the roaring tide,

What time the grinding gulfs of ice

Made all the desperate peril thrice,
When nothing but a patriot's fire
Could breast the winter's bitter ire,—
Who barefoot trod December's snow,
And took the hirelings at a blow!

"You should have seen that stream of life

Westward go and eastward come,
Thrilled and cheered by the startling life,

Throbbled through and through by many a drum.

"There, on his charger fierce and tall,

A fiery stallion black as night,
His bold front overtopping all,—

A very tower along the right,—
With eye that death could not deter,

His rifle o'er his shoulder flung,
Two pistols in his holsters hung,
Rode Ringbolt, the wild wagoner.

"They who have seen that mighty hand,

And heard the swearing of his whip,
May well conceive the giant grip
That wielded the commanding brand.

"There, like a son by his warrior sire,
And mounted on a steed as good,

His eye aflame with patriot fire,
His cheek aflush with patriot blood,

Rode Edgar, and the leaves of green
Set in his cap had a rose between;
I knew not what the intent might be:
Perchance 'twas there for memory.

"And after these a hundred more,
Obedient to the wagoner's word,

As fierce a band as ever bore
Through fire and flood the avenging sword.

These were his 'mountain eagles,'—these,

So often seen a flying cloud
That sweeps the hills through forest-trees,

Following their leader loud,—

A cloud whose form
Is a whirlwind storm,

When on the flanks
Of the foeman's ranks

It breaks from upland covert near,
And pours its sudden bolts of wrath,

Then gains anew the secret path
Ere it is said, 'The storm is here!'

Pale wonder strikes the columns wide,
And, ere the foe can count his slain,

Thundering down the other side
The swooping tempest strikes again.

"But yesterday I heard their tramp,
And saw their chargers dashing
down,
Each wild mane like a banner
blown:
They swam the river, leapt the
creek,
And o'er the near hills gained the
camp,
Bearing the news from Chesapeake."

So spake the youth. The maid near by
Sat gazing in his clear, dark eye,
As if she saw in its depths, anew,
The whole bright pageant passing
through.

But Berkley frowned his blackest
frown,

As that would put the rebel down,
And cried, "Well, sir, and is this all?

The picture you would have us view
Is rare, and colored somewhat new:
Methinks 'twere easier to recall

That barefoot, tattered, hungry
crew

Quartered but now near Berkley Hall.

The farmers' planted fields forlorn

Will make a poor return of corn,

And thievish birds wax fat, I fear,

Since all the scarecrows volunteer!"

And he laughed the bitter laugh of
scorn,

So grating to a patriot's ear.

"You know so well how a rebel feels
Fresh from his sty of mire and
straw,

While dangling, tangling 'twixt his
heels

Is dragged the sword he dares not
draw:

Gird on this brand, and let us see

The brave young rebel you would
be!"

So speaking, he took from its place
of dust

A blade whose scabbard was thick
with rust:—

"And this chapeau, for many a year

Untouched among the cobwebs here,—

The webs may serve you yet for lint;

This ancient gun,

With rust o'errun,—

It matters not the loss of flint;

A pistol or so to grace your side;
This old flask, too:—be naught denied
To deck you in your warrior pride!
Behold you now! By Heaven, you
stand

As fair a rebel as walks the land!"

Again the bitter laugh was flung
From off the old man's scornful
tongue.

The youth a moment glared in doubt,
Reddening like one who stands at
bay;

But presently burst his laughter-
shout,

And, crying, "Then be it as you
say!"

Wildly sprang from the tower
away.

They heard him descend the echoing
stair,

And Berkley stood with wondering
air,

Listening with wide eyes and lips,

Like a traveller on Vesuvius' top

When his adventurous hand lets
drop

A stone into the yawning pit:

From rock to rock he hears it flit,

Till the noises die in a far eclipse.

But, when the clattering sounds were
past,

Sir Hugh stood with the look aghast
Of a sire who has held his favorite
boy,

In frolic, only to fright and annoy,

Over a precipice wild and deep,

When, with a sudden and desperate
leap,

The child is gone! and the father
stands,

Stunned and staring, with empty
hands.

II.

RUST ON THE SWORD.

O HAPPY and secure retreat,
Dear Valley, home of many friends!
I envy even the hurried feet
Which fancy through your quiet
sends!

There led of old the Cambrian swain
His flock by flowery brook and
rill,

Flinging across the summer plain
The song he learned on Snowdon's
hill,—

Perchance some fragmentary strain
Of ancient Merlin's wizard skill.

His language now no longer breathes
Its strange, wild music through the
scene,

But here and there a name still
wreathes

His memory in perpetual green.
Tredyffrin, Caln, and Nantmeal hold
Traditions of those sires of old ;
While Uwchlan, in her inmost vale,
May hear at eve some Cambrian tale.

Though many a brave ancestral name
Has, starlike, in the distance set,
Still thou hast others dear to Fame,
Forgetful Time shall not forget,—
Bright memories which shall long re-
main

Cherished by every patriot breast,—
That of the calm-browed painter
West,

And his, the fiery-hearted Wayne ;
And in thy scientific bowers
Are those which fear nor frost nor
sun :

There, written with immortal flowers,
Are found such names as Darling-
ton.

Nor dost thou need my hand to fling
The poet's offering on thy shrine :—
Among thy vales sweet minstrels sing
Like thine own flashing Brandy-
wine.

From Kennet, Taylor's soaring strain
Rings like a silver bugle round,
As if on that near battle-plain
Some herald's clarion he had found.

'Twas midnight in the secret cave,
Darkness and silence reigning, save
The dreary muttering of the brands
That flickered where a caldron
hung ;

While dreaming near, with folded
hands,

A woman sat, no longer young :—
No longer young,—or rather say
Her first youth only passed away.

Her hair, as by a wind thrown back,
Was glossy still, and thick and black ;
Her brow was clear, save where the
brain

Had set its outward seal of pain.
Her cheek was tanned, her eye was
bright

With something of unearthly light.
A string of mingled bead and shell,
Which seemed of woodland life to tell,
Entwined her head, and round her
waist

A costly wampum belt was placed ;
While on her tawny neck and arm
Hung amulet and bracelet charm.
Her robes of mingled cloth and fur
With beads and quills embroidered
were :

And thus in her wild forest dress
She looked an Indian prophetess,
With still a something in her face,
And something in her slender mien,
Beyond the finest savage grace
That ever marked a chieftain's
queen.

There sat she gazing, dreamy-eyed,
As if within the flame she spied
Visions of scenes long past and gone,
Or some strange pleasure yet to dawn
But now her quick ear caught a
sound,—

A stealthy footfall drawing near :
A light hare tripping o'er the ground
Would wake her eye, but not her
fear :

Still through the leaves it came
more clear,—

Her hand was on the rifle laid,
Her quick glance pierced the cavern's
shade ;

But soon the well-known whisper
came,

Giving the watchword and her name :
"Hist, Nora!—hist! 'tis I!"—she
bade

Young Ugo enter undismayed.

A moment in his laughing eye
She gazed, then scanned his strange
attire :

His figure brightened by the fire,
His shadow looming darkly high,
The sword, the gun, the pistols, hat,—
With questioning look she stared
thereat.

"Say, Ugo, say, where was the theft?
What loyalist have you bereft?"

"No theft," the boy indignant cried,
"But gift of one who bade me don
These rebel arms, and urged me on,
Until, to please him, I complied;
But who, or where, or when, or how,
The question matters little now.
Come, Nora,—you were ever good,—
I only ask a little food,
And then your helping hand to-night
To make this old sword somewhat
bright;

While on these pistols I renew
The polish which is still their due,
And from the gun remove the crust
Of honorable dust and rust;
For well I know the time is near—
The scene, too, not o'er far from
here—

When every weapon we can wield
Shall be most dear to Freedom's
field."

She gave him food with generous
hand,
And then essayed to cleanse the
brand;
And, while she wrought the blade
along,
She cheered her toiling hand with
song.

SONG.

I.

Oh, sweet is the sound of the shuttle
and loom
When the lilies of peace fill the land
with perfume!
Then cheerily echoes the axe from the
hill,
While the bright waters sing on the
wheel of the mill,
And the anvil rings out like a bell
through the day,
And the wagoner's song cheers his
team on the way,
Till the bugles sound here, and the
drums rattle there,
And the banners of War stream afar
on the air.

II.

Then wild is the hour, and fearful the
day,
When the shuttle is dropt for the
sword and the fray,
When the woodman is felling a foe at
each stroke,
And the miller is blackened with
powder and smoke,
When the smith wields the blade in
his terrible grip,
And the wagoner's rifle cracks true
as his whip:
The bugles sound here, and the drums
rattle there,
While the banners of War stream
afar on the air.

III.

Our brave-hearted yeomen,—our lords
of the soil,—
They reap where they sow the reward
of their toil;
In the broad field of labor their harvest
is blithe,
Their favorite arms the plough, sickle,
and scythe:
The plough and the sickle, the scythe
and the flail,—
These, these are their weapons, with
these they prevail,
Till the bugles sound here, and the
drums rattle there,
And the banners of War stream afar
on the air.

IV.

Then the plough-horse is mounted,
and flies o'er the plain,
The blade is flung by in the grass or
the grain,
And the hand that grew strong on
the flail or the plough,
And battled alone with the harvest
till now,
The rifle and sword can as steadily
wield,
Till the harvest of foemen is swept
from the field;
While the bugles sound here, and the
drums rattle there,
And the banners of War stream afar
on the air.

V.

Be God on our side in the season of
dread!

Be His strength with the living, His
peace with the dead;

His love shield the widow and orphan,
His care

Soothe the parents whose sorrow shall
whiten their hair;

Be success with the right when the
struggle is through,

And the sword be returned to the
ploughshare anew,

And no bugle sound here, and no
drum rattle there,

While the banners of Peace stream
afar on the air!

Thus, singing strenuously, she toiled
To cleanse the blade which Time had
soiled.

The dull stains clung unto the steel,
As they were spots of murderous
red

Whose stubborn hue must needs re-
veal

The crime when first that blood
was shed.

She knelt before the midnight flame,
Which seemed to leap with pleas-
ure new:

She gazed,—a chill ran through her
frame

As if a spectre met her view:

She saw the Berkley arms and name
Slow struggling through the veil of
rust,

Then swooned, and sank into the dust.

But Ugo's aid was instant there:

He raised her head upon his knee,
Called her by name, smoothed back
her hair,

Looked with a face of mute despair
On hers of pallid agony.

At length a breath came full and
deep,

And then, as one who walks in sleep
And sees with large unwavering eyes

Through veils of awful mysteries,
She stared, and sighed, "O Heaven!

'tis done!—

Where fought the two there stands
but one:"

Then passed her hand across her brow,
And looked in the o'erbending face,
Which still its pitying posture kept:—
"O Ugo, do not leave me now!"

She groaned. "It is a dreary
place!"

Then bowed her head and wept.

"Go, lay her on her couch apart!"
The deep voice made the hearers start.
She choked the tears back to her heart,
And mounted like a wounded deer
That hears its calling comrade near.

"Good Nora, we have much to do,"
Said Ringbolt, "yet no need of you.
Our eagle troop will soon be here:
They tether now their horses near.
The boy our sentinel watch can keep,
So to your couch awhile and sleep.

"Unless the storm should pass, or
pause,
Which hangs in thunder o'er the
land,
Ere set of many suns, your hand
May do good service in our cause.

"All night the well-piled fire must
glow,
All night the molten lead be
poured,
Our guns releaned, resharped the
sword,
In honor of the approaching foe;
And if it be, as beldams say,
The devil feasts when tyrants fall,
Let his infernal board straightway
Be spread, with room enough for
all!"

III.

A BURIAL.

ROUND all the wide horizon's bar
There lay no growing cloud to mar
The brightness of the autumn day;
And yet the soft air felt the jar
Of thunder rolling from afar,¹⁵
And shuddered in its pale dismay.

Berkley, with anxious eye and ear,
Stood on the southern porch to hear,
Disturbed with many a doubt and fear,
As rolled the distant roaring in;

Then to his tower he mounted high,
And searched through all the cloud-
less sky :

All, all was clear, while still came
by

The rumble of the constant din.

Was direful war the sudden source ?
Was it for this the rebel force
Had ta'en but now their southward
course ?

The sound his fears too well define !
It is, it is the cannon's mouth !
Its awful answer from the south
Bears tidings of the roaring ranks
That crash upon the trembling banks,
The crimson banks, of Brandywine.

Pale Esther, in that gloomy tower,
Strained her sad vision's fruitless
power :

On every sound she seemed to hear
The shout and groan together swell ;
At every burst that came more clear,
She deemed her hero Edgar fell,—
Fell, and perchance had breathed his
last

Long ere the death-announcing blast,
Speeding through miles of frightened
air,
His dying sigh to her could bear.

Still hearkening, gazing far abroad,
Some sign of triumph to discover,
All day she poured her prayer to God
To shield her country and her lover.

And Berkley, listening to the fight,
Remembered Trenton's direful night,
And that it was the same fierce train
Whose lengthy line he saw of late
Pour from the city o'er the plain,
Led by a leader bold and great,
Who now upon that roaring field
Might cause once more their flag to
yield.

His heart, misgiving, sank away,
Shuddering through the doubtful
day :

And should the rebels win, what
then ?—

The troops were bold and desperate
men :

And he remembered with affright
The terrors of that startling night

What time a rude and lawless crew
(All such he deemed the patriot
lines)

Intruded on his midnight view
And drank his dearest, noblest
wines :

His frame was agued through and
through
Lest that wild scene should come
anew.

“Ho ! gardener, hostler, coachman !—
ho !

Each man whose hand can wield a
spade !

A place of safety must be made :
Bring shovels, hoes, and picks, and
show

How you can ply the digging trade.”

When Berkley's will was thus con-
veyed,

Down came the gardener and his
man,

The hostler and the hostler's lad,
The coachman and the footman ran,
And each his delving orders had.

“Dig me a pit !” the master cried,
“And let it be both deep and wide,
As 'twere a grave that might contain
A score or more of rebels slain.
But they for whom this grave is made
Belong unto a nobler grade,
With better blood than ever ran
In purple veins of outlaw clan.
Their royal genealogic lines
Come down the Old World's antique
vines :

Ho, butler ! my good sacristan,
Bear out our monarch king of wines,
Old Port, in all his purple pride,
With queenly Sherry at his side,
Followed by all their loyal train,
The brave, light-hearted German
knights

Whose birth was on the Rhenish
heights,

The well-beloved of Charlemagne,
And all those maids whose bright
eyes glance

In memory of their native France.
Here, give them to their parent mould
Till peace has stilled this rebel
strife ;

Then doubly bright and doubly bold
Shall be their renovated life.”

Sir Hugh, thus making mournful
mirth,

That poorly cloaked his trembling
fear,—

It may be with a secret tear,—
Consigned his precious wines to earth :
'Twas midnight ere they smoothed
away

All traces where his treasures lay.

'Twas midnight, and a moon in
heaven,

And silence over stream and hill,
Save where the lone bird's song was
given,

Or aspens, with a whispering thrill,
Seemed sheltering some young wind
benighted,

Late from the battle-field affrighted.
The moon which through the window
gazed

Saw Esther 'gainst her harp re-
clining,

Her pale and prayerful face upraised,
And each eye with a tear-drop
shining.

Her prophet-heart foreboding well
The fate which to that field befell,
Her fingers trembled on the string,
And thus her prayerful song took
wing.

SONG.

I.

O God, o'er all this blooming earth
Is it with thine approving eye
That every flower of noble birth
Must bow to poisonous weeds, or
die?

II.

Through all our pastures must there
run

The bramble which no fruitage
bears?

Must every field which loves the sun
Be arrogant with choking tares?

III.

Must every tree whose leaves divine
Were made in Freedom's air to
spread,

Be clasped by the obnoxious vine
Until its boughs are sapped and
dead?

IV.

Wilt thou not send some mighty hand
To sweep through these entangled
walks,

To root the proud weeds from the land
And burn the rank and thorny
stalks?

A moment now she paused, and
sighed,

Her hand still on the quivering
cords,

As waiting the ensuing words,
When, at the open casement wide,
A voice in patriot tones replied:—

"Yes, God hath sent that arm of
wrath:

It sweeps the land with sword of
fire:

The poisonous weeds but strew his
path

To build Oppression's funeral
pyre!"

Sweet is the sound when pardon calls
The prisoner from his dreary walls;
And sweet the succoring voice must be
Which hails a sinking ship at sea;
And dear the water's light when first
It greets the desert-pilgrim's thirst,
Or from the friendly helmet drips
To cool a fainting patriot's lips:
But not more sweet or dear than when
A fond heart hears and meets again
The voice and the responding eye
Of one, the dearest 'neath the sky,
Whom picturing fancy saw but now
With drooping head and bleeding
brow,

Or heard the last-drawn sigh of pain
Which laid him with his comrades
slain:

Her arm was round her hero prest,
Her head was on his happy breast.

IV.

THE FIGHT AT THE FORD.

WHEN passed the first wild burst of joy,—

That bliss which harbors no alloy,—
The maiden brushed aside the tear,
And sighed, "Oh, Edgar, is it true?

And are you living, breathing here,
Or is't a phantom cheats my view,
And leads me up this happy brink
To plunge me deeper when I sink? •
Art sure that from the dreadful fray
You brought no bleeding wound away?

Thank Heaven that fainting prayer
can win

It's way above the battle-din!
But tell me what great deeds were done,

How the red waves were backward tossed

Until the glorious field was won——"

"Alas!" he answered, "it was lost!
And we retreat,—so deems the foe;
But soon his bleeding ranks shall know

'Tis but the arrow drawing back
Upon the stubborn-bending bow,
To deal a fiercer, deadlier blow

When vengeance speeds it on its track.

"But how shall I describe the fray?

How word the horrors of the day

To suit a timid maiden's ear?

In sooth, the scenes are yet too near:

The roaring cannon and the strife,
With all those whirling ranks of life,
Sweep through my brain, a puzzled maze,

Confused within a cloudy haze:

It seems a wild and broken dream,

With transitory glimpse and gleam

Of grappling groups, of bayonets' quiver,

Of flashing guns and sabre-stroke,
Caught through the openings of the smoke

Upon some visionary river.

"Wrapt in a friendly cloud of mist,
At morn the wagoner led us out, •

And, following our bold leader's shout,

We put the pickets oft to rout,

Of trampling down a scouting list,

And oft upon the foeman's flanks

We dealt the blow their startled ranks

Scarce knew where to resist.

"For hours we sailed from rear to front,

And down their side, from front to rear:

Death and confusion paid the brunt

Wherever we came near.

Anon was heard the opening roar

Which called us to the bristling shore;

And now the fearful scene was won

Where deadly gun replied to gun,

And pistol answered pistol flash,

And then the fiery, sudden dash

Of hand to hand, and sword to sword,

While in the stream, with plunge and splash,

Though thrice our number on us poured,

We dealt the thick foe crash for crash,
And strove to hold the ford.

"Now was the time you should have seen

Bold Ringbolt with his towering mien;

Have heard his voice, have seen his blow

Which drove the heavy weapon home,

Each stroke of which unhorsed a foe,
And sent him reeling red below,

'Mid trampled waters crushed to foam.

But, oh, it would have touched your pride

Could you have seen at Ringbolt's side
Our standard-bearer, young and bold,

Fighting and grasping in his hold

The banner whose unsullied fold

The foeman's rage defied!

"But, sad to see, and sad to tell,

Brave Ugo's horse beneath him fell,

The banner-boy went down.

A moment,—shall the horses' tread

Deal death upon his struggling head?

A moment,—shall he drown?

No!—Ringbolt from his saddle leaps,
His mighty arm is round him cast,
But still his fighting posture keeps,
His blows fly strong and fast.

“The rider who survives must grieve
That ere his brave steed strove to
cleave

With rearing hoof that skull apart,
He fell an instant carcass slain,
Hewed wellnigh through from throat
to mane,

Or gashed unto the heart.

“No arm with that great arm could
cope,

Whether or foot or fiery horse;
But now, as with a tiger's force
When battling to protect its young,
Upon his steed again he sprung,
While in his hold the boy still
hung,

And grasping, as with grip of
death,

The reins between his angry teeth,
To give his right arm clearing scope,
There still his blade of battle swung,
And on the pressing foemen flung
The blow that to the invaders rung
The knell of many a hero's hope.

“At last the overwhelming tide
Of foemen pressed us slowly back;
We did not turn, we did not slack
Our heavy blows, or ever flinch,
But, slowly backing, inch by inch,
We gained the other side.

But now was heard the roaring din
Of Wayne's artillery pouring in;
And while its iron torrent flowed,
Leaving the foe enough to do,
Along the highway we withdrew,
To breathe a little, and reload.

“When Ugo wakened from his swoon,
Gathering his scattered senses soon,
He sought the banner of his pride;
He looked through all the busy
band,

And stared upon his empty hand,
Then cast his eagle glances wide.
‘Oh, death! oh, infamy!’ he cried:
He saw it on the other side,
Beneath the invader's standard tied,
Heavily hanging, wet and tame,
Weeping as 'twere in grief and shame.

“The hour was loud, but louder still
Anon the rage of battle roared
Its wild and murderous will;
From Jefferis down to Wistar's ford,
From Jones to Chads the cannon

poured,
While thundered Osborne Hill.
Oh, ne'er before fled holy calm
From out its sainted house of prayer
So frightened through the trembling
air

As from that shrine of Birmingham!

“Oft through the opening cloud we
scanned

The shouting leaders, sword in hand,
Directing the tumultuous scene;
There galloped Maxwell, gallant
Bland

The poet-warrior, while between,
Ringing o'er all his loud command,
Dashed the intrepid Greene.

“Here Sullivan in fury trooped,
There Weedon like an eagle swooped,
With Muhlenberg,—where they were
grouped

The invader dearly earned his
gains,—

And (where the mad should only be
The fiercest champion of the free)
The loudest trumpet-call was
Wayne's;

While in a gale of battle-gee,
With rapid sword and pistol dealing
The blows which set the foemen
reeling,

Sped ‘light-horse Harry Lee.’
And once or twice our eye descried,
‘Mid clouds a moment blown aside,
With lifted hand that well might
wield

The thunders of the storming field,
The JOVE of battle ride!
And every eye new courage won
Which gazed that hour on Washing-
ton.

“’Twas now that, marvelling, we be-
held

Upon the rising summit near,
By every danger unrepelled,
Confused by smoke and dust,—not
fear,—

A form with wild and floating dress,
Which looked a battle-prophetess.

But when the veiling cloud went
by,
We knew the face and flashing eye
Of Nora, and we heard her cry
Of warning in that hour of need :—

“Speed, Ringbolt, to your leader
scream!
And bid him know the stealthy foe
With double strength comes up be-
hind:
It was but now I saw him wind
From out the valley road below.’

“She ceased: a short and sudden
scream
Escaped her breast; across the stream,
Far piercing through the veil of
haze,
Her fierce eyes sent their staring
gaze,
And, following that stare, we saw,
With soul of wonder and of awe,
Where Porter and bold Porterfield
Renewed the struggle at the ford;
And at the moment when the sword
Swayed in the balance where to yield,
In middle of the mad mêlée
Young Ugo snatch his flag away,
Leap from the hot, opposing shore,
The banner tied about his waist,
And in the flood plunge fiercely o’er,
By a hundred whistling bullets
chased,
And soon, with wild ecstatic hand,
He waved it ‘mid our shouting band.

“Naught dearer fills a soldier’s sight,
Or swells his breast with more delight,
Than when his flag, late scorned and
shamed,
Is by some comrade’s hand reclaimed.

“Another look, the ford was clear,
The foe was reeling to the rear;
And now the smoke came deeper on,
And Nora from our sight was gone.
But still her voice rang high and loud:
The speaker hid, the sound so near,
It seemed some spirit of the cloud
Spake those prophetic words of
fear :—

‘Too late! too late!’ this was the
cry:

‘Fly, Ringbolt, Ugo, comrades!—fly!
The reinforcing foe is here!’

“What followed then I scarcely
know,
Save that we dashed amid the
smoke,
And where we saw a red line glow,
There fell our fiery battle-stroke:
Like a mad billow of the main
We broke upon those thundering
banks,
Then, drawing backward, formed
again,
To burst anew along their ranks.

“For hours the scene was still the
same,—
A sleet of lead ‘mid sheets of flame;
The hot hail round us hissed and
roared,
Through clouds of seething sulphur
poured,
Until—we knew not how or why—
The day was lost! Our saddened
view
Between the smoke-wreaths’ opening
wrack
Beheld the patriots falling back:
The hour of victory had gone by!
Still fighting, we our line withdrew,
Scorning to yield or fly.

“And now we gained a sheltering
wood,
Where (oh, it was a sight to whet
The sword of vengeance keener
yet!),
Pale with the streaming loss of blood,
By hireling foemen still beset,
Beside his foaming charger stood
The wounded, gallant Lafayette.

“We swept between, with scathing
blow,
Until his bleeding wound was
bound:
Each drop of his the cloven foe
Paid double to the crimson ground,
Until from off that field forlorn
The noblest son of France was borne.

“But, oh, the sight, the last and
worst,
That now upon my vision burst!—
I saw, beyond a thicket-screen,
Pale Nora o’er a warrior lean:

His head upon her knee she nursed,
And held unto his fainting lip
The can he scarce had strength to
sip.

A few swift leaps, we gained the place.
Oh, be the hireling doubly cursed
Who caused that noble breast to
groat !

It was my father's upturned face
Which looked into my own.

" ' Nay, son,' he faintly sighed, the
while

His features wore a struggling smile,
' Be not dismayed, 'twill pass anon :
'Tis but a little loss of blood :

I am content : my hand has done
On many a foeman work as good ;
And some, methinks, will never tell
Beneath what old man's sword they
fell.

But bear me hence : this trifling
wound——'

Then in my circling arms he swooned.
Nay, start not : still it was not
death,—

His breast anon recalled his breath.

" We made a couch of fallen boughs,
Which thickly strewed the wood-
land path,

Torn by the cannon's flying wrath,
And, with such speed as pain allows,
Conveyed him to the cavern, where
He rests in Nora's watchful care ;
Then, with the moon to light my way,
I rode to tell how went the day."

V.

THE BATTLE IN THE CLOUD.

THE red October by his tent
Sits painted in his warrior-hues ;
Beside him lies, in peace unbent,
The bow which he too soon will use.

O'er all the hill-sides near and far
He sees the wigwam-smoke dis-
pread ;

There all his waiting warriors are,
Streaked with their many tints of
red.

Through all the realm of elm and oak
The blue wreaths of their pipes
increase :

Alas ! the calumets they smoke
Are not the sacred pipes of peace !

They plan around their council-fire
The ambush on to-morrow's track ;
They do but wait their warrior-sire
To give the signal of attack.

The smile upon his lip to-day,
The dream-light in his plotting eye,
Are but prophetic signs to say
How fierce the arrow-storm shall fly.

Thus Esther mused, as from her tower
She gazed o'er misty stream and
land :

She knew 'twas but War's breathing-
hour

Ere he again, in all his power,
Should wave his flashing battle-
brand.

Even there, beneath her very gaze,
The invader's bristling lines were
spread,

Wrapt in the calm October haze,
And, like the Indian autumn, red.
From Delaware their scarlet ranks
Reached even to the Schuylkill banks,
So near the very mansion-wall
Echoed the frequent bugle-call,—
A sight to make a young heart sad,
And all her patriot hopes destroy,—
While Berkley's loyal breast was mad
With uncontrolled bursts of joy.

He gave the invaders every proof
How much his wishes with them
lay :

Their flag was waving on his roof,
His halls received them night and
day ;

He even broached his buried store,
And brought a dozen hampers out,
Willing with generous hand to pour,
Repaid by loyal song and shout.

But one there was whose bowing
plume

Was chiefly welcome to Sir Hugh,
And once before that banquet-room
Had felt his presence through and
through,—

The same who on that long-gone
night

The maiden's swelling song had
heard,
Who dignified from his great warrior-
height

To stoop, and own his heart was
stirred.

Now oft in Berkley's ear apart

He spoke about the maiden's hand:
"The heiress of such noble land,
Sir Hugh, should have a noble heart."
And once, with condescending lips,
He bowed and kissed her finger-tips,—
Sufficient such approving sign
From colonel of the royal line.

Thus passed a few calm days away;

And now the night was not yet gone,
Its dreamy veil but half withdrawn,
Fair Esther on her white couch lay,
Her soft light melting through the
shade;

Her cheek against her hand was laid,
Round which the dainty flaxen curls
Were cast in little golden whirls,
As Love's own toying fingers light
Had twirled them o'er the pillow
white.

That rounded arm, that angel face,

The breast that stirred the snowy
frills,

The whole light form of perfect grace,
Which the soft covering seemed to
trace

As loving it with warm embrace,—

All this the conjuring fancy thrills;
Thrills with a sense of sweet restraint,
As when before some sculptured saint,
Or lovely vision poured in paint
By some pure master, when his heart
Was molten with the fire of art.

Across her face strange shadows
played,

As if by struggling pinions made;
For she was dreaming of the fray,

Watching, amid the smoke-wreaths
dun,

Her Edgar bravely battling on,
The fiercest hero of the day.

She saw him riding midst the din
That raged around the Warren Inn,

And on Paoli's fearful plain,
When Massacre the sword had
drawn.

The trumpet's near and startling
strain,

That fiercely shook the cloudy
dawn,

The drums that rolled their loud
alarms,

And legions springing up to arms,
Flashed through her dream, and,
when she woke,

Upon her ear the tumult broke!

Leaders were hurrying to and fro,
Proclaiming far, "The foe! the foe!"
"The foe! the foe!" rang over all,
And woke the echoes of Berkley
Hall.

When Esther looked from her case-
ment high,

Fear trembling in her large blue
eye,

She stared against the vapor dank
Of morning hanging gray and blank.¹⁶

Great wrestling voices in the cloud,
Made by the mist more clear and
loud,

Appalled her ear; the sudden roar
Of swift artillery shook the shore;

While here and there the half-blurred
flash

Burned, and every window-sash
Answered to the thunder-crash.

Anon she saw some warrior-form,
Like the great genii of the storm,
Rise into shadowy giant height,
And then another of equal might,
And now the followers swung in
sight,

Wielding great arms,—as oak with
oak

Were battling in the hill-side smoke;
Or armies of the infernal god,

With lightning and with thunder
shod,

Were wielding their gigantic blades
Against the crests of kindred shades;

Or, rather, as some pale, strange light
Were shining on some unseen fight,

And these the shadows fierce and tall
It threw upon a cold gray wall,
Struggling in many a rise and fall.

A scene of horror clear descried

Must make the stoutest spirit quail ;
But horrors doubly magnified
Behind a half-concealing veil
May well make maiden's cheek grow
pale.

She watched the sun rise o'er the field,
A great disk like a bloody shield,
And 'gainst it rose a vision dim,
Made clearer by that burning rim,
Two plunging riders huge and grim ;
Their fiery chargers seemed to swim
Together in the wild commotion,
Like war-barques in a roaring
ocean.

But who is he, that warrior slim,
Now lost to sight, and now more
plain ?

The agile form proclaims it him
The object of her heart's devotion.
But, see !—oh, monstrous !—even the
sun

Burns redder, beholding three to
one,—

Three striking and one parrying !
Now,

Doubling the tumult of the scene,
Another giant swings between !
Swift flash the blades around his
brow,

Like lightning o'er some rocky crest,
Drawn by the metal in its breast :
But, like the storm-defying rock,
Harmless about him breaks the shock ;
The battle-clouds, confused and rent,
Are backward hurled, their thunders
spent.

Still side by side the heroes fight,
Following the foe from left to right ;
Swift flies the Wagoner's whirling
blade,
And Edgar's is its very shade.

See how they rear, and plunge, and
smite,
And, fighting still, wheel out of
sight.

Her throbbing eyes can bear no more :
She sinks, half fainting, to the floor.

But no ! her heart is with the cause :
Shall she thus sink away dismayed
The while her Edgar's flaming blade
Is flashing even as she bade ?

One deep, renewing breath she draws :
She scorns the weakness thus dis-
played,
Contentens the soul that now would
pause,
And gains her feet, no more afraid.

Before his door, with sword in hand,
Sir Hugh was making warlike stand,
When a troop of loyalists came by,
Uncertain if to fight or fly :
Such contradictory news was tossed
Through fogs that veiled the battle-
din,
They dared not say which side
would win,
But to their secret hearts within
They owned the dreadful day was lost.

One glance at Berkley Hall they threw,
And saw the flag which o'er it flew :
"Ho, sirrah rebel ! who are you ?"
They cried, and trooped around Sir
Hugh.

"Rebel !" he echoed, in disdain :
"Who dares such words apply again,
This hand shall drive the lying breath
Back to his throat through bleeding
teeth ;
This sword shall cleave the caitiff
through
Who dares that insult to renew."

"Ho ! ho !" they cried,— "a prize ! a
prize !
The rebel dog, through fear and
shame,
Would skulk beneath a loyal name ;
But where yon rag insults the skies
We know full well our right to
claim."

"That rag ? Insult ?"—He choked
with ire ;
He said no more ; his eye of fire
Flashed confidently o'er the roof,
When—oh, the staggering, deadly
proof !

His heart, as from a towering crag,
Fell back, as stunned in dismal
plight.

Where now his valiant soul of
might,
The spirit never known to lag ?
There, sailing on the winds aloof,
He saw the hated patriot flag,

While Ugo's clear and ringing voice
 Flung from the watch-tower far
 and free—
 Making the misty air rejoice—
 The fiery shout of Victory.

Bold Berkley stood with wonder
 dumb,
 Confused, as dead to sight and
 sound;
 But, when he felt his senses come,
 He chafed to find his arms were
 bound;
 And then, with high, indignant
 mien,
 Mounted two surly guards between,
 He left with threatening brow the
 scene.

Sir Hugh long cursed the fatal hour
 Which saw that flag upon his tower:
 Oh, sad mischance that placed it
 there

In that wild moment when despair
 Was trembling down the royal line,—

When Victory, with her thrusting
 hand,
 Through blinding fogs, strove to con-
 sign

Her laurel to the patriot band! ¹⁷
 And Berkley, ready for the field,
 At his own door, with waving
 sword,

Stood threatening with defiant word
 The loyal troop which bade him yield.
 And, further, his accusers knew
 That members of the obnoxious crew
 At all hours, day and night, had been
 Prowling round Berkley Manor seen.

All these were ominous proofs and
 black

Which gathered on his troubled track:
 No word of his could move the shade
 Upon his loyal honor laid.

Some favor still the doubt received:
 They would not touch his land or
 hall;

His daughter might retain them
 all.

This but in part his pain relieved:
 His fancy saw marauding bands
 Insult his house, o'errun his lands:
 His daughter, too,—might she not be
 Subject to rough brutality?

His fears were vain: his mansion
 through,
 When the withdrawing troop went
 down
 To hold their quarter in the town,
 Was guarded better than he knew.

VI.

HEADQUARTERS.

O'ER town and cottage, vale and
 height,
 Down came the Winter, fierce and
 white,
 And shuddering wildly, as distraught
 At horrors his own hand had wrought.

His child, the young Year, newly
 born,

Cheerless, cowering, and affrighted,
 Wailed with a shivering voice forlorn,
 As on a frozen heath benighted.

In vain the hearths were set aglow,
 In vain the evening lamps were
 lighted,

To cheer the dreary realm of snow:
 Old Winter's brow would not be
 smoothed,

Nor the young Year's wailing
 soothed.

How sad the wretch at morn or eve
 Compelled his starving home to leave,
 Who, plunged breast-deep from drift
 to drift,

Toils slowly on from rift to rift,
 Still hearing in his aching ear
 The cry his fancy whispers near,
 Of little ones who weep for bread
 Within an ill-provided shed!

But wilder, fiercer, sadder still,
 Freezing the tear it caused to start,
 Was the inevitable chill

Which pierced a nation's agued
 heart,—

A nation with its naked breast
 Against the frozen barriers prest,
 Heaving its tedious way and slow
 Through shifting gulfs and drifts of
 woe,

Where every blast that whistled by
 Was bitter with its children's cry.

Such was the winter's awful sight
 For many a dreary day and night,
 What time our country's hope forlorn,
 Of every needed comfort shorn,
 Lay housed within a hurried tent,
 Where every keen blast found a rent,
 And oft the snow was seen to sift
 Along the floor its piling drift,
 Or, mocking the scant blankets' fold,
 Across the night-couch frequent
 rolled;

Where every path by a soldier beat,
 Or every track where a sentinel
 stood,
 Still held the print of naked feet,
 And oft the crimson stains of blood;
 Where Famine held her spectral
 court,

And joined by all her fierce allies :
 She ever loved a camp or fort
 Beleaguered by the wintry skies,—
 But chiefly when Disease is by,
 To sink the frame and dim the eye,
 Until, with seeking forehead bent,
 In martial garments cold and damp,
 Pale Death patrols from tent to tent,
 To count the charnels of the camp.

Such was the winter that prevailed
 Within the crowded, frozen gorge;
 Such were the horrors that assailed
 The patriot band at Valley Forge.

It was a midnight storm of woes
 To clear the sky for Freedom's
 morn;
 And such must ever be the throes
 The hour when Liberty is born.

The chieftain, by his evening lamp,
 Whose flame scarce cheered the hazy
 damp,
 Sat toiling o'er some giant plan,
 With maps and charts before him
 spread,
 Beholding in his warrior-scan
 The paths which through the future
 led.

But oft his eye was filmed and dim,
 And oft his aching bosom yearned,
 As through the camp his fancy
 turned

And saw sad eyes which bent on him
 The look which they in pain had
 learned.

The sunken orbs of hunger there,
 With those that throbbed in fever-
 rage,

As he their suffering might assuage,
 Turned on him their imploring stare.
 And when he spoke the kindly word
 Oft from his lips of pity heard,
 And saw those eyes grow bright the
 while

They caught the courage of his
 smile,
 His sorrowing heart was doubly
 stirred.

And, to relieve his burdened breast,
 His face into his hands he prest,
 And poured his secret soul in prayer,
 Where hope still rose above despair.

And there was seated by his side
 The noblest of a noble line :
 Her whole soul in her face benign,
 Through love and suffering purified,
 Shone worthy such a chieftain's bride.

And not alone his prayer was given,—
 She joined him in imploring Heaven :
 Those prayers fell not in barren sands
 Beside Oblivion's fruitless sea,
 But, borne aloft by angel hands,
 They bloomed to flowers of victory.

The eve was late : naught met the ear,
 But tramp of sentinel marching near,
 Or soft and feathery beat of snow
 Blown light against the window-
 pane,

To melt thereon, and tearlike flow,
 As if the sympathetic glow
 Within had turned each flake to
 rain.

At times there came the slumbrous
 sound

Of waters toiling at the mill,
 Still singing, though in fetters bound,
 The song learned on their natal
 hill.

Let Winter, with oppressive will,
 Bind down the stream with chains
 of ice,

His utmost power shall not suffice
 To keep that heart of Freedom
 still:

Though prisoned in the frozen pond,
 It only reinforcement waits
 To burst the tyrant's heavy gates
 And leap to liberty beyond.

Thus with the tranquil flood of power
 Within that camp of ice and snow:
 Though all was silent outward
 show,
 They did but wait the opening hour.

The night was late: the chieftain
 heard

Approaching footsteps up the yard:
 A knock: he rose, and gave the word:
 The door swung wide; the snowy
 guard

Announced, with some unwonted stir,
 An unexpected visitor,

With two attendants there beside.
 It was a maid with cloak of fur,
 And hood, so closely round her tied
 That well the storm had been defied.

So thick the snow was o'er her blown,
 So flaxen was the falling braid
 Beside the rosy cheek displayed,
 She looked like some fair Norland
 maid

Wrapped in a robe of eider-down.

Beside her stood a youth whose mien
 Brought to the chief's remember-
 ing eye

The stripling hero he had seen
 Bearing a banner proudly high,
 Within a light-horse flying line,
 That fearful day at Brandywine.
 The other was that sturdy dame
 The housekeeper: you saw it all
 In one glance at that stately frame,
 Queen of the keys of Berkley Hall.

The maid a moment seemed to stand
 Abashed before that presence high:
 He read it in her timid eye,
 And took in his her trembling hand.
 She felt her young blood swifter run;
 Her heart could not regain its calm;
 Her little hand lay in his palm,—
 The noble palm of Washington!

Then rose the lady, with serene,
 Sweet looks o'er all her stately mien;
 And she too took her hand, and
 spoke

In winning accents low and mild:—
 "It is a stormy night, my child,
 For one so young to be abroad;—
 Or have you wandered from your
 road?

Pray, loose your snowy hood and
 cloak,

And warm you well beside the fire,
 And take the rest which you require.
 Shrink not because the place is small:
 Our hearts, we trust, have room for
 all."

When Esther answered, "Noble
 friends,

We have not wandered from our
 way,

Nor need we now for warmth
 delay;

Our glowing purpose freely sends
 Its heat, and we would straightway
 do

The duty Heaven directs us to.

"Much have we heard of all the ills
 Suffered along these winter hills,—
 Of famine in the frozen camp,
 Of cheerless couches, cold and damp,
 Where sickness breathes its painful
 breath

'Mid bitter wants that usher Death.

"Hence have we come, with courage
 armed,

With every deep compassion warmed,
 To do the little in our power
 To soothe the suffering of the hour.
 Our sleigh is standing at the door,
 Laden with such poor, hasty store
 As one home from its winter hoard
 Can to a bleeding cause afford:
 And now it but remains to ask
 Permission to assume our task."

She ceased, and stood with glowing
 cheek,—

So beautiful, so young and meek,
 She seemed an answer to their
 prayer,—

A very pitying angel there.

The chieftain's eye grew dim with
 mist,

His heart was all too full to speak;
 The lady's arm the maiden prest,
 She drew her to her matron breast
 And tenderly her forehead kissed.

The chief put out his hands, and
 smiled,—

He laid them on her golden hair,
 And said, in feeling words of
 prayer,

"God bless you, noble child!"

VII.

THE WINTER CAMP.

'Twas midnight in the soldier's shed,
Where lay upon his burning bed
The sufferer, to whose fever-glow
Most welcome came the gusts of
snow,

On searching night-winds, icy thin,
Through every cranny blowing in,
Filling the place with frequent mist,
That round the one poor taper hissed.

Close at his side an aged man
Sat, like a good Samaritan,
Pouring the sacred oil and balm,
His pains and spirit-wounds to calm.
A cloth about his brow was bound,
To shield a deep and stubborn wound;
While round his neck the intruding
air

Lifted and fanned his thin gray hair.
Across his knees his warrior sword
Sustained the book o'er which he
pored;

The leaves were yellow, old, and
stained,

And oft by fluttering, rude winds
stirred,

But still his aged eyesight strained
To read the sacred, unstained Word.

But who was she who knelt beside,
And held the sick man's hand in
hers,

Feeling such pain as only stirs
The breast where love and truth
abide?

It needs but one glance to suffice
To know those large and dewy eyes;
But keener sight 'twould take, I
ween,

To recognize that altered mien
Of him whose features scarcely prove
The Edgar of her hope and love.

But saddest of her painful lot
To look into those eyes which burned,
To find no answering look returned,—
Those eyes whose gladness ever flew
In love to hers, with pleasure new:—
Alas! alas! he knew her not!

A moment thus in prayers and tears
Her bosom poured its flood of fears;

But, conscious that, though blind
with pain,

His heart was hers, and hers lone,
She summoned strength, and stood
again

Strong in his love and in her own.
As one who on a battle-plain,
Feeling his life-blood dew the ground,
Seizes the scarf which love had bound
With trembling hands his breast
around,

And thrust it in the bleeding wound
To stanch the crimson tide of life,
Then springs anew to join the strife,
To give, perchance, the fatal blow
Which lays the invading foe man
low,—

So rose the maid, and firmly prest
His love into her bleeding breast,
And strove, with all such hands can
do,
To win him back to health anew.

It was a charmed sight to see
How lovingly she came and went,—
How like a sunbeam, silently,
She cheered and warmed that winter
tent.

Her cloak of fur around the wall
She hung, to intercept the blast;
Across the door was spread her shawl,
And every cranny was made fast.

Nor here alone her care was given:
She daily passed from shed to shed;
The early morn, the noon, the even,
Still found her near some sufferer's
bed.

And striving oft, as she had striven,
There praying 'mid the sick and
dead,

She saw the chieftain's bowing
head,

And heard his word of courage
said:

Where'er they smiled there seemed
to spread

The soft and healing breath of Heaven.

Not fruitless was her constant care,
And not unheard her daily prayer:
The blackest cloud of all was past;
New sunshine filled the winter
skies;

Hope came to Edgar's couch at last:
No more her face his glance denies;

His soul responded through his
eyes

With all the warmth which love
supplies.

And with the first returning breath—
A breath as sweet as that which
stirs

Through April boughs, when all
the woods

Feel the first thrill of promised
buds—

He owned his soul was doubly hers,
Since she had called it back from
death.

One day, as by the scanty fire
She strove to make it sparkle higher,
The while her patient's slender
form

Was propt beside, and mantled
warm,

The old man, Edgar's patriot sire,
Entered with overshadowed brow,
And said, "Sweet daughter, come
with me:

I fear another couch may now
Lay claim to your fidelity.
The strange wild woman you so oft
Encountered in your winter round,
And who so frequently you found
Soothing the sick with accents soft,—
Accents which suited not the dress,
So fitted for the wilderness,—
Now lies a victim to the spell
Which she in others strove to quell,
With fever sorely racked and thrilled,
'Mid kindly hands, but all unskilled.

"I have not yet forgot the day
When on the battle-field I lay
Almost in death, she was the first
To slake my fever-flame of thirst,
Or how within the secret cave
She tended me so well and long,
Cheering me oft with some wild
stave

Of ballad or of mountain-song,
And oft, as though I were a child
(There's something in her brain
amiss),

Telling some legend strange and wild.
For this— But nay,—it needs
not this
To wake compassion in your eyes:—
A human creature suffering lies."

Then Esther rose, and joined her
guide,

And reached the shed where Nora
lay;

But, when she stood by Nora's side,
Her heart of courage sank away.
For, oh, it was a piteous sight
To see those eyes so strangely bright,
And all that flood of scattered hair
As blown by winds of wild despair,
And all the trappings of her dress
Flung wide by hands of hot distress!

There Ugo by the wagoner stood,
And both in anxious, gloomy mood;
She stared upon the wondering child,
Then wept as o'er some burning
thought,

Then gazed at Ringbolt strangely
wild,

And laughed, as though her pain
were naught.

The saddest of all sounds that flow
Is laughter forced from deeps of woe.

A moment on the maid she glanced,
As if her spirit hung entranced,
And now, with curious, searching
scan,

Surveyed the pitying, gray-haired
man,
And spoke with low, mysterious
air:—

"Thou poor young bride, beware!
beware!

Oh, wed not with that cold white
hair!

That summer smile is but device:—
His breast is snow, his heart is ice.

Oh, cold was the bridegroom,
All frozen with pride!—

He first slew her lover,
Then made her his bride.

Ringbolt, how goes the battle? Ho!
Fly, Ugo!—fly!—the foe!—the foe!
A stealthy trick!—but they shall
know

The stricken can return the blow!
The tyrant and his host shall flee,—
When patriots strike, they shall be
free!

"Our flag like a meteor
Sweeps down through the fight:
It brightens the valley
And burns on the height.

"Oh, did you not see
How it sprung like a flame
When the voice of the nation
Called Freedom by name?"

"On the soul of the tyrant
That mighty name fell,
As in Gessler's heart quivered
The arrow of Tell!"

Thus sang she, and fell back with
breath
Drawn faint as through the lips of
death;
The life within the frame consumed
Seemed scarce again to be illumed.
Then Ringbolt gazed on her with
eye
Of pain,—almost of agony,—
And said, with heavy, solemn tongue,
"'Tis hard for one so good and young
To suffer thus! The poor white
dove
Was murdered by a falcon's love!"

Then Esther said, "Indeed, my
friends,
It is a sight which sadly sends
The blood back on the heart, to see
Such depths of human misery.
Oh, surely this wild, dismal camp
Is all too rough and cold and damp:
'Twere better if she were conveyed
And in some quiet chamber laid,
'Mid hands that know to tend and
spread

The comforts of a sufferer's bed,
Where pity only holds control,
With not a sound to vex the soul.
And such a room my heart allows,
Within a well-provided house,
And well I know her couch will
find

The hands attendant, gentle, kind;
For Hulda, ever good and mild,
Will guard her as she were her child.
Haste, Ugo, haste, and bring the
sleigh,
And let her be enwrapt straight-
way:

'Tis but a short two hours' ride;
So easily her course shall glide,
So deep shall be her bed of fur,
So soft and noiseless be the stir,
That she may sleep and never know
How swiftly fly the miles below."

A moment there was seen to go
O'er Ringbolt's face a blackening
cloud:
At length his nodding forehead
bowed:
"Perchance," he said, "'twere better
so."

The sleigh was brought, and many
a fold
Of fur and blanket wrapt her form:
And now within the wagoner's hold,
Like a light infant, close and warm,
She lay,—and thus, beside the maid,
To Berkley Mansion was conveyed.

He bore her up the shadowy stair,
The 'wilderer sufferer knew not where,
And in a chamber warm and large
He left her in kind Hulda's charge.

A cup of wine,—bluff words of
thanks,—
If Esther would regain the camp,
Ugo must be her guard and
guide,—
The great hall heard his heavy
tramp,
The deep snow marked his giant
stride,
Which led him up the Schuylkill
banks
To join again his waiting ranks.

VIII.

THE HERALDS.

DAYS came and went round Nora's
couch:
If there was need of aught to tell
That gentle hands attended well,
Her mild and altered mien could
vouch.

Weeks came and went, and every day
Brought better news from out the
valley:
Each tidings-tongue was glad to say
The troops, the cause, all seemed to
rally.
And Esther's heart, though still her
sire
Was captive in the royal camp,

Saw Hope re-fan her smouldering fire
Within the cloud's desponding
damp.

'Twas evening, and she watched the
gleam

Of moonlight over hill and stream;
Though winter now was wellnigh
through,

And spring-time promised soon to
blow,

Still, all the scene which met her
view

Lay in a gleaming robe of snow.

She sat and gazed upon the stars,
As on a banner there unfurled,
And wondered if each sparkling
world

Was shocked like this with martial
jars,—

If through those tranquil, silver
skies

Stern warriors bent devoted eyes
In worship on the planet Mars.

She mused,—when Hulda's waking
hand

Was laid upon her resting arm,

And, looking up with mild alarm,
She saw within the moonlight stand
Another, whose brave feet had paced
Through paths of snow in breathless
haste.

"I come"—this was her hurried word,
She scarcely seemed for breath to
pause—

"To you, for I have often heard
Your heart is with our patriot
cause:

You have swift horses at command,
And have, perchance, some trusty
hand

By whom a message may be borne:
The word I bear must reach our band
Before to-morrow morn."

"Speak on!" the startled hearer
cried:

"It shall, no matter what betide!"

"Our enemy a plan has laid—

I got the news, it boots not how—
By which our camp shall be betrayed,
And all our noble army made
To bite the dust, or basely bow.

This was their threat; and even now
Their rapid horsemen form in line,
And ere the dawn 'tis their design
To strike the fatal blow.

"This is the news: I pray you speed;
The hour is short, and dire the
need:

I have no time to answer more;
But if our noble chief would know
The source from which these tidings
flow,

Then tell him boldly, undeterred,
'Tis Lydia Darrach's faithful word,¹⁸
Which served him once before."

"Thanks, noble heart!" young Es-
ther cried,

And flung her daring tresses wide:

"Spite every danger or mishap,
Ere yon low moon shall disappear,
The news shall reach our General's
ear

Though Death stood in the gap!"

Waiting no more to hear or say,
The herald took her homeward way.

"Now, Ugo!"—this was Esther's
call,—

"Bridle the swiftest steed in stall,
Fly with the news you just have
heard,
And let our chieftain know the word."

"A steed!" he answered; "but sup-
pose

The road should be beset with foes,
The boldest rider scarce would do
To bear such needful tidings through.
No, no: I have a better way,—

One quite as swift, and far more
sure;

Nor horse nor man my course shall
stay,

I shall be mounted so secure."

She stared at him with puzzled
brow,

But he nor look nor answer stayed;
She heard the rattling which he
made

Within the dusky hall below;
She saw him dash across the snow,
Until he gained the frozen river,

Watched him a moment bending low,
Then, like an arrow from the bow,
Beheld his flying figure go

On skates, with many a flash and
quiver,
As if the glistening ice and steel,
In lightning, would his speed reveal.

The smile applauded the device:

She watched him, with a glad surprise,

Until he vanished from her eyes.

But suddenly, with fear renewed,

She stood in anxious attitude:—

That messenger upon the ice,
It might, and yet might not, suffice.
If highways held the foeman wolf,
The river also had its gulf,
And 'twas the season when the sun
Old Winter's work had half undone;
The snowy eaves were thawed at
noon,

The thinning ice must vanish soon;
The moon, too, hung with sinking
disk;

Her light would shortly be at end.

No, no: it would not do to send
One messenger on such a risk:
All must be staked to win or lose;—
In such a cause, who stayed to choose?

In haste she ordered out the sleigh:
None heard the maid her purpose say;
'Twas not for others' ears discussed,
For there was none whom she would
trust,

Save Hulda, and her duty lay
Round suffering Nora night and
day.

Alone she mounted, without pause,
To save, perchance, her country's
cause:

Away, away, the light car flew;
The hoofs flung up the powdery
snow;

Swift as a river seemed to flow
The road beneath, where, slipping
through
The crispy foam with whistling
shrieks,
The runners left their glistening
streaks.

Oh, enviable star in heaven
That looked through that still crystal
even,

And saw how those two heralds went,
Each on the same high mission bent,—
One on a road of ice below,
One on a stream-like road of snow,
The locks of each flung backward far,
And trailing like a meteor star:
Oh, ne'er before sped soul with soul
In holier race for earthly goal!

Just as the last hill-top was neared,
And the swift horses slackened pace,
A voice, as if it broke through space,
Pealed to the welkin as it cheered,
Announcing the last danger cleared:—
'Twas Ugo's wild, triumphant mirth,
Ringing as it would circle earth.

And thus the two young heralds met,
In spite of foes about them set,
In spite of dark and wintry
weather,

And to the grateful patriot chief,
In burning language plain and brief,
Delivered their great news together;
And soon the horses, flecked with
foam,

Well pleased, were turned again for
home.

While Ugo took the guiding rein,
Thus held the maid her musing
vein:—

"Now the moon has left her track,
Dropt behind the mountain-bars;
Paly shine the cold white stars,
And the pale earth answers back;
All the world a shadow lies,
Darkly, breathless, deathly still,
While above us hang the skies,
Throbbing to our throbbing eyes,
Till the fancy almost hears
Something of the strains that thrill,
Passing through the happy spheres.

"Yonder the great Northern Wain
Rings across the azure plain,
Nightly rolling toward the goal
Of the ever-steadfast Pole:
Every steed in that great car
On his forehead wears a star,
Proud with bells upon his mane.

"Sweetest of the chimes of heaven,
Is yon clustered sister-seven,
In their turret's misty height,
Like a stem of lilies white,—

Our sweet valley Pleiades,
 Ringing perfume on the breeze.
 Ring, sweet sisters, clearer still :
 My heart listens for the thrill
 From your sacred belfry-cell :
 Pour your chime ; but, ah, the knell
 Floats from off your silver lips
 For that lost one in eclipse !

"Lost !—ah, no : she is not lost ;
 Her song was too fine and sweet
 With your singing to compete ;
 On some more celestial coast
 She is now the angels' boast,
 With her joy forever told,
 In a tower of shining gold.

"Ring, sweet stars of heaven, anew,
 And my heart will sing with you ;
 Ring !—oh, ring !—that I may hear
 And feel that heaven is sometimes
 near."

Thus Esther in her happy breast
 The pleasure of her soul confest ;
 For she was glowing with a sense
 (Although the thought had scarcely
 heed)

That she had done a sacred deed
 Which was its own sweet recompense.
 The singing sleigh, the horses' tread,
 Slow pacing homeward at their will,
 The flowing road that backward sped,
 The stars that chased her overhead,
 Like heavenly guardians with her
 still,

The crystal air, but not too chill,
 All soothed her with a gentle calm,
 As if a cool and tender palm
 Were on her tranquil forehead prest
 To woo her into peaceful rest.

And Ugo held in dreamy spell
 The reins which seemed about to
 fall ;
 But homeward steeds remember well
 The road which leads them to their
 stall.

All nature seemed as it were fanned
 With Slumber's cool and downy
 pinions ;
 But, hold !—the steeds are at full
 stand !
 Around them close the foeman's
 minions !

Is she awake, or does she dream ?

The sword-flash that before her stirs,
 The scarlet coat, the helmet's gleam,
 The bursting laugh of rude de-
 rision,

A rough voice shouting, "Pris-
 oners !"

A soldier at each horse's rein,
 And Ugo dragged among the train,—
 All this proclaims it is no vision.

The boy is loud,—he will not stay :
 A boy is he, armed soldiers they.

"What men are ye," she strove to
 say,

"Who dare to stop a lady's way ?

I charge ye, off ! Unbind the boy !"
 Whereat the captain's voice replied,
 Close at the startled maiden's side,

"Lady, we wish not to annoy
 Further than strictest duty calls :
 Be not alarmed : if aught befalls
 Amiss, the fault shall not be ours,—
 We serve the cause of higher powers :
 Though it seem hard, and you con-
 demn,

Our prisoner, you must go to them."

He took the reins, and said no more :
 With mounted men to guard them
 down,

Even past her own unhappy door
 She went a captive to the town.

PART III.

I.

THE TANKARD OF WINE.

Oh, what delight is in the air
 What time the new-born spring is
 there !

How sweet it is on the breezy slope,
 'Mid flowers in bloom or about to ope,
 When the dog-wood, like a maiden
 dight

In bridal robes of snowy white,
 Beside the flaming maple stands,
 While the oak, with priestly hands
 Spread above their bowing heads,
 His whispering benediction sheds ;
 Where never a careless wind forgets
 To tell of the woodland violets,

Or how it half forgot to pass
 From spice-wood boughs and sassa-
 fras ;
 And, like the soul of a mocking-
 bird,
 Repeating every song it heard,
 Each sweeter for being brought afar,
 As all the joys of memory are.

Such Esther knew were the delights
 Clothing the valley and the heights ;
 And every perfumed air she met,
 Fresh breathing of the wood and
 field,
 Filled her with longings and regret
 For joys the city could not yield.

Had she a pleasure in her breast,
 In secret it was all suppressed ;
 For every look and every tone
 Proclaimed her Melancholy's own.

'Twas true, her captive chains were
 light,—
 Another might have deemed them
 bright ;
 But, light or bright, she felt the
 pain
 Of knowing that there was a chain
 Which flowers, though twined with
 subtlest art,
 Could not make welcome to her heart :
 They could but hide from 'others'
 stare
 The galling weight she knew was
 there.

The city and its farthest street
 Were free to her unfettered feet ;
 But there was still that line beyond,
 O'er which her feelings, wildly fond,
 Took yearning wing, and well she
 knew
 She could not follow where they flew.

Sir Hugh grew daily more appeased :
 He mingled with the martial court,
 His fetters seemed but things of
 sport,
 And even now might be released
 If he in any slight degree
 Would bow and sue for liberty.
 But no ! they had assailed his pride :
 His loyalty had been denied :
 He would not bow the suppliant
 limb,—
 Nay, rather they must bow to him.

And now, too, all he held most dear
 Next to his pride, his child, was here,
 And many a noble officer
 Bowed supplely low to him and her ;
 And even those with hearts allied
 In secret to the patriot side
 Made him obeisance ; for they deemed
 He might be other than he seemed.
 These flattering tributes to him paid
 Gave sweet contentment, and he
 stayed.

'Twas twilight, and the evening air
 Came dancing over Delaware,
 Fanning the easy sailor's hair,
 Who laughed and quaffed away his
 care,
 With merry song and gusty din,
 Under the stoop before the inn,
 Where soon, arrayed in colors fine,
 Two officers of the royal line
 Reeled singing in at the open door,
 A flush with pleasure and with wine :
 'Twas noble, they said,—or rather
 swore,—
 With such a general to dine.

Each face was scarlet as their dress :
 The whole man seemed to loom and
 shine,
 As if the red blood of the vine
 Its glowing presence would express
 By every visible outward sign.

"Ho, landlord of the 'Ship and Sheaf,'
 Bring us a flagon, and be brief !
 We must not let the tide go by,
 To leave us stranded high and dry,
 Or wait to-morrow's evening flood
 To lift us o'er the sand and mud ;
 'Twill never do to stick aground
 While other barques are sailing
 round :
 Let loose the wine, and, should that
 fail,
 Then swim us off with good brown
 ale !"

Thus shouted they, then searched the
 gloom,
 To note what guests were in the room :
 Their glance found only two beside.
 "Two fellows there I think I spied,"

Thus whispered one. "Nay, there are more,"

The other answered,—“surely four :
But two, perchance, are made of wine!”

Whereat they laughed ; and still they swore

’Twas noble, glorious, and divine
With such a general to dine.

“Ho, landlord, bring another flask,
To nerve us for to-morrow’s task !
To-morrow’s task ! Ah, that will be
A scene of such rare chivalry
That all shall go joy-mad to see !
A thousand times more bright and fine

Than Germantown or Brandywine !
How those poor devils in the gorge,
Hidden away at Valley Forge,
In their tattereddemalion rags,
Making their empty rebel brags,
Would ope their boorish eyes to gaze
Upon the splendors which shall blaze
And burn, until the night is spent,
Around our glorious tournament !
Come, landlord, drink, before we go,
A bumper to the royal show !

“That fellow there, who seems to sulk
And in the shadowy corner skulk,
Go bring him out, and let him clear
His throat, that he may loudly cheer
The golden glories he shall see
Around to-morrow’s pageantry !
Come, sirrah, when a colonel bids,
Nor sit with scowl like pirate Kidd’s :
This smile will smooth your hostler
frown

When it washes the hay-dust down !”

The stranger rose : through a sideways
door

He pushed a young companion out,
Then stood a moment as in doubt,
The while he scanned the revellers
o’er,

Then strode to the table with visage
grim,
Demanding what they would with
him.

“To drink our general’s health !” they
cried.

“Our general !” boldly he replied,
And drained the goblet willingly.

“And to our tournament beside !”

“And to the tournament !” echoed
he ;

“And may I be on hand to see !”

“Again !” the other cried, with zest ;
“Fill high !—methinks that were a
breast

To hold a gallon in its chest,—
And let the toast be to the fair,—
To her whose colors I shall wear,—
The badge of the ‘ Burning Mountain’
mine,

‘The maid I love’ my motto sign.
Then pledge for whom I set the lance,
With whom in banquet I shall
dance,—

Perchance”—he hiccupped, and
waved his wine—

“To her who may be bride of mine,—
I have the father’s word for all :

Or, if not that”—with drunken leer
He whispered in his comrade’s ear,
Then laughed till the cup was nigh
to fall,

And shouted, “The heiress of Berkley
Hall !”

The stranger’s tankard was ready up ;
Each his lip was about to dash,
When, with an oath like a thunder-
crash,

He flashed the wine in the speaker’s
face

And into the other’s the empty cup,
And then, with heavy, giant pace,
Strode leisurely beyond the place ;
And, ere they woke from their dis-
grace,

A light boat and a springing oar
Had borne the wagoner far from shore.

II.

THE MESCHIANZA.¹⁹

O CITY the beloved of Penn,
How was your quiet startled when
Red Mars made your calm harbor
glow
With all the splendors he can show !

How looked your tranquil founder
down
That day upon his cherished town,—

That town which in the sylvan wild
He reared and tended like a child?

Methinks that patriarch and his peers,
Who fashioned all your staid re-
treats,

Groaned then in their celestial seats
With sad offended eyes and ears;
And, had their loving faith allowed,
That day, in mournful spirit bowed,
Each had turned his olive-wand
Into a rod of reprimand.

The May was there,—the blue-eyed
May;

The sweet south breeze came up the
bay,

Fanning the river where it lay
Voiceless, with astonished stare,—
The great sea-drinking Delaware.

There, in the broad, clear afternoon,
With myriad oars, and all in tune,
A swarm of barges moved away,

In all their grand regatta pride,
As bright as in a blue lagoon,
When gondolas from shore to shore
Swam round the golden Bucentaur

On a Venetian holiday,

What time the Doge threw in the
tide

The ring which made the sea his
bride.

'Mid these were mighty platforms
drawn,

Each crowded like a festal lawn,—
Great swimming floors, o'er which
were rolled

Cloth of scarlet, green, and gold,
Like tropic isles of flowery light
Unmoored by some enchanter's might,
O'erflowed with music, floated down
Before the wharf-assembled town.

A thousand rowers rocked and sung,
A thousand light oars flashed and
flung

A fairy rainbow where they sprung.
Conjoining with the singers' voice,

In ecstatic rival trial,
Every instrument of choice,
Mellow flute and silver viol,
Wooded the soft air to rejoice;
Till on wings of splendor met,

Clearer, louder, wilder yet,
Clarion and clarionet,
And the bugle's sailing tone,
As from lips of tempests blown,
Made the whole wide sky its own,
Shivering with its festal jar
The ærial dome afar.

Thus the music past the town
Winged the swimming pageant down,
Till with one loud crash it dropt,
And the bright flotilla stopt,
Mooring in the bannered port
At the flowery wharves of Sport.

There wide triumphal arches flamed
With painted trophies, which pro-
claimed,

With mottoes wrought in many a
line

Around some brave heraldic sign,
That all the splendors here displayed
Were honors to great chieftains paid.

Pavilions round the field were spread,
With flying banners overhead,
Where, on a high and central throne,
The two commanders reigned alone:
The admiral, whose powdered hair
Had oft been fanned by ocean air;
The general, whose eye oft sped
O'er fields transfused from green to
red,

As if the very plain should wear
The hue his army held so dear,—
Both deeming that the world must
bow

Before the awful name of Howe.

And there,—oh, feast for painter's
heart,

And yet a light to mock his art,
To kindle all a poet's fire,
To waken, madden, and inspire,
Yet leave him mastered and undone,
As faints a taper in the sun,—
Yes, there, in many a beaming row,
Was lit such beauty as might glow
Alone in fabled tourney-rings;

Held in those far enchanted scenes
Where all are princesses and queens
And all the jousting knights are
kings.

Such light was then our city's boast;
And such, methinks, it has not lost:

The features Stuart loved to trace
 And clothe in his immortal glow
 Are met by many a soul-lit face,
 Secured by Sully's touch of grace,
 As bright as theirs of long ago.

O noble masters, might I here
 Seize the light pencil from your
 grasp,
 Then should the picture reappear
 Which vainly I attempt to clasp.
 What though the vision with me
 stays,
 The awkward pencil tamely strays,
 And leaves me, after all my cost,
 To sigh above my labor lost.
 But ye who have the conjuring will,
 The painter's gift, the poet's heart,
 Take the rough lines I cannot fill,
 And touch them with your clearer
 art.

In middle of the central group—
 The fairest maidens of the troop,
 Each in her flowing Turkish dress—
 Sat Esther, in her loveliness.
 A graceful turban bound her brow,
 Its end flung back in gauzy flow,
 And from its sides hung loops of
 pearls,
 Dripping among the golden curls,
 While on its snowy front was set
 A diamond stellar coronet,
 And in the middle of the stars
 A red rose shone, like burning Mars;
 The silken robe, of ample fold,
 Was white, and bound with belt of
 gold,
 O'er which a scarf of wondrous lace
 Added its wealth of flowing grace.

Her beauty thrilled the gazing crowd,
 And made the heart of Berkley
 glad;
 But if Sir Hugh that hour was
 proud,
 Still prouder was the stripling lad,
 Brave Ugo, who beside her chair,
 With height and form beyond his
 age,
 Stood near, her guardian and her
 page;
 His large dark eyes and raven hair
 To hers made contrast rich and rare;
 And, decked in Oriental suit,
 He looked a Turk from head to foot,

Holding superb and tranquil mien,
 As by the throne of a sceptred queen.

Now rang the bugle to the cloud;
 And now seven knights, in brave
 attire
 Of white and scarlet gayly
 donned,
 On chargers well caparisoned,
 And each attended by his squire,
 Rode in before the admiring crowd;
 And soft eyes sparkled brightly
 fond,

As each before his lady bowed.
 Then rang the herald's trumpet
 higher,
 And swelled the challenge fiercely
 loud:—

“The brave knights of ‘The
 Blended Rose’

Proclaim the fair whom they defend

Are lovelier, nobler in their pride,
 Than all the world can show beside;
 And he who dares this vaunt oppose
 We challenge to the direful
 end!”

Three times abroad the vaunt was
 thrown;

And now another bugle blown,
 Flinging its scorn around the heaven,
 Ushered in the answering troop,—
 The gallant and defying seven,
 In suits of orange and of black,
 With harnessed steeds and squires to
 back;

And these with proud and knightly
 stoop
 Made their obeisance to the fair
 Whose beauty they defended there.

Then swelled the other herald's
 cry:—

“‘The Knights of the Burning
 Mount’ defy,
 And, in support of their ladies’
 charms,
 Challenge all chivalry to arms!”

But how looked Esther on the scene?

Was there no pleasure in the place,
 To call the color to her face?
 A weary sadness veiled her mien;
 Her eye, which took the splendor in,
 ‘Mid all the show no joy could win;

For in her patriotic heart
 Another picture, far apart,
 Rose, with its drear, contrasted shade,
 Before her sympathetic eye,
 Which glistened with a pitying
 damp.

She saw the starving valley camp,
 And heard the sufferer's dying
 sigh,—
 Saw all the bitter wants that
 weighed—

Her country's only hope and trust—
 A noble army to the dust ;
 And even when her champion proud
 Bent low, a gallant knight in
 black,
 She scarcely noticed that he bowed ;
 Her sad eye paid no glances back.

Again the flying bugle's flash
 Across the waiting scene was
 pealed ;
 Then came the sudden shock and
 dash
 Of spears that met in splintering
 crash

On every loudly-ringing shield.
 Then sword with sword together rang
 With many a fierce and fiery clang,
 As on some earnest battle-field.

Oh for the pen which brave Froissart
 Waved, sword-like, in the knightly
 van !

Oh for the pencil and the art
 Of battle-loving Wouverman !
 That on my page might be unrolled
 Another tourney "cloth of gold" !

All eyes were on the struggle bent,
 And every gazer forward leant,
 Each breathless at the whirling
 sight,—

When dashed in midst another
 knight,

Driving the raging foes between,
 And, like a whirlwind, joined the
 scene.

His tall and foaming steed was black,
 And reared and leapt with plunge
 and wheel ;

And he who loomed upon his back
 Wore on his breast a plate of steel,
 While on his head a helmet shone
 With flying plume,—the visor down.

The armor was embossed and rich,
 And seemed to Esther to recall
 The helmet and the breastplate which
 Formed part of that within the
 niche,—

The ancestral suit of Berkley Hall ;
 As if the knight, so grim and tall,
 Finding the ancient form too small,
 Content to shield his head and breast,
 Had borrowed but cuirass and crest.

His raining blows were swift and bold :
 No sooner was his weapon set
 'Gainst every lifted blade he met,
 Than flew that blade from out its
 hold ;

While many a bravest knight,
 alarmed,
 Recoiled apace, abashed, disarmed.

But when he met the searched-for foe,
 Fair Esther's champion in the list,
 His mighty hand could not resist,—
 He dealt an angry, giant's blow,—
 Perchance it was intended so :

Somehow, the awkward weapon
 missed—

It glanced beyond the approaching
 head,

And on the "black knight's" mouth
 instead

Alit the great hilt-clinching fist !
 A blow that made the earth swim
 round,

And sent him bleeding to the ground.

Then, while the murmur questioned
 loud,

He dashed to the wondering maid and
 bowed,

And raised her white glove to his lip.
 Now seemed her eye to understand ;

She guessed that form of high com-
 mand,

And felt a folded paper slip

Stealthily into her startled hand ;
 Then, like an eagle on flashing wing,
 He sailed beyond the wondering ring.

All marvelled ; but few guessed the
 truth :

They mostly thought it in the play ;
 And even the knights, with frowns
 uncouth,

And many a savage inward oath,
 Were pleased among themselves to
 say

That some hot-headed frolic youth
 Had chosen thus to share the day,
 By dashing in the jousting fray,
 To bear the highest prize away,
 And leave them all in wondering
 doubt,
 As oft in ancient tourney-bout.

The two commanders, looking on,
 Approved the novel action done,
 And said, in accents loud and bluff,
 The brave surprise was well per-
 formed,
 And that it was a knightly thing,
 Although, perchance, a little rough.
 And catching this, as from a king,
 The shout of joy ran round the
 ring,
 Till every clapping hand was
 warmed,
 To send the applause on circling
 wing.
 And now the day was wellnigh spent,
 And evening closed the tournament.

III.

THE BANQUET.

Oh, merry and good is a blooming
 wood

On a calm, clear afternoon,
 When every maid, in a flowery hood,
 Sings, as every maiden should

In the leafy shades of June:—
 When every light form wears the
 proof

Of what beneath her homestead roof

The loom of Winter weaves,—
 The blue, and green, and scarlet woof,

The white and flowing sleeves:—

When every archer bends his bow,
 To bid the laughing arrow go

Among the laughing leaves!

And merry the call to a Christmas hall,

Where nuts and ale abound,
 Where music, with gusty rise and
 fall,

Chases the revellers dancing all

In many a mazy round.

But louder, clearer, merrier yet
 The music and mirth together met
 What time the evening feast was set

And the tournament was through:
 The knights came in, each waving
 plume

Sending a murmur through the room,
 And, bowing to eyes they deemed
 most sweet,

Each knelt before his lady's feet,
 To receive the trophy due.

But where was Esther's champion?
 Had he no tourney-honor won?

And must the flower her turban
 wore,

Remain unclaimed, and feel the blight
 Of all that withering festal light?

She plucked the rose with fingers
 white,

And tore the leaves before their sight,
 And strewed them on the floor.

That feasting-hall was a sight to
 see,

And, seen, it must remembered
 be:

A hundred banners lined the wall,
 Festooning over swords and spears,

And thrice a score of chandeliers
 Made such a glory through the hall

As only summer noonday wears;
 And many a mirror, wide and tall,

Decked with flowers on golden piers,
 Caught the splendor, and echoed it all,

As if to stretch the gorgeous place
 Into the outer halls of space,

As it were to last a thousand years.

All, all was bright as summer waves
 That sing and dance on a flowery

shore,
 Where the billow decks the bank it
 laves

With pearls, and then retreats for
 more.

The only shadows around the feast
 Were a score of turbaned, Nubian

slaves
 Arrayed in livery of the East.

The merriest sounds o'erflowed the
 scene,

While flashed the brimming wine
 between,

Where each, from the cup he loved
 to quaff,

Caught something of its vineyard
 laugh.

There was whispered love, soft words
 of bliss,
 On lips Adonis would die to kiss,
 Rustle of silks, and rattle of fans,
 Tinkling of glasses, and, crowning
 this,
 Music that swelled from invisible
 clans :—
 Till, closing his eyes, the listener heard
 The rush of a woodland waterfall,
 And all the leaves of the forest stirred
 By a flutter of wings, and the noisy
 call
 Of every loudest-throated bird.

The feast was past, the toast was
 said,
 The inevitable speeches made,
 And the long-cheered, triumphant
 two
 Breathed easier, and drank anew.

'Twas now that one of the leading
 knights
 Bowed, and, with soft persuasion
 long,
 Prayed, as a wreath to their delights,
 Our maid would crown the hour
 with song.

In vain her timid lips demurred :
 The praise of her voice so much was
 heard,
 They would not take the denying
 word.

In view of this, a harp had been,
 Only a moment past, brought in.
 And there in a flood of light it shone
 Golden on its waiting throne.

At length, upon her father's arm,
 And bidding her page beside her
 stay,
 She went, though tremorous with
 alarm,
 And André, bowing, led the way.
 She gained the throne, and sat
 thereon :
 Her breath came short for such a
 need ;

One glance across the room she sent,
 A thousand eyes were on her bent ;
 They seemed a thousand arrows
 drawn,
 And she the victim that must
 bleed.

One long sustaining breath she drew,
 Her drooping lids shut out the view,—
 Till, suddenly dashing her veil aside,
 And flinging her golden ringlets wide,
 Her arms around the harp she pressed,
 Loving it with her loving breast,
 As if its touch her fears might
 smother.

And now her hands along the
 strings
 Flashed daringly across each other,
 As when two birds, at dividing wires,
 Outsinging all the woodland choirs,
 Flutter with half-invisible wings.

When climbed her fingers high and
 higher,
 Twinkling among the treble notes
 There seemed unnumbered silver
 throats,
 Thrilling the sky with wild desire ;
 Then sudden lightnings flashed their
 fire,
 Till, in the heavier chords below,
 The thunder dealt its rumbling blow ;
 And now the rain was shivered down,
 And all the tempest-bugles blown.

Then came her voice : at first 'twas low,
 Like a sweet brook among the
 rushes ;
 But, like that brook, its further flow
 Swelled soon to fuller, nobler
 gushes.

SONG.

I.

In the vanished time and olden,
 Ere the ages yet were golden,
 A great king ruled his misty isles
 In sullen state alone,
 Till, hearing of a maiden
 With marvellous beauty laden,
 He swore she must be brought to him,
 To tend beside his throne.

II.

And forthwith every vassal
 Who dwelt beside his castle
 Was sent to bring the maiden in
 Before the morrow morn ;

And straightway to her bower
They went in all their power :
But she met them with her noble mien
And scorned them with her scorn.

III.

"Go, tell your tyrant master
Earth threatens no disaster
So direful to a maiden's soul
As is a monarch's smile ;
That Death shall wed me rather
'Neath the roof-tree of my father,
Than I should serve the greatest king
That ever ruled an isle."

IV.

Then laughed they loud derision
At the poor defenceless vision
Of a simple maid who dared alone
Defy their mighty king ;
"Then come," they cried, "the
trial ;
Our lord brooks no denial :
Your slender wrists must bear the
bands
Our master bade us bring."

V.

But, firm in her reliance,
With a glance of fierce defiance
She looked into their cowering eyes,
That drooped as in disgrace !
But, remembering royal anger,
With a sudden clash and clangor
They drew their mighty falchions
forth
And flashed them in her face.

VI.

A moment, as in sadness,
She looked upon their madness,
With calm, white arms serenely there
Upon her bosom laid ;
Then, with no thrill of terror,
But smiling at their error,
Three times she clapped her snowy
hands,
And signalled thus for aid.

VII.

Three times her palms resounded,
And at once she stood surrounded
By noble brothers rushing in
From every native field :
Their forms were rough and tawny,
But their limbs were lithe and
brawny,
And, instead of taking captives there,
The captors now must yield.

VIII.

And, against their own consenting,
She sent them back repenting.
The mad king cropt their coward ears
To satisfy his wrath :
And still that noble maiden,
With all her beauty laden,
Went singing on her happy way,
With honor in her path.

Scarce had the last word left her
tongue,
And while the chord still trembling
hung
From which the bird-like note had
sprung,
There rose a tumult wild without,²⁰
A hurried rush of loud alarms,
The flash of flames, the sentinel's
shout,
With startled drums that beat to
arms.
The shuddering guests no more could
doubt,
But quaked to think the rebel crew
Had burst in all their midnight
power
Upon them, in their revel hour,
To act the Trenton scene anew.

What meant that glow whose fearful
shine
Illumined the abatis-line,
Which fired the scene, as if to light
The horrors of the coming fight ?

Now could they hear the mounted
troop
Like hungry vultures round them
swoop,
And see the clattering hoofs of steel
Where lightning flashed from every
heel.

Out rushed the guardian ranks aflame,
To put the intruding crew to shame;
But, strange to tell, without a blow,
To say that there had been the foe,
The troopers fled, and left behind
Their mocking laughter on the wind.

The guards pursued them past the
town,
By the same road which brought them
down,
And soon the sentinels descried
The line returning, flushed with pride.

Then laughter filled the hall again,
While pleasure took the place of pain,
And every happy face was lit
With this fresh source of mirth and
wit,
And music spread its circling wing
To lead the dance in ampler swing.

But what was wrong? What ailed
Sir Hugh?

Why sought he thus the assembly
through?

What were the questions he would pour
At every outward-leading door?
At last he stood, with sigh long
drawn,—

Both Ugo and the maid were gone.

One said that while the guardian troop
Had gone to beat the rebels back,
He saw descend a hasty group
Across the lawn, and some were
black,—

A part of that same turbaned horde
Who tended while the wine was
poured,—

And that they moved towards a
barque:—

To shield them, then, the white
moon bowed

Behind a heavy wall of cloud:—
He saw no more, for all was dark.

IV.

THE BROTHERS.

WHAT light illumines the eagle's ken,
And flames his breast with Free-
dom's rage,
The first wild daring instant when
He soars beyond his broken cage!

How glows the lion's eye of fire,
Brighter than lit with midnight ire,
The moment when he sees the bar
Half drawn that leaves the door ajar!
How proudly he exalts his mane
That first hour on the open plain!

When from the winter's captive hold
The young spring takes the freedom
won,
While all his fetters crystal cold
Melt like a vision in the sun:—

Then every river, brook, and rill
Feels its deep heart with pleasure
thrill;
Then sing the birds, and every tree
Waves its gay hands for jollity.

What joy, my own dear land, was
thine,

What pleasure filled thy breast of
sorrow,

As if the heart were pulsing wine,—
What glorious sunshine filled the
noon

That cloudless, jubilant day in June
Which said, "The foe will leave
to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" every glad eye-glance
To that sweet music seemed to dance:
Youth spread the shout from first to
last,

And Age new vigor seemed to bor-
row,

And stranger-faces, as they passed,
Looked that masonic word, "To-
morrow!"

The happy country heard afar
The answer of its long desires;
Swift sped the news from hill to
hill,

O'er plain and valley wandering
still,

As if on every mountain-bar
Was lit the flame of signal-fires.

And there were eyes in Berkley Hall,
That, bright before, were now
more bright—

Young breasts that in their rise and
fall

Were thrilled with uncontrolled
delight.

Yet there beneath the Berkley roof
Were looks that angered at the
proof,—

Dark, sullen brows, which seemed to
say

The morn would bring a hateful day.

'Twas hard to see the old reins slip

From out their doting monarch's grip;

And so, to nerve them for the worst,

The purple flask must cheer the
hour,

That they at least might slake their
thirst

For wine, if not for tyrant power.

"To-morrow, Colonel, you depart:"

This was the greeting of Sir Hugh.

"Believe me when I say my heart

Is sad to part with such as you.

I hoped ere this—but hopes are vain:

There is a higher Wisdom rules:—

Though wise His ways, they are not
plain:

'Tis strange, and yet He sometimes
deigns

To give an empire's guiding reins

Into the hardy hands of fools:—

I hoped ere this—that hope at least

Holds good, and shall not be denied—

To see my family-board increased,

To see my daughter at your side

A lovely and contented bride.

"How stands your glass? The room
is dim:

Methinks the twilight settles soon,

In spite of the long days of June;

And yonder rises the red moon,

As if wine flushed her golden brim.

So flush your glass; for wine, in truth,

Which sparkles in these founts of

ours,

Is that perpetual Spring of Youth

Which Ponce de Leon strove, forsooth,

To find within the land of flowers.

Then never let our spirits sink,

Though Time and Fate their worst

pursue,

While at the bacchanalian brink

Our hearts their courage may renew.

"Ay, courage,—'tis the soldier's
word:

The hour is brighter than it seems;

To-day, even while you stood deterred,

I caught from hope some clearer
gleams.

"Did you not notice, when we came,
And after my first warm embrace,
How flushed her cheek and eye with
flame

When she looked up and saw your
face?

I felt her little wild heart leap,

That moment, in my clasping hand:

For Love, when he would safely keep

His head in secret hiding deep,

Is but an ostrich in the sand.

"What though her look no hope
awakes,

Repelling with disdainful eye,

'Tis but the course the salmon takes,

In scornful distance pausing shy;

Just when you think your toil is
vain,

And when he chiefly shows disdain,

With sudden whirl he takes the
fly!

What though her mien conceals the
spell,

Believe me, friend, she loves you well.

"Who spoke? Who dared to give
the lie?

Ho, Steward! lights!"

The lights were brought,
And every secret hiding-place

Was peered into with angry face.

The furious searching furnished
naught

To meet his pistol's ready rage,

Except a parrot in his cage:

Yes, surely 'twas that silly bird

Who uttered the obnoxious word.

They laughed, and sat: the wine must
serve

To smooth again the ruffled nerve.

"To prove, my friend, my words
sincere,

I have the paper ready here."

Thus spake Sir Hugh. "It only
waits

For the contracting names and dates:
'Tis quickly done. There, mine se-
cures

The seal; and now, my friend, for
yours.

By Jove! your pen flies o'er the
word

With all the flourish of a sword!

"The maiden's name? Ah, never doubt:

That with the rest shall soon appear.
Ho, Steward, seek your mistress out
And bid her to attend me here!"

In Berkley's breast resolve was stern,
For in his proud parental heart,
Remembering with what willing art
Her favor took the patriots' part,
He felt a deep resentment burn.

Although he loved her fondly still,
Yet, though all else should be denied,
She should not set her rebel will
Against this last hope of his pride:
It may be that the flush of wine
Gave vigor to his fixed design.
Young Esther came: her eye was bright

As if 'twere brimmed with love's own light;
Then flowed her maiden accents clear,
"What would you, father? I am here."

"A trifling service," he replied;—
There was a strangeness in the tone
Which turned her inmost heart to stone:—

"Before these written names are dried,
Let yours be drying at their side."

With wondering countenance advanced,
Her eye across the paper glanced;
Her visage showed a lightning-blight,—

The color from her cheek was blown,
As when from off some festal height
The fierce bolt strikes the banner down.

Before her flashed the ready quill,
The black blood waiting at the point;

Across her swept a deathly chill
That agued every sinking joint:
A very statue, mute and white,
She stood, till came the order,
"Write!"

"Nay, father: any thing but this,—
If 'twere to die at your command!"
He answered, "My sole order is
To write! The pen is in your hand!"

'Twas there; for he had placed it there,—

He seized her by the slender wrist.—
"Oh, help!" she cried.

"Nay, to assist
In your rebellion who shall dare?"
He answered firmly, at the word,
Tapping his pistol and his sword.

Her hand was on the paper prest:
Both watched it with their anxious ken;
The blood was curdling in her breast,
A deadly pallor veiled her mien,
The room swam round in darkness,
—when
An iron hand was thrust between,
Which snatched and crushed the crackling pen!

Three paces back, with shuddering reel,
All started, in their horror dumb;
Their tongues even as their hearts were numb;

For there a voiceless form of steel
Stood glowering as with threatening will;
For, though the visor close was down,

The very iron seemed to frown,
The clinching gauntlet grasping still

The crumpled remnant of the quill.
Within the waning light and gloom
To giant size it seemed to loom:
Such necromantic power has fright
To give to objects double height.

While now the gazers stood aghast,
The form, with slow and backward pace,

Confronting still with iron face,
Retiring, reached the throne at last
Where stood the maiden's harp of gold.

Still paler grew the lights and dim,—
Or so the frightened fancy told,—
While phantom lustre seemed to swim
About that form so ghostly grim;
And, just behind, the moon's broad rim

Seemed to the very casement rolled,
A spectral chariot waiting him:
The gazers' blood ran doubly cold
And palsied every limb.

But stranger still it was to see
 The form slow sinking on one knee,
 Upon the harp's enthroning stand,
 While in his stretching arms he took
 The frame, whose chords in terror
 shook
 Ere scarce they felt the iron hand.

Slow o'er the strings the gauntlets
 stole:—

(That gloves of steel showed little
 skill

In answering to the player's will,
 Such audience would scarcely wonder;—)

But, with a strange, weird music
 still,

That wailed above, then rumbled
 under,

He played as 'twere a funeral dole
 Chanted by distant winds and
 thunder;

And when from out the helmet broke
 The words in many a dying close,
 It seemed as if a cavern spoke
 The burden of long-hidden woes.

SONG.

I.

A shade has crossed the hill, Sir
 Hugh,
 A shade has crossed the lawn;
 And where its phantom feet have
 gone,
 So lightly were they pressed there-
 on,
 They did not brush the evening
 dew,
 Sir Hugh,
 They did not brush the dew.

II.

A gloom is on your house, Sir
 Hugh,
 Your sire frowns on the wall,—
 Where frown those painted shad-
 ows all,
 Now pale and shuddering o'er your
 fall:
 The last of all the name are you,
 Sir Hugh,
 The last of all are you.

III.

Your royal cause is lost, Sir Hugh;
 Your king recoils aghast;
 His day of tyrant power is past:
 Of all his friends you are the last,
 Last of your cause and name are
 you,
 Sir Hugh,
 The last of all are you.

IV.

The last of all are you, Sir Hugh,
 Echoes the owl aloof,—
 The last of all,—upon the roof
 The whippoorwill prolongs the
 proof:—
 Adieu to Berkley Hall,—adieu,
 Sir Hugh,
 To Berkley Hall adieu.

“Behold! Sir Hugh, be not dis-
 mayed!”

The suitor cried, and drew his blade.
 “Do you not see it is the same
 Who boldly to our tourney came
 A rough, unbidden guest and foe?
 I have not yet forgiven the blow:
 Though it were years, in twice the
 gloom

I still would know that helm and
 plume.”

Through Berkley's brain the light-
 ning sped,

And, casting round his glances
 quick,

Sir Hugh the empty niche espied;
 Then, with an angry laugh, he
 cried,

“A trick! By heaven! a rebel
 trick!”

And scarcely had the words been
 said,

The room was blinded with a flash:
 The iron vision forward sprung,
 And reeled the frightened group among;
 And now the floor received the
 crash

Of one who falls in armor dead.

Alas! if there was aught within
 But ghost, to brave that bolt of lead,
 That shining breastplate was too
 thin!

The door, by sudden fury thrust,
Swung wide, and hurrying men
strode in,

And one, whose voice was like a gust,
Cried, "Wherefore all this murderous
din?"

Then, following Sir Hugh's wild stare,
He saw the fallen armor there,
And saw from out the iron seam
A mortal tide of crimson stream.
With hurried stride he crossed the
floor,

And knelt beside the pool of gore,
With rapid hand the visor threw,
And started backward at the view,
One look told all,—no need of more:—
From out its sheath his weapon flew.

"Behold," he cried, "O wretch,
behold

The murderous work your hand has
done!

Ay, stare upon that visage cold,
And recognize, mad fool, your son!
But, while there's strength within
this hand

And steel of vengeance in this brand,
Your heart shall pour a stream as
good,

Even though I shed a brother's
blood!"

That moment he had forward sprung,
But Esther on his right arm flung
Her form, and there she pleading
clung.

Then stood Sir Hugh as one who seems
Chained amid horrid nightmare-
dreams;

Though fain to fly the sight of gore,
His feet were frozen to the floor.
At length he stammered, still with
stare

Fixed on the pallid visage there,
"A lie!—a lie! I had no son,
And surely never such a one!"

To which the other cried again,

"Thy son, proud fool, and son of her
Whose noble heart by you was
slain,—

O cold and double murderer!"

Still staring with unmoving eye,
He said,—or rather seemed to sigh,—

"I never killed her: if she died,
It was not here——"

"Your bitter pride
Struck at her heart, until her brain
By many a cold, proud word was
slain!"

The wagoner answered; and the taunt
At last awoke the Berkley blood.

"Who dares," he cried, in furious
mood,

"Thus in my face such words to
flaunt?

And who art thou, who ne'er before
Save once, a rude, unwelcome guest,
Was known to enter at my door?
What rebel thou, whose coward breast
Dares breathe the insult uttered
now?"

"Pray, not so fast," the other cried.

"A moment clear your clouded
brow,

And let your memory allow

I am not one to be defied!

That picture there may well attest

Whose courage ever was the best,
And which it was who quaked with
fear

The moment danger came too near.

I scorned you even as a child,

Proud, cold, and selfish as you were;

A younger brother, oft reviled,

I would not be your pensioner,

And so I left you to yourself,

With all your boasted pride and pelf.

"A rebel!—nay, let that foul name
Flush your own coward cheek with
shame:

'Tis ye are black Rebellion's knaves,

Traitors to Freedom and to God,

Who dare upon this sacred sod

Exalt the slave-compelling rod,

Being slaves yourselves, to make us
slaves!

"While throbs a heart,—while Hea-
ven is just,—

While on the banner of our trust

One star remains to fight beneath,

No blade of ours shall seek its
sheath,

No cannon hold its direful breath,

Till on the bitter field of death

The bold enslaver bites the dust.

Already, even as pictured there,
The joy has oft been mine to take
In this good grasp the tyrant snake
And fling him writhing in despair."

"My brother, thou?" Sir Hugh replied,
The while the wagoner's form he eyed,
Scanning in scorn, from head to foot,
The patriot's rough and rustic suit.
"'Tis false! No Berkley scion yet
His high-born lineage could forget,
To wear such rude and menial form
And be the thing which thou art now!"—

He spake, and back recoiled a pace
Before the anger of that face:
He dared no further brook the storm
Which gathered on that threatening brow.

But now his troubled eye again
Was cast upon the stripling slain,
And, with a look which strove in vain

To hide the doubt within his brain,
He cried, "'Tis false! No blood of mine

E'er wandered vagrant through the land;

No Berkley son would raise a hand
In honor of the rebel line!
No child of mine——"

His speech was stayed;
He glared upon the trembling maid.
"Well mayst thou tremble!" he resumed,

"And sink with burning shame consumed,

Whose recreant heart and rebel eye
Now give our loyal blood the lie!

'Tis thou, with disobedience long,
This sad and direful scene hast wrought,—

Firing the youth with rebel thought
And filling his soul with rebel song;
But that shall end!" And, at the word,

Across the harp he flashed his sword
And severed every trembling chord.

"Strike on!"—this was the wagoner's taunt:

"Such courage ever was your vaunt:
With no more stripling sons to kill,
On other innocents wreak your fill!"

"Still must I hear?" Sir Hugh replied;

"Are my assertions all denied?
The boy was never son of mine,
Though harbored long beneath my roof:

In shades condemned, or realms divine,

That truant woman's wandering ghost
No Berkley offspring dares to boast:—
I challenge every proof!"

The wagoner turned, and whispered,
"Hark!

What newer misery thrills the dark?
What voice is that approaching near?
Sir Hugh!—Sir Hugh!—look up and hear!"

Thus as he spoke, a mournful air
Seemed winding down the shadowy stair,
Still nearing and more near; and soon
The words came clearly with the tune.

SONG.

I.

Oh, cold was the bridegroom,
All frozen with pride:
He first slew her lover,
Then made her his bride.

II.

Beneath a green willow,
And under a stone,
They buried her lover,
And left her alone.

III.

With naught but the bridegroom's
Proud breast for her head,
Oh, how could she live when
Her lover was dead?

IV.

Her body they buried
Beside the church wall;
Her ghost with the bridegroom
Sat up in the hall:—

v.

Sat up at his table,
Lay down in his bed :—
Oh, cold was the bridegroom,—
But colder the dead !

The singer entered. Was it a ghost,
Or sleeper walking unaware ?
Her large eyes, as in revery lost,
Bent forward their unearthly stare ;
Wild o'er her shoulders fell her
hair ;
Her face was like her garments white ;
Her thin hands bore a wavering light,
Which shed a pale and mournful
glare
Across those features of despair.

Still forward walked that form of awe,
As if her wide eyes nothing saw,
Until, in middle of the room,
The centre of that scene of gloom,
She cast a slow, dull glance around,
And looked as she had nothing found :
Across their very faces past

Those eyes to which all seemed a
blank,
Till on the floor her glance was cast ;
And there, as that look was her last,
She gazed upon those features white ;
From out her fingers dropt the light,
And on the armored breast she
sank.

It needed but that last wild gust
Of grief to blow from Nora's frame
Life's low, unsteady, flickering
flame,
And leave it dark and soulless dust.

"Sir Hugh !—Sir Hugh !" He was
not there :
Sir Hugh was gone, they knew not
where.

But there the haughty suitor stood,
His bright sword flashing in his
hand,
As if the keen, defying brand
His nuptial claim should still make
good.

This saw the wagoner, as he laid
On Edgar's arm the fainting maid ;
And, ere the soldier was aware,
He stood without a weapon there :

His sword was in the patriot's hold,
Who with a look of scorn surveyed
The face so lately flushed and bold ;
Then, with contemptuous movement
fleet,

Across his knee he snapped the
blade,
And flung it at the wearer's feet,
And now, the wide door pointing
through,
Exclaimed, with sad but threatening
brow,

"Depart ! The place is sacred now :
Go, follow thou Sir Hugh !"

CONCLUSION.

My friend abruptly closed the book :

I felt as one who long had sailed
Gazing with anxious landward look,—

Who, just as the fair port is hailed,
And the rough prow goes dipping in,
Suddenly hears the anchor's din,
And, lo ! the ship is at full stand :
There move the people on the land,
And there are voices from the beach,
But mournfully all out of reach.

My face the crowding questions wore :

He said, "A little patience yet,
And soon the landing skiff and oar
Your feet upon the shore shall set."
Then at the sinking fire his hands
Gathered and piled the Sundered
brands,

Until the hearth was reillumed :

"'Tis thus," he said, "the story
stands :—

A fallen end or two demands
To be regathered and consumed.

"How goes the wine ? 'Tis rare and
old :

Or do you taste the earthy mould ?
Some seasons past, while men of mine
Were hollowing out an ample space
To give our hothouse-wall its base,
I stood to watch them bravely delve
And see they followed well the line,
When suddenly to its very helve
The pick went in with crush and crash,
Spattering all with a purple splash ;

And when withdrawn—oh, murderous sign!—

'Twas bathed in the streaming blood of wine.

How it came there to you is plain,
And this brings up Sir Hugh again.

'Tis said that on that night of pain
He rushed into the moonlit air,
And sped for hours he knew not
where,

Through fields and woods, by the
river's brim,

With two sad phantoms following
him;—

How once, just as he thought he saw
The crowning horror of his awe,

The murdered stripling in his path
Rise with confronting eyes of wrath,

He reeled and staggered, fainted, fell,
And lay at the feet of a sentinel;

And when he awoke, and the horrid
mists

From off his aching brow were
blown,

He found himself within the town,
Among the guards of the royalists.

"He recognized the hand of Fate;

And, after writing a hurried scrawl,
Giving his daughter Berkley Hall²¹

And his blessing with the broad estate,
He boarded a ship and felt more free

While bidding adieu to river and
bay;

But his heart was withering day by
day,

And at last they buried him far at sea.

"The lovers? Ah, more sweet the lay
Should be which sings of those so
dear:

It is not long since, old and gray,

My sainted parents passed from
here.

"If 'twere not that the fire is low,
And chanticleer awakes to throw

His midnight signal on the air,
A sacred scene should newly glow

Of that beloved and loving pair.

"My mother's favorite seat was there,
And this my father's high-backed
chair:

How clearly comes the long-gone scene
When I a child sat here between!

"One night,—I well recall the hour,—

Just when our second war was past,
The winds were howling o'er the tower,

The snow its gulfy deluge poured,
And up the chimney like a blast

The flame from off the hickory
roared,

Against the outer door a blow

Sounded like a blacksmith's sledge,
And, waiting no further privilege,

Entered, it seemed, the Prince of
Snow,—

A veteran of giant height,

With wild locks like his garments
white.

The heavy stamping and the beat,

Which piled a drift within the hall,
Rang through the house and

wakened all

The echoes to announce his feet.

So thick the cloud he scattered wide,
And so majestic was the fling,

He seemed a very arctic king

Throwing his furry robe aside.

"My sire, awakened by the stir,

Gazed through the door with shaded
eyes,

Puzzled a moment with vague sur-
prise;

But when he saw that giant size,

And heard the voice of bluff replies,
He knew and welcomed the Wagoner.

"Had you beheld him stride the floor,
You ne'er had guessed how many a

score

Of years had blown their changeful air
Through those white locks to whiten

there.

"We offered him this cushioned seat:

He took yon great oak chair in-
stead,—

It felt more saddle-like, he said,—

And flung him down with wide-
spread feet.

" 'Tis seventy years,' he cried, 'or
more,

Since first I backed a good stout
steed;

And though to-day with as fearless
speed

I rode as in the days of yore,

I know that wild, free course is o'er.

It boots not to prolong the strife:
That brave, old-fashioned, cheery life
Is ended. My contented grip

Resigns at last the guiding reins:
No more my bells o'er hills and
plains
Shall ring, as once, through these
domains.

And therefore I have brought my
whip,

To hang it up in Berkley Hall,
To see it grace yon antlers tall
Which hold those old swords on the
wall,

The rusty weapons of Sir Hugh:
The honor is its well-earned due.'

"We welcomed him with hearty will,
And wished him many bright years
still,

Then brought the wine—we knew the
sort—

And brimmed a goblet with old port.
Through the red cup he gazed awhile,
In musing, with a strange, sad smile.

"'Good Uncle Ralph,' my mother
sighed,

Dropping the embroidery in her lap,
'One question I have often tried
To solve; and yet, through some
mishap,

It seems conjecture wandered wide:
But you, I think, can solve for me
Poor Nora's mournful history.'

"The old man looked at her a space,
Looked vaguely in her upturned face,
As if endeavoring to recall

The far scenes of the past, and
said,—

'For her sake you should know it
all,

For my sake, too, when I am dead;
But first, my friends, let me make
clear

The reason I to-night am here.

"Beside the old churchyard to-day
The surly sexton crossed my way:
He glared at me with sidelong leer,

And flung his spade across the wall.
Just then a hurrying team drew near:

The horses, wagon, bells, and all
(Believe me, 'twas a marvellous sign)
Seemed like the very ghosts of mine;

The driver—for once I held my breath,
To see the flash
Of his maniac lash—

Was a rattling skeleton, grim and
tall;

His shout was the hollow shout of
Death!

"My team, with many a plunge and
rear,

Went mad, then stood like frightened
deer,

While I sat like a girl aghast,
Until that awful wagoner passed;
And when I looked behind, 'twas
gone,

And we were in the road alone.

"Think not that superstitious fright
Could cheat my ear or mock my
sight;

Although the calendar counts me
old,

My heart is as the youngest bold.

Brave Percy, when his charger stood
First on the field of Brandywine,²²

Beheld, in clear, prophetic mood,
The spot which should receive his
blood;

He saw his form's distinct outline
Stretched on the sod,—his steed, in
fight,

Dashing riderless through the fight;
Then instantly he galloped on,
And sought the fate he could not
shun.

"It is a bitter night; the cold
For the first time now makes me
old:

Another cup of this warm wine
Perchance will give the blood a
start,

And thaw the chill about my heart,
And clear this hazy brain of mine.'

"Again his vague eye scanned the
glass,

As if he saw old memories pass
In many a long and wavering line;

And, as he held the glowing cup
Between him and the lamp-light up,
The color of the deep wine threw
Across his face a purple hue:

I could but shudder where I stood,
It looked so like a dash of blood.

"At last he spoke in under-tone,—
 'Those grand old times are past and
 gone;

But, Esther,—here his eye grew
 bright
 With something of its former light,—
 'Do you remember how of old
 Around our cause your numbers
 rolled?

I ever loved a fiery song;
 But there was something in your
 voice

Which made the listener's heart re-
 joice,

His eye of courage burn more bright,
 And filled him with a fierce delight

That did not to the words belong:
 To hear again such music sung
 Would make a veteran heart grow
 young.'

"My mother's cheek turned some-
 what red

To hear the praise so bluffly said;
 It seemed to bring the vanished days
 What time her song was used to
 praise.

She looked, and smiled, and shook
 her head,

And said her voice had lost its
 power,

Her singing summer day had sped,
 And she was in her autumn bower;

The water of a spring-time brook
 Makes plenteous music through the
 land,

But surely 'twas an idle look
 Which sought it in October's sand;

Her harp, too, since that night of
 pain

Had never known its chords again.

"But still within her secret breast
 She thought to humor him were
 best:

What though her voice had somewhat
 failed,

His aged ear, so long assailed

By Winter, could not be o'er-nice,
 The sense so long inured to storm
 Might deem the cadence still was
 warm,

Nor note its chill of autumn ice:—
 And thus, to please an old man's
 whim,

With folded hands, she sang to him.

SONG.

I.

When sailed our swift eagle
 O'er valley and highland,
 The foe, like a sea-gull,
 Fled back to his island,—
 Fled back to his king-land,
 His home in the ocean,—
 The white cliffs of England,
 His pride and devotion.

II.

Now peace and contentment
 Fill cottage and manor;
 No star of resentment
 Is lit on our banner.
 Our cannon is sleeping
 The port-shadows under;
 The spell in its keeping
 Let naught break asunder.

III.

The impotent taunt let
 Go by,—the wind brings it;
 But not the red gauntlet,
 No matter who flings it.
 Who palters and falters,
 Ne'er hearken his story,
 But strike for your altars,
 For Freedom and Glory.

"Nay, never say,' the old man cried,
 'Your voice is like a brooklet dried;
 But rather say 'tis filled again,
 O'erflowing with the autumn rain.

"It carries me back, both brain and
 heart,

As if a gale swept o'er the scroll;
 I see the storied past unroll;
 And now, methinks, I may impart
 Something of Nora and the child.

"My memory is a restive colt,
 Stubborn at times, contrary, wild,
 At the wrong moment apt to bolt;
 But wine upon an old man's lip,
 To such a steed, is spur and whip.'

"Then laughed he his accustomed
 laugh,
 That shook the glasses on the board,
 And, with a long and breathless
 quaff,
 The wine across his lip was poured :
 The goblet dropt from out his hold,
 And crashed to fragments on the
 floor ;
 Slow sank his chin, slow drooped his
 lid,
 His heavy hands beside him slid ;

He slept,—ay, slept,—but breathed
 no more,
 And left the story still untold.

"As when some monarch of the trees,
 Which held so long defiant state
 Against the lightning and the gale,
 O'erborne at last by its own
 weight,
 While laughing in the passing breeze,
 Falls prone in the astonished vale,—
 So fell our grand old Hercules."

A SUMMER STORY.

"The simple story of two lovers young."—SHELLEY.

TO H. D. R.

My nobler self, before me there,
 You sit with tresses backward
 rolled,
 A glossy flood of delicate gold,
 Relieved by the plush of the purple
 chair,
 And into those eyes of violet-blue
 I gaze till my heart, in a depth of dew,
 Melts, and all their celestial hue
 Veils me in Etrurian mist,
 And floods my soul with amethyst.
 From beautiful brow to rounded chin,
 The pale rose, under the pearly skin,
 Glows like a glow-worm in the cell
 Of a rare translucent lily-bell,
 The while along your tender cheek
 Light flushes of pleasure play hide-
 and-seek,
 And on your spotless teeth of snow,
 The heart its reddest bloom has
 set,
 The sweetest and dewiest that ever
 yet
 On womanly lip was seen to glow :—
 Thus while you sit in your beauty
 and bloom,
 Helped on by the kindly light of
 your glance,
 With silver shuttle and golden loom
 I weave for you this light romance.

I.

A SUMMER STORY.

My beautiful Ralph and Rosalie,
 They live in a village of ancient elms,
 Whose depth of shade the town o'er-
 whelms—
 Like sunbeams through the shadows
 cool,
 For years they have brightened the
 path to school ;
 Their lightsome feet,
 And laughter sweet,
 Making a May-day in the street :—
 A May-day, every day of the year !
 With lilacs and violets breathing near,
 Dewy and odorous, fresh and clear ;
 And each is crowned with the flowers
 that blow
 In the scented deeps of the heart
 below,
 In the dawn and the dew of Love's
 young morn :—
 Wake, herald, awake your silver horn !
 Till the sordid many, and noble few,
 Shall know at last on earth are two—
 A gain to us, to heaven a loss—
 A golden pair not marred with dross,
 Born in a glowing Ophirian grove
 In an El-Dorado realm of love.

My beautiful Ralph and Rosalie,
 They are wandering down where
 the fields are blithe,
 Through butterfly lanes, over butter-
 cup banks,
 Where the sweet-brier breathes its
 odorous thanks

To the sun and the air,
 While here and there
 A fragrance springs,
 On invisible wings,
 Up from the clover that dies on the
 scythe.

A little further, they find the brook,
 And their faces catch the laughing
 look
 Of the liquid sprite o'erwreathed with
 glee,
 With dimples changing instantly,
 And bubbles that saucily wink as they
 pass
 Coquetting among the rushes and
 grass.

Oh, next to being a human soul,
 With a destiny higher than earth's
 control,
 'Twere to be a never-failing stream,
 With the crystal wealth of the hills
 to teem

For ever and ever, and sing alway
 Through meadows green and forests
 gray,
 Over pebbles brown, and sands of
 gold,

Hither and thither sportively rolled,
 To leap, as it were, at a lover's call,
 With clapping hands, from the dizzy
 fall,

And fling the silvery spray on high,
 An incense to the loving sky,
 And, with this mystic veil o'errun,
 Call out young Iris from the sun.

Already, barefooted, my beautiful
 boy
 Has leapt to mid-stream, with that
 jubilant joy
 Which only youth knows, and he
 stands with his tresses
 Thrown free to the sunlight that
 goldenly blesses.

Full twice seven summers and one,
 Those tresses have deepened and
 curled in the sun.

"Oh, come!" he looks,—'twas but
 the call

That spoke from out his lustrous
 eye,
 Two souls in such sweet tender thrall
 May still commune though speech
 should die.

It cannot be resisted—see!

The dainty slipper-shoon are drawn,
 The stockings follow; light as a
 fawn

She steps adown the daisy lawn,
 And meets his laugh with maiden
 glee.

A little chill—a breath caught in,
 And under the crystal, the delicate
 skin

Of the lovely feet of the beautiful
 girl,

Shine pure as opalescent pearl;
 And as she moves with gentle stir,
 Feels crystal anklets clasped on her
 By watery fingers, and hung with
 bells

Of bubbles that ring their own quick
 knells.

Ralph takes her delicate hand in
 his,

He puts one arm about her waist,
 So fearful those dear feet might miss,
 If on a slippery slant stone placed.
 With laugh and blush they onward
 wade

Till at last their beautiful limbs in-
 vade

That deeper pool, with swifter swells,
 Where the hermit trout securely
 dwells,

Of which the baffled fisherman tells—
 That fabulous trout in every stream,
 Haunting the anxious angler's dream.

A little waterfall just ahead
 Breaks to spray on the rocky bed;
 The rocks are mantled with mosses
 green,
 And tangled wild vines half-way
 screen

The face of the fall, till it seems to be
 A cell for the hermit Secrecy.

And in front of this fall an island
 lies,—

A couch, and no more, of flowers
 and moss,—

Its fringe of white lilies, along and
across ;
Its inwoven vines, and the feathery
floss
Of the bloom of the grass, make a
sweet surprise,
To kindle new light in an artist's eyes,
While its odors of many a mingled
scent
Hang round the place like a gauzy
tent.

The clear pool deepens ; and at the
hem

Of Rosalie's dress drip water-pearls ;
And every wave that round her
whirls

Leaps up to add another gem.
And there the little fluttering maid
Stands half in ecstasy, half afraid,
Till stoops the youth, with enclosing
arm,

And lifts her from the watery harm ;
Folds on his breast her budding grace,
And feels this moment in his embrace
Is clasped more beauty than ever
smiled

Before in the form of a twelve years'
child.

Her arm about his neck entwines,
That like rose-tinted ivory shines.
He looks up in her face of light,
The flood of her curls half blinds his
sight ;

And, sportive as a chasing wind,
Her fingers play with his locks behind.

With a ripple and gurgle the waters
flash

Around his light, translucent
knees ;

He strides with as bold an air and
dash

As did Balboa in the western main,
Bearing the imagined form of Spain
To enthrone her on the seas.

So, my beautiful boy, with triumphant
smile,

Enthrones his queen on the flowering
isle,

And then withdraws to a rock which
stands

A little above the flooded sands,
And sits thereon with entranced look ;
Then from his breast his companion-
book

With ecstatic hand he gayly draws,
And, without further thought or
pause,

With charmed pencil begins to impart
What he sees so well with eye and
heart ;

For his soul is full of the love of art,
And his youthful hand has long been
skilled

In picturing what his fancy willed,
Till far and near, with pride and joy,
All speak of the marvellous village
boy.

From either slant bank overhead
The great trees lean till their boughs
are wed ;

Where the little birds chase in and
out,
Singing in their May-day rout.

The kingfisher sails down, and there
The long crane lights, and, with side-
long stare,

Seems to the beautiful lovers to say,
" You're intruding, you know, but
are welcome to stay."

The drawing is finished, he strides to
the isle,

And lowly sits at the maiden's feet,
And shows her the picture ; with blush
and smile

She praises the effort in accents
sweet.

Great praise, though spoke by a queen
aloud,

Ne'er made young Raphael feel more
proud.

But look ! o'er the fall see the angler
stand,

Swinging his rod with skilful hand ;
The fly at the end of his gossamer line

Swims through the sun like a sum-
mer moth,

Till dropt with a careful precision fine,
It touches the pool beyond the froth.

A-sudden, the speckled hawk of the
brook

Darts from his covert and seizes the
hook ;

Swift spins the reel ; with easy slip
The line pays out, and the rod like a
whip,

Lithe and arrowy, tapering, slim,
Is bent to a bow o'er the brooklet's
brim,

Till the trout leaps up in the sun, and
flings
The spray from the flash of his finny
wings,
Then falls on his side, and, drunken
with fright,
Is towed to the shore like a stag-
gering barge,
Till beached at last on the sandy
marge,
Where he dies with the hues of the
morning light,
While his sides with a cluster of stars
are bright.
The angler in his basket lays
The constellation, and goes his ways.

Ah, my sweet Ralph and Rosalie,
I would not mar your morning
dream
By hinting at sadder things that be;
Of that solemn Angler who mourn-
fully
Wanders and waits beside Life's
stream,
There seeking ever the starriest prey
To bear to his shadowy realms away.

. II.

A SUMMER STORY.

MINE ancient, cynical, bachelor
friend,
I know you sneer at this my song,
At school-time loves, that only
belong
To "children," a thing you don't
comprehend;
And yet I know you've a great large
heart,
In common parlance, a very
"barn"! I
warn you (bards have the right
to warn),
Your crops are all garnered, and
every part
Is crowded with sultry sheaves of the
past,
And you have gathered your best and
last.
November is on you; just bend down
your ear
Above that red "barn," and hear
what you'll hear.

'Tis the throb of life's tide, you will
say, on the shore;
Nay, the thump of the flail on your
heart's dusty floor.

Can you not remember in days long
gone,
When you were a school-boy, and
knew not men,
A beautiful face that upon you shone,
As never a face has shone since
then?
How, like a highwayman, you lay in
wait
To steal one glance, or to catch one
word!
How your heart, like a lark, went
singing elate
If you caught but a smile, or a syl-
lable heard?
So sweet was her speech in its delicate
closes,
You thought she was made of music
and roses!

So, I pray you, hold off,—if you can-
not, in others,
Re-live what you've lost in the May
that has flown:
Who enjoys not their pleasures, he
murderously smothers
A thousand delights that might
still be his own.
So tend to your barn, and its sheaves,
and its flail,
And let the muse freely keep on with
her tale.

My beautiful Ralph and Rosalie,
The years are reeling through space,
you know,
Three times you have seen the lilacs
blow,
Since that sweet brooklet revelry.
Eighteen and fifteen are beautiful ages,
The loveliest figures on Life's young
pages;
But the volume holds threescore,
or so,
And every twelvemonth a leaf must
be turned,
And its mystical lesson sincerely
learned.
The round years roll; they are
worlds in themselves,
And spin on their axis, every one,

And eternity is their central sun,
 While we, poor, miserable, helpless
 elves,
 Must whirl with their whirling night
 and day,
 Till our eyes are dim, and our hair is
 blown gray.

Oh, my beloved and beautiful two,
 You know not what is in store for
 you;

It never troubles your innocent
 wits;
 You only see what is bright and new,
 And glorify all with your heart's own
 dew;

From flower to flower your butterfly
 flits,

Your great bee drops
 On the clover-tops,
 And drinks at his leisure the honey-
 dew.

'Tis a breathless day; the laden grove
 Is dreaming its summer dream of
 love;

A murmurous whisper, like a school,
 Is stealing along through its shadows
 cool;

And you thoughtfully wonder, so still
 is the air,

What it is that's astir in the tree-tops
 there.

I have a belief, and no reasoning clod,
 With his facts driven in and clinched
 with a nod,

Shall argue me out of my poet faith—
 My heart holds fast to what Nature
 saith.

I inherit some of that ancient creed,
 From which the world has long been
 freed,—

Freed, and made better; but, in fell-
 ing the tree

Of Error, such accident well might be;
 They may have crushed some flowers
 of truth,

The fairest that blest the world in its
 youth.

I believe that every created thing
 Hath a soul which was born in Eter-
 nity's spring,

Which still will live on to Eternity's
 close,

Though the world end in fire, as
 prophecy shows;

So these great forest souls, holding
 council together,
 May converse as they please in the
 calmest of weather.

In low, mellow tones they are breath-
 ing to-day,—

I wish I could know what these wood-
 land bards say;

But I'm sure they are talking of him
 and of her

Whose feet 'mid the leaves make a
 musical stir,

Where they go hand and hand, with
 singing and laughter,

The red thrush before, and the gray
 squirrel after.

Through paths where the whortle-
 berries grow,

And where the woodland blossoms
 blow,

They find the honeysuckle fruit
 Delicious, and only grown to suit
 The delicate taste of a maid like
 ours,

Whose whole sweet life seems formed
 of flowers.

Where the odorous mandrake lies
 around,

Dragging the thin stalk to the ground,
 Not to be touched till a golden yellow
 Proclaims them mature, and pulpy,
 and mellow.

They pass, till they gain a May-time
 knoll,

Only wanting the flowery pole.
 Here the vine, in ambitious reach,
 Climbs to the top of the oak and beech,
 O'erflowing the trees, as fountains
 their urns,

Till the gazer scarce their support dis-
 cerns,

And drops its cordage, in many a loop,
 Like ropes on the summer deck of a
 sloop.

Between the trees one great vine
 clings,

The very completest of woodland
 swings,

And into the swing my Rosalie
 Is lifted, and seated, and there swings
 she,

Pouring her full heart's rapturous
 glee;

While Ralph, with his soul brimming
 o'er with devotion,
 Keeps the vine with its beautiful
 freight in full motion,
 Till, seizing the swing, he runs dar-
 ingly under,
 And impels her so high that, in fear
 and in wonder,
 Her breathing is stayed, while her
 delicate tresses
 Are smoothed forth and back by the
 soft wind's caresses.

My beautiful Ralph and Rosalie,
 The clusters are thick on life's
 young bough,
 And they on the red autumnal tree
 May ripen to purple and gold, and be
 All that they promise the future
 now;
 But oftentimes o'er the full vine blows
 A poisonous breath, and no one knows
 From whence it comes or whither it
 goes;
 But the fairest clusters that crown the
 vine
 Are suddenly seen to wither and pine;
 Or the grape to its central seed is cleft,
 Like a broken heart by hope bereft.

But never let thoughts like these arise,
 Dear flower, to dim your violet eyes;
 Let sadness come in its own time
 brought;
 Let unfound sorrow still lie unsought.
 Then swing and sing, sweet maiden
 mine,
 A bluebird on a summer vine;
 An embodied April, May, and June,
 Overflowing with spring-time tune;
 A soul of blooms, where the song of
 birds
 Finds sweet translation in musical
 words.

But, hark! a shudder runs through
 the air,
 As if, within his desert lair,
 Some lion, shaking the sleep from his
 mane,
 Proclaimed himself lord of the bound-
 less plain,
 With savage growl, and hungry
 grumble;
 But as it nears 'tis the rattle and
 rumble

Of a chariot making its way toward
 Rome,
 Bearing victorious Cæsar home.
 But see! to the harnessed winds is
 given
 The tempest car, with its fiery levin,
 And these are the thunder-wheels of
 Heaven,
 Over the distant hill-tops driven;
 Already the tremulous heads of the
 trees
 Are bowing before the courier breeze,
 But the insolent outriders soon rush
 past,
 Whirling and snapping the whips of
 the blast,
 Lashing and cutting the boughs, till
 the air
 Is alive with the foliage that flies in
 despair;
 And suddenly frightening the harvest-
 ing world,
 The roaring cloud o'er the sun is
 hurled,
 With the speed of a death-laden war-
 rior barque,
 While the red lightnings flash from its
 ports through the dark.

Near by there is a shelter of rocks,
 Where a shepherdess might watch
 her flocks,
 Secure as well from shower and sun,
 With mosses and wild vines over-
 run.
 Scenting the rain ere the big drops
 splash,
 Listening to the rending crash,
 And blinded by the sulphurous
 flash,
 To this woodland cloister the lovers
 withdraw,
 With a mingled sense of pleasure and
 awe;
 But not too soon, for a bolt of fire,
 By the storm-king sped, in reckless
 ire,
 From his red right hand in a blazing
 line,
 Shivers the oak with its loaded
 vine;
 And they see, when the stun of the
 blow is past,
 The tree and the swing,
 Each a splintered thing,
 Over the knoll in confusion cast.

Now and then they hear the sound
 Of large drops on their sentinel round,
 For the main great army of the
 rain
 Has followed the stream up the distant plain,
 To entrench its full force in the
 strength of the hills,
 The better to raid on the valleys and
 mills:
 And that splashy tread is of picket or
 scout,
 Which the storm, on his flank, has
 thrown warily out.

The skirmishers now have passed
 from view;
 Come, stroll to the headland, my
 beautiful two;
 What is the walk of a mile to you?
 And see how the wind has worried
 the bay,
 Till it flung its insult of flashing spray
 Into the face of the blast,
 Half blinding it with brine as it
 passed.
 You are not one to be afraid,
 So fear not for your feet, sweet maid;
 Only a little spot of wet
 Lies here and there like a violet.

Along the path, under barberry
 bushes,
 And where your hand the low bough
 pushes
 Aside, perchance your golden curl
 May catch in its snare a random pearl,
 And the branch, if your touch be
 somewhat reckless,
 Rebouncing, may fling you a delicate
 necklace.
 But this is all: to the headland hie,
 And watch the ships and the storm
 go by.

They are out on their way, through
 bush and through bramble,
 Where the rabbits all year in security
 gambol;
 There the snowy skirt of my Rosalie's
 dress
 Is caught in the barbarous vines'
 caress,
 Like Innocence, by the world beset,
 Till it struggles out of the briery
 net;

But the fingers of Ralph will dexterous be
 In freeing her pathway; and what
 cares he
 If the thorns do wound him? he
 laughs at the pain,
 And brushes away the crimson stain;
 For his hand, though no complaint is
 said,
 Like a tiger-lily, is speckled with red.
 But out of the thicket they laughing
 emerge,
 And stand at last on the ocean's verge.

The rebel storm is subdued and bowed,
 And the seven-hued banner is hung
 on the cloud,
 And the air is flooded with purple
 and gold,
 Out of the royal sun's tent rolled.
 From billows that round the dark
 rocks whirl,
 Is thrown their spray of amber and
 pearl;
 The dashing brine, and the new-
 mown hay,
 Send mingled odors around the bay.
 The flowers on shore, and the break-
 ers' white bloom,
 Have each their own beauty of hue
 and perfume.
 The hidden thrush fills the air with
 delight,
 While the grace of the sea-bird is
 flashed on the sight.
 In midst of the waves, like a swinging
 gull,
 To the billows a plaything, the fisher-
 man's hull
 Is lifted and dropt o'er the watery
 realm;
 But the hand of the master is firm at
 the helm,
 While the larger barque speeds
 through the foam of the main,
 Like a cantering steed o'er a flowery
 plain.

See yon great dusky steamer: it comes
 from the isles
 Where the sea-birds of Commerce,
 in cormorant flocks,
 Sail in and sail out round the fog-
 mantled rocks,
 Where the cloud seldom lifts, and the
 sun seldom smiles.

On its briny deck perchance is borne
Great news, that by to-morrow's morn
May wake our land, and let it know
That family blood, though it may flow
Thousands of miles away o'er the
main,

Is not perforce our natural foe,
Taking delight in its kindred's pain;
Or it may tell of the hungry growl
Of the jealous sea-lion; well, let him
howl.

The bird that sits on our cliffs by the
sea

Is as wakeful and watchful a guardian
as he;

The time will come, when, through
natural laws,

The teeth will be lost from his leonine
jaws;

Then the king in his lair,

In the depth of his dotage, as well
as despair,

With his head dropped over his
powerless paws,

Will feel the hoof and hear the bray
Of the smallest power he awes to-day.

In that hour, forgetting injustice un-
civil,

His menacing stand, and his great
exultation,

When destruction was waving her
torch o'er our nation;

Then we, ere he sinks to his ruinous
level,

Ere his great mart becomes the
sacked Rome of the sea,

An embryo Nineveh yet to be,

In magnanimous might may return
good for evil,

And drive the foul robbers, who now
are his slaves,

From the island made dear by our
ancestors' graves.

Here, in the bay, lies a Union ship,
Which the billow scarce causes to

rise or to dip,

So grandly she looms, lying under the
fort,

And so heavy the war-dog that snarls
at each port.

A thousand defenders like this, huge
and grim,

On the watery highway in triumph
shall swim,

'Twixt opposite poles, e'en from ice
unto ice,

And the world will take heed of their
iron advice,

And a continent yet, of Columbia's
sons,

Shall delight in the voice of those
Union guns.

My beautiful Ralph and Rosalie,
We are not talking of love, you see.

In the hour of ruder things,

Sometimes Love must draw apart

Into some recess of the heart,

And fold himself in his own bright
wings,

Lest by a sudden whirl and gust

In the highway of life the clinging
dust

Might soil those pinions' celestial
hue,

Which, tarnished, no power on earth
can renew.

But I hear my trusting young Rosalie
say,

With a shake of her curls, her protest
sweet:

She believes that Love, in the rough-
est highway,

Would sanctify all with his delicate
feet;

That the weariest road where his
wings unfold

Is suddenly paved with amber and
gold,

And thickly strewn through the sul-
triest hours

With roses, and cooled with the dew
of flowers!

A beautiful faith, gentle priestess, in
sooth,

To breathe at the garlanded altar of
youth,

From which flows the crystalline foun-
tain of Truth;

And you, standing so near,

May see and may hear

What the time-veiled sense of the eye
and the ear

Of the world-weary pilgrim might
fail to make clear.

On this bowery headland an altar
stands,

Carved from the granite by invisible
hands,

When the world was young,
And there the old loomsman, Time,
has flung

A mantle across,
Made of the delicate many-hued moss,
And here, with the rainbow arching
above,
Making a dome to their temple of
Love;

With listening wild flowers, and with
witnessing sun,

While the sudden gush of the wood-
land throng

Rises like a hymeneal song;
And along the rocks the swift waves
run,

Like the hands of an organist, flash-
ing free,

With inspiration, from key to key,
Sending jubilant melody up from the
sea.

Here sitting, the hearts of my beau-
tiful two,

Like long-watched flowers, that
blossom at last,

Aflush with beauty, and bright with
dew,

Swelling with all the dear growth
of the past,

With a glory no time can destroy or
conceal,

Bloom full in the light of each
other's eyes!

Their two souls look their glad sur-
prise,

And the depth of their deathless love
reveal;

And wonder smiles in the face of each,
That what has been growing so long
and well

Should only this moment have
broken the spell,

And found expression in tremulous
speech.

Sweet words are said, and sweeter re-
plies

Come on the breath of responsive sighs,
And melt through the tear, which the
soft lash keeps,

That earliest drop which the full
heart weeps,

Born of the ecstasy which it feels
When Love at his first confessional
kneels.

Oh, Love, let never foot more rude
Than yours on this sainted place in-
trude;

Let a hallowed glory forever shine
Around this consecrated shrine;
Breathe you a ban on the ambient
air,

To admit no wing but the singer's
there;

And draw a circle around the spot,
That nothing less pure than the
violet,

The sweet-brier, and the forget-me-
not,

Shall near this sacred shrine be set;
Let naught unholy be seen or heard
At the altar where you have minis-
tered.

III.

A SUMMER STORY.

MY beautiful Ralph and Rosalie,
There is tumult in your leafy town;
A tumult, swinging like waves of the
sea,

For the swift winds of Rumor
thereon have blown,

And the spray of its startled wrath
is thrown

Back to the threatening thunder-
wrack,

Looming to southward, heavy and
black.

The very bells o'er this turbulent
ocean

Have caught the tempest's billowy
motion,

Like storm-bells rocking to and fro,
Rung by the passionate waves below;
Even those in their Sabbath towers,
Only meant for prayer-time hours,
Or bridal scenes, or measured calls

To slow and solemn funerals,
With unrestrained and fiery clangor
Ring out their fierce indignant anger,
As might some priest, who long had
given

The guiding words that lead to
Heaven,

Proclaim, with his denouncing
tongue,

The fiercest sentence ever flung

At the iconoclastic band;
Should he behold the fiendish frown,
And see the demon-lighted eye,
And hear the desecrating cry
Of one who strove, with lifted
hand,

To strike his dearest image down.

Speak out, wild bells, with swifter
swing!

Ye patriot hearts of iron mould,
Ye men, whom danger never awed;
Whose courage hath the old-time ring,
This is no hour to stand and hark!

The black, unnatural deed is done;
The traitor, springing from the dark,
Would tear the stars from yonder
fold,

And mar the flag your fathers won!
The braggart, courting new dis-
grace,

Has flung his glove into the face—
The sainted face—of Washington.

Let every tongue in anger swing
The anathematizing word abroad,
Even though revenge should fiercely
wing

The fiery arrows of your wrath,
To stay the traitor in his path:

The angel Freedom, sitting near to
God,

Whose tearful eyes her anxious soul
betray,

Will look into His face and plead the
sin away.

The town is full of fifes and drums;
From every home a patriot comes;
You can hear them shouting on every
hill,

Like spring-time brooks, with resist-
less will,

Swelling the sea on Freedom's coast,
To o'erthrow and drown the insolent
host.

The yeoman, who knows to hew and
delve,
Driving the axe or the spade to its
helve,

Now bears the gun that his father
bore

By the side of Scott in the "War of
Twelve;"

Or the glorious sword his grandsire
wore;

The flash of whose good steel still
predicts

Defeat to the foe, as in "seventy-six."
All ranks of life, the desk and plough,
Send out their teeming legions now.

Those patriots old, when their wars
were done,

And they hung on the wall the sword
and gun,

Ne'er dreamed what future treasonous
breath,

Breathed from the hot plains of the
South,

Out of the stolen cannon's mouth,
Threat'ning Freedom with sudden
death,

Should call those sacred weapons forth
From the cottage wall,

Or ancestral hall,
To fields that fester beneath the sun,
In defence of Liberty and the North,—
The North and Liberty being one.

On every homestead, on every church,
Our eagle banner is seen to perch,
Where it shines like Heaven's ap-
proving mark

A covenant over our Union ark.

My beautiful Ralph and Rosalie,
There's a glorious sight for you to see;
And could I picture the vision of
gold,

The wondrous pile, so high and broad,
Aflush with the eternal light of God,
And full of His harmonies mani-
fold—

Your faces, illumined, would glow
and shine

Like those of the souls who have
just had birth,

Out of the shadowy vale of earth,
When first they see the celestial
shrine.

I behold an organ, tall and vast,
The labor of all the ages past,
Nor yet complete, but the golden ore
Is being wrought for one note more.

Its six-and-thirty great golden pipes
Are draped about with stars and
stripes,

And on its tallest pinnacle height
Our guardian eagle sits throned in
light.

Its fluted form o'ertops the cloud ;
 It covers the land between the seas ;
 While an angel, greater than
 prophet e'er saw,
 Flashes his hands along the keys,
 Holding the world with his sym-
 phonies,
 A wonderful music, deep and loud,
 Filling the nations with marvel-
 ling awe.

But see, the angel recoils apace,
 With wonder and wrath on his
 startled face,
 For a fiend, with a fierce and mur-
 derous mien,
 Has stolen suddenly in unseen,
 And, with a mingled rage and
 glee,
 Is dashing his madness from key to
 key,
 Making horrible discord down the
 bass ;
 And as from the jargon a maniac
 mutters,
 May be gathered some clue to his
 fell disease,
 Thus, from the jar of those tortured
 keys,
 I catch the meaning he wildly ut-
 ters :—

“Down, down with the pile the pa-
 triots built,
 That stands a rebuke to our Southern
 guilt!
 Down, down, though humanity
 quakes at the jar,
 Shuddering to see our sword red to
 the hilt,
 While a race, *half our own*, drags
 our Juggernaut car !”

But the angel, for whom the great
 organ was made,
 With a glorious anger, that cannot be
 stayed,
 Strikes the clear silver notes of the
 octaves above,
 That leap to the mountains, and pierce
 to the grove,

And thrill through the cities, and
 startle the farms,
 Till the North is all lit with the flash-
 ing of arms.
 And still, as he plays, the other re-
 coils,
 Relinquishing keys that his touching
 but spoils,
 Till on his last octaves, with rage and
 affright,
 He frantically strikes a wild maniac
 blow,
 Then flies, with a shriek, to his own
 native night,
 The realm of the king of all traitors
 below.

Anew the great Union organ awakes,
 And the grand anthem swings from
 the Gulf to the Lakes,
 Announcing the stigma that darkened
 our land
 Is swept at the waving of Liberty's
 hand.
 Still, still may that music go widely
 abroad,
 Proclaiming our realm is the chosen
 of God.

The world is all joy, my Rosalie,
 And yet one pleasure remains for
 me :—
 In this cathedral land of ours,
 Whose aisles are strewn with Union
 flowers,
 The glorious red, and white, and
 blue,
 While that wonderful organ,
 from lofty towers,
 Is pouring its jubilant notes anew,
 Come, kneel at the altar, and over
 you
 And your soldier, with his empty
 sleeve,
 And his crutch, which makes you
 proud, not grieve,
 The sounds shall fall in hymeneal
 showers,
 Blessing the joining of heart and
 hand,
 In a land united at God's command.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

Oh, happy childhood! tender buds
of spring

Touched in the May-time by a wan-
dering frost;

Ye have escaped the summer's sultry
wing:

No drought hath parched you, and
no wind hath tossed,

Shaking the pearls of morning from
your breast:

Ye have been gathered ere your
sweets were lost,

Ere wingéd passions stole into your
rest

To rob the heart of all its dewy store.

Now in the endless May-time over-
head,

In starry gardens of the azure
shore,

Ye bloom in light, and are for ever-
more

The blessed dead.

Ye youths and maidens, dear to Joy
and Love,

But fallen midway between morn
and noon,—

Or bird-like flown, as if some longing
dove

Should seek a better clime while yet
'tis June,

Leaving our fields forlorn! Oh, happy
flight!

Gone while your hearts are full of
summer tune

And ignorant of the autumnal
blight,—

Ere yet a leaf hath withered on
the bough

Or innocent rose hath drooped its
dying head;

Gone with the virgin lilies on your
brow,

Ye, singing in immortal youth, are
now

The blessed dead.

And ye, who in the harvest of your
years

Were stricken when the sun was
in mid-air,

And left the earth bedewed at noon
with tears,—

Ye have known all of life that is
most fair,

The laugh of April, and the summer
bloom.

Ye with the orange-blossoms in
your hair,

Who sleep in bridal chambers of the
tomb;

Or ye, who with the sickle in the
hand

Have bowed amid the sheaves the
manly head,

And left the toil unto a mournful
band,—

Ye all are numbered in yon resting
land,

The blessed dead.

And ye, who like the stately upland
oak

Breasted the full allotted storms of
time,

And took new strength from every
gusty stroke,—

And ye, who like a vine long taught
to climb

And weigh its native branches with
ripe fruit,—

Much have ye suffered 'neath the
frosty rime

Which autumn brings, and winter's
loud dispute!

But now, transplanted in the fields
afar,

Your age is like a withered foliage
shed,—

And where Youth's fountain spar-
kles like a star,

This have ye learned, they only
live who are

The blessed dead.

THE PHANTOM LEADERS.

By starlight they rode in their speed
 and their might,
 A warrior-host sweeping down
 through the night,—
 An army of spectres, they sped on the
 wind,
 With swords piercing front and
 plumes streaming behind;
 On the highways of air they were
 led as by Mars,
 While their steeds shod with thunder
 seemed trampling the stars!
 Like a fleet in a gale, they careered
 through the night,
 And the path where they passed
 flashed with phosphorous light.

In the front galloped Brutus, a foe to
 all peace,
 His blade gleaming red with the blood
 of Lucrece;
 And, turning toward Rome, bent his
 way down the heaven,
 Repeating the oath which of old he
 had given.
 "These modern Tarquins must fall!"
 was his cry;
 "By the blade of their own bloody
 guilt they shall die!"
 And, strange though it be, there Mo-
 hammed was seen,
 His Arab's mane sweeping his mantle
 of green,
 And the watchwords engraved on his
 drawn scimitar
 Were "Allah, il Allah!" each letter
 a star.
 Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden was
 there,
 As at Lützen he rode with his battle-
 blade bare.
 And, like their own turbulent torrents
 let loose
 By a storm in the Highlands, sped
 Wallace and Bruce.
 Sobieski, the Pole, gave his charger
 the rein,
 Every stroke of whose hoof broke a
 fetter in twain.
 There was Olaf of Norway, whose
 mandate and sword
 The heathen struck down in the name
 of the Lord.

There sped fiery Tell with his cross-
 bow and dart,
 The barb glowing crimson from Gess-
 ler's proud heart.
 And close by his side, the beloved of
 his peers,
 Bold Winkelried rode with his arms
 full of spears,
 The same old self-sacrifice lighting
 his eye,
 And "Make way for Liberty!" still
 was his cry.
 There was Luther, no braver e'er rode
 to the field,
 And the word of the Lord was his
 buckler and shield,
 While the weapon he grasped was the
 same he had sped
 In a moment of anger at Lucifer's head.
 There was Cromwell, that monarch
 who never wore crown,
 With his Bible and sword and his
 Puritan frown,
 And with him Charles-Albert, the
 Piedmontese star,
 As he rode ere betrayed on the field
 of Novarre.
 There, with garments still red from
 that last fatal day,
 The ghost of Bozzaris sped fierce for
 the fray;
 And close by his side, with an eye
 full of fire,
 Rode Byron, still grasping his sword
 and his lyre,
 And the war-kindling numbers which
 fell from his tongue
 Like the notes of a wild battle-clarion
 were flung!
 And just in advance galloped Körner
 and Burns,
 Unsheathing the war-song and fal-
 chion by turns!
 There, gazing and listening, my spirit
 entranced
 Leaped for joy as these poets for
 Freedom advanced;
 And I felt the warm thought through
 my bosom descend,
 That the bard to be true must be
 Liberty's friend!

Then came a dim host to my vision
 unknown,
 Like those lights which astronomers
 number alone;

But their voice still made clear what
the eye could not see,
Crying, "Down with the tyrant,
wherever he be!"

But why swept these phantoms?
Whence rode they, and where?
What occasion had summoned these
allies of air?
I looked, and beheld the swift spread
of the blaze
Which dazzled the stars with the
pulse of its rays,
As if through the darkness the light-
ning had played,
And in midst of its splendor been
suddenly stayed:
There I read the great words spread
like fiery wings
Where "weighed and found wanting"
confronted the kings!
And this army of spectres, led on by
that light,
Like a cloud on a hurricane swept
through the night;
And this was their cry coming down
on the gale,
"The modern Belshazzars are weighed
in the scale!"

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT IN ITALY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS S. R. B.

As once the trembling Lombard saw
The swift barbarians' line of spears
Wind down the Alps, thus here in
awe

I watch the approaching line of
years.

They come, the Goth and Vandal
bands,

With savage tread and look un-
couth;

With spear and mace and murderous
brands,

They file toward the plains of
youth.

Down into life's Etrurian vales,
O'er green campagnas broad and
fair,

They sweep like bitter Norland gales,
And fright the calm Italian air.

Their barbarous feet know no re-
straint;

They vent their rage before our
eyes:

The shrine that held our dearest saint
A ruined heap before us lies.

The temples by our young hearts
reared,

Their ruffian malice batters down;
Ambition's altars, unrevered,
With domes of Hope, lie over-
thrown.

And Friendship's wayside shrines and
towers

Too oft are shattered as they pass:
Oft Love, a statue wreathed with
flowers,

Lies at their feet a crumbled mass.

But like these pure Etruscan skies,
Unstained by the Goth's control,
One fane the vandal Time defies,—
The dome of sunshine in the soul!

And thou, fair maid, so young and
blest!

When impious years shall touch
thy brow,
Still hold this sunshine in thy breast,
And be as beautiful as now.

BAGNI DI LUCCA, August 16, 1855.

THE STAYED CURSE.

WITH face half hidden in un-
gathered hair,

Which fell like sunshine o'er her
shoulders bare,

She leaned her cheek against her
chamber wall,

As if to note when some far voice
should call.

Her weary soul stood at its prison
bars,

Fainting to hear a summons from the
stars.

For life was now a midnight wilder-
ness,

Wherein none whispered peace to her
distress,

Save One, whose voice, of love and
pity blended,

'Mid her loud grief was not yet com-
prehended.

She heard alone the vulture sailing
 by,
 Led by the foulest birds of calumny ;
 Felt the cold serpents crawl against
 her feet,
 And saw the gaunt wolves steal to her
 retreat.
 The wide world scowled and reddened
 at her shame,
 Scorching her soul with horror ; and
 her name
 Was struck, as with the violent hand
 of rage,
 With one huge blot from off the
 social page.
 What wonder that the soul thus
 rudely wrung
 Should shape such words as half ap-
 palled the tongue !
 Words like fierce arrows for the faith-
 less breast
 Where love had dreamed with too
 confiding rest ;
 Shafts which, once sped at random
 from the lips,
 Some friendly fiend must guide to
 their eclipse
 In the dark heart, where, on his star-
 less throne,
 Deception sat, and, smiling, reigned
 alone !

Thus had she nursed her grief for
 many days,
 And thus the curse was struggling
 from her breast,
 When, as the midnight's solemn
 sentry bell
 Struck vaguely through her woe-
 engendered haze,
 Announcing, as it were, the mourn-
 ful guest,
 She heard the sudden close of
 wings which fell,
 Together with the rustling sound of
 sighs ;
 And presently, uplifting her blank
 eyes,
 Beheld a dull and ashen form of
 woe
 Stand looking its great melan-
 choly there,
 As if long years of under-world
 despair

Had fanned him with the hottest airs
 that blow
 Athwart the fierce Sahara fields
 below !
 The wings were leaden-hued and ruf-
 fled all,
 As if long beaten 'gainst some stormy
 wall,
 Or blown contrary by belligerent
 gusts,
 Then trailed for ages through the
 cinder dusts
 On plains adjacent, where the Stygian
 pours,
 Hissing forever on volcanic shores !
 She looked, and on her lips the curse
 was stayed !
 Thrice all the vengeance which her
 soul had planned
 Burned on the forehead of the fallen
 shade !
 Her purpose dropt—as from the
 archer's hand
 Might fall the arrow if he saw the foe
 Struck by the lightning's swift and
 surer blow !
 The curse was stayed—she looked to
 heaven and sighed,
 "Forgive! forgive!" and in her
 prayer she died !

TWENTY-ONE.

SOME BIRTHDAY LINES TO J. R. T.

FAR within the orient azure,
 In the purple and the dew,
 Lies the flowery land of pleasure
 Which your early childhood knew.

In its dim and blue existence
 There it lies, a dewy space,
 In the bright forbidden distance
 Memory only can retrace.

After this the fancy wanders
 Over varied field and hill,
 Where the swelling stream meanders
 And forgets it was a rill.

Many a flower with odors baneful
 Blooms enticingly thereby,
 To whose influence, subtle, painful,
 Later years shall testify.

In Youth's lovely, dangerous valley,
 E'en the best-directed feet
 Oft may turn to stray and dally
 'Mid the bowers that chill and cheat.

But anon the flowers grow scatter
 And to rougher pastures yield,
 Where the ploughman and the planter
 Must prepare the harvest-field.

On that boundary you are standing,
 'Twixt the blossoms and the clods,
 To begin on this stern landing
 The great strife 'gainst fearful odds.

Where you strolled the sunny
 meadows,
 You must brave the rocks and
 storms;
 Where you took alarm at shadows,
 You must combat solid forms.

Hills of snow and valleys torrid
 Lie beyond the boundary vast,
 Where fond Life with anxious fore-
 head
 Reads the future from the past.

Huge and rough as thunder-smitten,
 Rise the barriers of the gate,
 With one sentence overwritten,—
 Simple letters full of fate.

On the arch through which you're
 speeding
 There those two forbidding words
 Still shall flame, as over Eden
 Blazed the red exiling swords.

A lost realm recovered never—
 With receding speed increased,
 Barred and branded there forever
 It shall glimmer in the east.

Youth is gone—a vanished glory—
 And, with stern and earnest view,
 Manhood needs take up the story,
 And with valor bear it through.

All the world lies wide before you,
 Where to choose the wrong or right;
 And no future shall restore you
 What you seize not now with might.

Let each act be the sure token
 Of the nobler life ahead:—
 Let each thought in truth be spoken,
 Though the utterance strike you
 dead.

Spurn the small enticing by-way
 Where Temptation sits apart:
 Boldly tread the open highway
 Leading to the golden mart.

Though the world smile on you
 blandly,
 Let your friends be choice and few;
 Choose your course, pursue it grandly,
 And achieve what you pursue!

. BEATRICE.

THOUGH others know thee by a fonder
 name,
 I, in my heart, have christened thee
 anew;
 And though thy beauty, in its na-
 tive hue
 (Shedding the radiance of whence it
 came),
 May not bequeath to language its
 high claim,—
 Thy smiling presence, like an an-
 gel's wing,
 Fans all my soul of poesy to flame,—
 Till, even in remembering, I must
 sing.
 Such led the grand old Tuscan's long-
 ing eyes
 Through all the crystal rounds of
 Paradise;
 And, in my spirit's farthest jour-
 neying,
 Thy smile of courage leads me up the
 skies,
 Through realms of song, of beauty,
 and of bliss,—
 And therefore have I named thee
 Beatrice!

HERO AND LEANDER.

LONG had they dwelt within one
 breathless cell,
 Two souls, by some mad Sycorax
 confined;
 But, oh! the unmeant mercy of that
 spell
 Which turned those arms to marble,
 while entwined

In all the passionate woe of tenderness,
 And to the unknown depths of earth consigned
 These radiant forms of Beauty's rare excess,
 This monument of Love's own loveliness!

Unchronicled, the centuries rolled on.

And groves grew ancient on the prison-hill;
 And men forgot their parent tongues anon,
 And spoke a different language, as a rill

Wearing another channel from its source,
 Makes a new song accordant with its course.

But suddenly the unexpectant sun
 Beheld the swarthy laborers employ
 Upon that hill their rude exhuming art,

Like shadowy hopes at some dull, ancient heart

To free the spirit of long-buried joy.

And now they grappled with the stubborn rocks,

Breaking the antique seals which time had set

Upon the earth's deep treasury, that locks

Within its inmost wards such marts as yet

The busy masons of the poet's brain
 Have builded not. Anon the toiling ox

Dragged the white quarry to the peopled plain.

And Beauty's soul lay sepulchred unknown!

The crowd discerned it not, till there came one

Who heard the passionate breathings in the stone,

The wordless music of Love's overflow;

Who heard and pitied, and, like Prospero,

Released the spirits from their living grave;

And when the breathless world beheld them—lo!

The soul of purity, around, above,
 Hung in the tremulous air like heaven's own dove;
 And Fame pronounced the name of him who gave
 A marble immortality to Love!

WINTER.

Lo, Winter comes, and all his heralds blow

Their gusty trumpets, and his tents of snow

Usurp the fields from whence sad Autumn flies,—

Autumn, that finds a southern clime or dies.

The streams are dumb with woe; the forest grieves,

Wailing the loss of all its summer leaves:

As some fond Rachel on her childless breast

Clasps her thin hands where once her young were prest

Then flings her empty arms into the air,

And swells the gale with her convulsed despair!

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

WHY, gentle lady, why complain
 At Scandal's ever-flying breath?
 'Gainst Virtue's cheek it blows in vain,
 And thereon breathes itself to death.

The flower beneath the passing rain,
 Untouched of canker or of blight,

Bows patiently, to rise again
 With sweeter breath and fresher light.

But if the worm be hid beneath,
 Or haply if the hot simoom,
 Like some unlawful lover's breath,
 Hath wooed that blossom to its doom,—

Then, woe is me, how poor and frail
 Is Beauty in her fairest form!
 Her brightness cannot stay the gale,
 Her perfume cannot charm the storm.

But when the searching wind comes
by,
And shakes each blossom by the
stalk,
The tainted leaves asunder fly,
To wither down the garden walk;—

And ere one heated noon has sped,
They crisp and curl and pass from
sight,
Or crumble 'neath some careless tread
As if they never had been bright.

THE DEATH OF THE VET- ERAN.

AN INCIDENT DURING THE MEXICAN
WAR.

INSCRIBED TO MAJOR ANDERSON, OF
THE U. S. ARMY.

SINCE last we met, a throng has
joined

The army of the years,
Trampling to dust our summer
flowers,

Like conquering cavaliers.
Since last we met!—In those few
words

There is a mournful beat,
Like throbbing of a muffled drum,
Or tread of funeral feet.

Since then, in war's high festival
You've waved the clashing
sword,—

While I have been a saddened guest
At Life's promiscuous board.

Since then, the young with mimic
arms

Have grown to armed men;
And they may wear the veteran's
hair

Before we meet again:—
Or though, ere that, our mighty Chief

Should grant our last release,
And Death conduct us to the camp,
The far white camp of Peace,—

Yet here, in memory of those days,
Still cherished, though long spent,

I wake the martial harp before
The doorway of your tent.

From hill to hill the "good news"
ran

As swift as signal fires;
From shore to sea, from gulf to land,
And flashed along the wires:

And presently from wharf to wharf
The cannons made reply,
And in the city's crowded streets
Was heard the newsman's cry.

Bright grew the matron's face when I
The victory began;

Pale waxed the young wife's cheek
when she

Heard who had led the van;

And, struggling with the mists of
age

Which veiled his eye and ear,
The grandsire raised his palsied hand
And feebly strove to hear.

And when I read the story, how
Amid the flying balls

The brave lieutenant bore the flag
And scaled the shattered walls,

The matron and the young wife stood
Too terrified for tears,

While flamed the old man's cheek
with red

It had not known for years.

But when I read, that as the flag
In triumph o'er him flew,

How twenty bullets hewed his breast
And cleaved it through and
through,—

The mother heaved a short, deep
groan,

And sunk into her chair;
The wife fell on the matron's breast,
And swooned in her despair.

And like a wounded, dying stag,
Lodged in some old retreat,
That hears the still approaching
hounds

And staggers to his feet,—

The Veteran struggled from his chair
And raised himself upright,—

His eye a moment kindled with
Its long-forgotten light;—

So firm he strode across the room,
 So martial was his air,
 You scarce had guessed that ninety
 years
 Had whitened through his hair:—

Then from the wainscot took his
 sword,
 Where it had hung so long,
 Memorial of many a field,
 The weak against the strong,—

Of fields where Justice armed the
 few
 With consecrated brands,
 And lodged a nation's destiny
 In their devoted hands:—

And, gazing on the blade, he said,
 "Thou art as keen and bright
 As when in those old trying times
 We battled for the right:

"As when we wintered in the snow
 Within the frozen gorge,
 And from our starving ranks still
 hurled
 Defiance at King George:

"As when beside the Brandywine
 We fought the whole day through,
 Till fields had changed their mantle
 And the river changed its hue:

"As when 'mid grinding gulfs of ice,
 Upon a Christmas night,
 We crossed the roaring Delaware
 And put the foe to flight!

"It may be this old arm of mine
 Is not as steady now
 As when it drew against Burgoyne,
 Or cleaved the ranks of Howe;

"The hand may tremble on the hilt,
 The heart within is strong;
 And God who strengthened once the
 right
 Will not uphold the wrong.

"What! have they ta'en the last sup-
 port
 That propped my honored wall?
 Shall the name become tradition
 And the stately roof-tree fall?

"Was't not enough that he who,
 through
 The woods and tangled brakes,
 Spread terror o'er the savage, from
 The Gulf unto the Lakes;

"And who beside the bloody Thames
 Left death where'er he sped,
 Till the fate which he was hurling
 round
 Recoiled upon his head,—

"Was't not enough? Speak thou,
 my friend:
 Old comrade, thou wert there,—
 Who in the days aforesaid drove
 The Lion to his lair;

"Twice drove him from our shore,
 and chased
 The red wolf to his den!
 Was't not enough, but must I hear
 The death-note sound again?

"And has our banner waved abroad,
 The martial trumpet pealed,
 And foemen bristled on the plain,
 And we not in the field?

"Old sword, in this our winter,
 Shall they call to us in vain,
 Who reaped the crimson harvest
 With a Washington and Wayne?

"No! come, my trusty champion,
 Till the field be cleared and won,
 And the foe be left in prostrate
 ranks
 To bleach beneath the sun!

"Ho! now is't blood which stains
 you,
 Or the shameful blush of rust?
 Is it age which dims my vision,
 Or the flying smoke and dust?

"Is't the beating of my heart I hear,
 Or calling drum at hand?
 Or grows my step unsteady,
 Or does battle shake the land?

"The drums grow loud and louder,
 With the bugle's dreadful note;
 The smoke-wreaths thicken round
 me,
 And the dust is in my throat!

"Hark, hark! I hear the order, and
It bids me mount the wall;
I know the General's voice!—and I
Obey him though I fall!

"Yes, I will plant my country's flag
Upon the topmost stone;
For when her fate demands it,
What should I care for my own?

"Now how the loud walls totter,
Thicker,—darker grows the
smoke,—
And all the air is turned to dust,—
I stumble, and I choke!

"One solid thrust to plant the staff,—
There!—let the eagle soar!"
He cried, and, reeling, clasped his
breast,—
He fell—and breathed no more!

EVENING IN WINTER.

ROBED like an abbess
The snowy earth lies,
While the red sundown
Fades out of the skies.
Up walks the evening,
Veiled like a nun,
Telling her starry beads
One by one.

Where like the billows
The shadowy hills lie,
Like a mast the great pine swings
Against the bright sky.
Down in the valley
The distant lights quiver,
Gilding the hard-frozen
Face of the river.

When o'er the hill-tops
The moon pours her ray,
Like shadows the skaters
Skirr wildly away;
Whirling and gliding,
Like summer-clouds fleet,
They flash the white lightning
From glittering feet.

The icicles hang
On the front of the falls,
Like mute horns of silver
On shadowy walls;

Horns that the wild huntsman
Spring shall awake,
Down flinging the loud blast
Toward river and lake!

A PLEA FOR THE HOMELESS.

A CRY goes up amidst a prosperous
nation,
And Hunger begs within a plenteous
land!

Have ye not heard the voice of Deso-
lation?

Have ye not seen the stretched and
famished hand?

Have ye not felt the solemn obligation
To rise, and straightway answer the
demand?

O happy mothers, in your homes pro-
tected,

Whose little ones may never ask
for alms,

That voice is Childhood's! starving
and neglected

Pale Infancy implores with empty
palms,—

Thesad soul sitting in its eyes dejected,
No voice elates, no smile of pity
calms.

Let those dear looks, so full of April
splendor,

Those dimpled hands you clasp
within your own,

That voice you love so, plead with
accents tender

For those who weep unguarded and
alone,

For those dull eyes, those hands so
weak and slender.

Those pallid lips, whose mirth is
but a moan!

Sweet plants there are which bloom
in sultry places,

By rude feet trampled in their early
hour,

Which, when transplanted, are so full
of graces,

They lend a charm to Flora's fairest
bower:

O ye who pass, look down into their
faces,

Displace the dust, and recognize
the flower!

Lo, the example for our guidance
given,—

In sacred light our duty stands revealed!

For ONE there was, who, in His great
love, even

Noted the smallest lilies of the
field,

And, blessing children, said, "Of such
is heaven!"

His "Suffer them to come," stands
unrepealed!

O ye whose hearts, amid the worldly
noises,

No cares can harden, and no self
benumb,

Whose ears are open to these orphan
voices,

Whose answering soul no avarice
makes dumb,

The great RECORDER o'er your names
rejoices,

For ye have truly suffered them to
come!

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I stood by the open casement
And looked upon the night,

And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan;
And the Moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their great
height
The noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind Earth's dusky shore
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed, and were no more.

No more! Oh, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is
dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember
That the palest, fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

CHURCH'S "HEART OF THE ANDES."

TRAVERSE the oceans, seek for un-
known strands;
With great explorers ride through
marvellous lands;
Walk with the poet where his king-
dom lies,—
A realm of light beneath enchanted
skies;
Between bright islands sail the spicy
seas,
Beside the mighty-hearted Genoese;
Conquer with Cortes the barbaric
states,
And pass through El Dorado's golden
gates;
Shout with the great Balboa and his
crew,
What time a new sea sparkles into
view;

With Ponce de Leon seek the fabled
stream
Through flowery valleys brighter than
his dream;
But never any sight of new-found
land
Shall equal this, where we entrancéd
stand,
With dewy eyes and overflowing
heart,
Gazing from the exalted hill of Art!

This is not sorrowing Italy, nor these
The storied windings of the Pyrenees,
Nor are yon high and trackless realms
of snow

The over-travelled Alps, the guide-
man's show!

But these, in depth of equatorial
green,

Are the fresh Cordilleras, where be-
tween

Wander bewildering rivers, dancing
down

Their rocky terraces of golden brown,
Clapping their watery hands. About
the falls

The trees are wreathed like happy
bacchanals.

Here blooms a world that fears nor
cold nor drouth,

The lavish luxury of the teeming
South,

The carnival of summer, far and near,
In lands where summer lords it all the
year;

And over all, his Andean front aglow,
Great Chimborazo sits, his throne of
snow!

THE REAPER'S DREAM.

THE road was lone; the grass was
dank

With night-dews on the briery bank
Whereon a weary reaper sank.

His garb was old; his visage tanned;
The rusty sickle in his hand
Could find no work in all the land.

He saw the evening's chilly star
Above his native vale afar;
A moment on the horizon's bar

It hung, then sank, as with a sigh;
And there the crescent moon went by,
An empty sickle down the sky.

To soothe his pain, Sleep's tender
palm

Laid on his brow its touch of balm;
His brain received the slumb'rous
calm;

And soon that angel without name,
Her robe a dream, her face the same,
The giver of sweet visions, came.

She touched his eyes; no longer
sealed,

They saw a troop of reapers wield
Their swift blades in a ripened field.
At each thrust of their snowy sleeves
A thrill ran through the future
sheaves,

Rustling like rain on forest leaves.

They were not brawny men who
bowed,

With harvest-voices rough and loud,
But spirits, moving as a cloud.

Like little lightnings in their hold,
The silver sickles manifold
Slid musically through the gold.

Oh, bid the morning stars combine
To match the chorus clear and fine
That rippled lightly down the line;
A cadence of celestial rhyme,
The language of that cloudless clime,
To which their shining hands kept
time!

Behind them lay the gleaming rows,
Like those long clouds the sunset
shows

On amber meadows of repose;
But, like a wind, the binders bright
Soon followed in their mirthful might,
And swept them into sheaves of light.

Doubling the splendor of the plain,
There rolled the great celestial wain,
To gather in the fallen grain.
Its frame was built of golden bars;
Its glowing wheels were lit with stars;
The royal Harvest's car of cars.

The snowy yoke, that drew the load,
On gleaming hoofs of silver trode;
And music was its only goad.

To no command of word or beck
It moved, and felt no other check
Than one white arm laid on the
neck:—

The neck, whose light was over-
wound
With bells of lilies, ringing round
Their odors till the air was drowned:
The starry foreheads meekly borne,
With garlands looped from horn to
horn,
Shone like the many-colored morn.

The field was cleared. Home went
the bands,
Like children, linking happy hands,
While singing through their father's
lands;
Or, arms about each other thrown,
With amber tresses backward blown,
They moved as they were music's own.

The vision brightening more and
more,
He saw the garner's glowing door,
And sheaves, like sunshine, strew the
floor,—
The floor was jasper,—golden flails,
Swift-sailing as a whirlwind sails,
Throbbled mellow music down the
vales.

He saw the mansion,—all repose,—
Great corridors and porticos,
Propped with the columns' shining
rows;
And these,—for beauty was the
rule,—
The polished pavements, hard and
cool,
Redoubled, like a crystal pool.

And there the odorous feast was
spread;
The fruity fragrance widely shed
Seemed to the floating music wed.
Seven angels, like the Pleiad seven,
Their lips to silver clarions given,
Blew welcome round the walls of
heaven.

In skyeey garments, silky thin,
The glad retainers floated in,
A thousand forms, and yet no din:

And from the visage of the Lord,
Like splendor from the Orient poured,
A smile illumined all the board.

Far flew the music's circling sound,
Then floated back, with soft rebound,
To join, not mar, the converse
round,—
Sweet notes, that, melting, still in-
creased,
Such as ne'er cheered the bridal feast
Of king in the enchanted East.

Did any great door ope or close,
It seemed the birth-time of repose;
The faint sound died where it arose;
And they who passed from door to
door,
Their soft feet on the polished floor
Met their soft shadows—nothing more.

Then, once again the groups were
drawn
Through corridors, or down the lawn,
Which bloomed in beauty like a dawn.
Where countless fountains leapt alway,
Veiling their silver heights in spray,
The choral people held their way.

There, 'midst the brightest, brightly
shone
Dear forms he loved in years ago,—
The earliest loved,—the earliest flown.
He heard a mother's sainted tongue;
A sister's voice, who vanished young,
While one still dearer sweetly sung!

No further might the scene unfold,
The gazer's voice could not withhold,
The very rapture made him bold:
He cried aloud, with clasped hands,
"O, happy fields! O, happy bands!
Who reap the never-failing lands.

"O, master of these broad estates,
Behold, before your very gates
A worn and wanting laborer waits!
Let me but toil amid your grain,
Or be a gleaner on the plain,
So I may leave these fields of pain!

"A gleaner, I will follow far,
With never look or word to mar,
Behind the Harvest's yellow car;
All day my hand shall constant be,
And every happy eve shall see
The precious burden borne to Thee!"

At morn, some reapers neared the
place,
Strong men, whose feet recoiled apace,
Then, gathering round the upturned
face,
They saw the lines of pain and care,
Yet read in the expression there
The look as of an answered prayer.

DOWN TO THE DUST.

A CERTAIN rich man, stern and proud,
Yet, like a winter hemlock, bowed
With the accumulated weight
Of many snows, o'er his estate
Led his fair grandchild by the hand,
Showing her miles and miles of land,
Meadows and forests, and fields of
grain,
Far as her wondering eye could strain;
And all to be hers some future day;
All hers! The realms which round
them lay
Descended were from a lofty line,
Whose precious blood was wine, old
wine,
While others' was but water! Now
Their noble tree, from root to bough,
Stood hopeless of all future fruit,
Save from the little orphan shoot,
Lovely as ever in spring was seen
Flattering a dying tree with green.

"All these broad lands are mine," he
said,
Laying his hand on the grandchild's
head,
"And shall be yours, all yours, one
day;
One day, but that is far away.
In heavy coffers, iron-bound,
I have treasured many a golden
pound,
Gold, gold, all gold.—a thousandfold
More than you'll dream till they are
told.
All yours, love, when my sun has set,
But that, my child, is a long time yet.

"This mighty forest must come down,
And bring more gold from yonder
town;
They want the wood wherewith to
build,
I want the gold for a plan unfilled,

For I must rear a mansion grand,
Grander than any in the land,
At which the envious world will stare,
As if a prince were quartered there;
And you the mistress of it all,
The princess of that noble hall;
And then, at last, the queen, my dear;
The queen! but not this many a year.

"These cabins of my tenants old
Must fall. They mar my dream of
gold:

They pay no rent; the men, infirm,
Have all outlived their useful term;
Their homes must all come down, and
yield

Their space to the golden harvest-
field:—

Down, down!" And he rubbed his
hands with glee,

Gloating over his prophecy!
The child gazed up with a look of pain,
That could not make the justice plain,
And sighed, "But would not that be
wrong,

Since they have worked for you so
long?

What will become of the frail and old,
If they have neither strength nor
gold?"

"That is naught to me," he said, "my
child;

Chide from your brain those questions
wild:

Who made them poor, and left them
so,

Must feed his ravens; let them go!
My thoughts with grander schemes are
filled,

I want free scope whereon to build!

"And see, the mill-dam, there, is broke!
And he whose heart was tough as oak,
Too old to toil, too proud to sue,
Sits on the sill with naught to do.
And other mills, some miles away,
Grind larger grists for smaller pay,
And, therefore, must the mill come
down!"

Then the little child, with that piteous
frown,

Which is not anger, but seems to keep
The tears back that she fain would
weep,

Demanded, with low, thoughtful head,
"What will the people do for bread?"

"The best they can,—the best they can!"

Was the jeering answer of the man.
 "Let them go beg their cup and crust;
 The old mill shall come down to dust!
 The spot be cleared, the dam be filled,
 To help the landscape when I build!"

He rubbed his hands with new delight,
 Then, taking one more circling sight,
 And with his own heart reconciled,
 Led home the little wondering child.

That night the old man ate and drank,
 Thinking only of wealth and rank,
 And the mansion, which was all to him.

He drank till his filmy eyes grew dim,
 Then, in his great deep-cushioned chair,

Slept, and forgot his golden care.
 He slept; the chin upon his breast
 Sunk deep and deeper into rest,
 Till, with a sudden, noiseless sway,
 The dam of life was borne away.
 And now the stream lay dead and still;

The breast was cheerless as the mill;
 The heart hung like a sultry wheel,
 Where ne'er again the wave shall reel,

And never yet was one so skilled,
 That dusty ruin to rebuild.

Then laughed that shadowy miser,
 who

Hath countless coffers, old and new,
 All buried full, and more to fill.

"The dam is broke, the cumbrous mill
 Is useless now: the fate is just;
 Come down it must; ay, down to dust!"

And, rubbing his ghostly hands in glee,

Gloated over his prophecy.

Then spake an angel, on whose tongue
 The tremulous voice of pity hung,
 "What will become of the houseless soul—

He who sat there taking toll?
 An outcast into nameless ways,
 Where foot of charity never strays;
 Too old to toil; too late to sue;
 What will the friendless wanderer do?"

"That's naught to me!" the shade replied.

"Let the spirits which he deified,
 Which made him rich, yet kept him poor,

Look to him now, for at my door
 No mercy dwells! Come down it must,

This crumbling clay—down, down to dust;

And that last mansion which he willed,

My busy architect shall build!"

THE WESTERN VINE.

I SING the vine,—the western vine,
 The newly found, but not unsung;
 Whose magic to the minstrel's tongue

Made music flow through every line.
 Within its mellow amber deeps

A mild and soothing spirit dwells,
 As innocent as that which sleeps

In Poesy's Castalian wells.
 Then bless the wine, the mellow wine,
 That flows from the Catawba vine.

From east to west this vine shall spread,

Embowering all our vales and hills,
 And half of all our daily ills

Shall vanish where its light is shed;
 The fields are joyous where it grows,

It makes the rugged hill-sides glad,
 And where with vines the porch is clad,

There dwells the spirit of repose.
 Then bless the wine, the mellow wine,

That flows from the Catawba vine.

The fiends that lurk in burning draughts

Shall no more poison cups of ours;
 But when with us young Bacchus laughs,

O'ershadowed by our vineyard bowers,

The god shall think his cup is filled
 With honey-dew, at morn distilled

By Flora from her purest flowers.
 Then bless the wine, the mellow wine,
 That flows from the Catawba vine.

Oh, tell us not, ye over-wise,
That God his choicest fruit has
banned;
Those clusters from the Promised
Land

Were welcome to the prophet's eyes.
Let him who would dilute his blood
With water at the festive board,
Remember how the crystal flood
Was turned to purple by our Lord.
Then bless the wine, the mellow wine,
That flows from the Catawba vine.

And yet, beneath these glorious skies,
A nobler Vine o'erreaches all;
In its support, or in its fall,
A mighty nation lives or dies;
Its boughs are weighed with Freedom's fruit,

Beyond the hungry fox's reach.
With sturdy shoulders, each to each,
Come, let us guard it branch and root!
And bless the wine, the sacred wine,
That flows from our great *Union* vine.

BURNS'S BIRTHDAY.

My friends, the grape that charms
the cup to-night
Should be the noblest ever grown
in cluster;
Our flowers of wit and song should
be so bright
That all the place should wear a
noontide lustre.

For he whose natal day, and mar-
vellous worth,
We strive to honor with our yearly
presence,
Was of that clay so seldom found on
earth,
On which the gods bestow their
purest essence.

Ay, doubly bright should this ovation
be;
For we are honored far beyond your
dreaming.
The inward spirit bids me look and
see
Where comes the bard with light
and music teeming.

He comes, but not, like Hamlet's sire,
to wring
The soul with fear, and urge to
painful duty;
He comes; let us behold the phantom
king,
The king of song, and marvel at
his beauty.

I see his presence in the luminous
air,
And feel no thrill to make my blood
run colder;
He stands beside our presidential
chair,
With loving arm upon a Scotch-
man's shoulder.

Upon his brow a crown of glory
beams;
His robe of splendor makes the
lamplight hazy;
In his right hand a pledging goblet
gleams,
The other holds a "crimson-tippet
daisy."

Of deathless rainbows is his tartan
plaid;
His bonnet now is the celestial
laurel;
And on his face the light of song
betrayed
Makes all the room with poesy
grow choral.

With eye of inspiration stands the
bard;
His lips are moving, though no
sound can follow.
Let me translate,—although the task
is hard,
To justly render Scotland's sweet
Apollo.

"Dear friends, and brother Scotsmen,
doubly dear,"
'Tis thus the poet looks his kind
oration,
"The day is come, which once in
every year
Calls me to make my wonted visi-
tation.

"I glide through Caledonian halls
 of mirth,
 Where votive feast and song to-
 gether mingle;
 I seek the cot,—the sweetest place on
 earth
 Is just the simple peasant's glowing
 ingle.

"The haughty Briton lights his dusk
 saloon,
 Forgetting all his rancor for Prince
 Charley,
 And to the ploughman-bard of Ayr
 and Doon
 Pledges the smoking bree of Scot-
 tish barley.

"Where'er a ship upon the ocean
 swings,
 To-night, before the mariners seek
 their pillows,
 My songs shall sail on their melodious
 wings,
 Like sea-birds o'er the phosphores-
 cent billows.

"By Indian river, and Australian
 mine,
 And by the wall of China's old
 dominions,
 My verse above their cups of mellow
 wine
 Shall fan the air to music with its
 pinions.

"The far Canadian winter hears my
 name;
 E'en where the trapper's northern
 home is chosen,
 The songs of Scotland, mingling with
 the flame,
 Warm all within, though all with-
 out be frozen.

"By Californian shores and forests
 old,
 Where, like a mighty bard new
 realms discerning,
 The gray Pacific, over sands of gold,
 Chants his great song, the glittering
 metal spurning;

"In new-built towns, and round the
 miner's lamp,
 Or on the plains, or by the Colorado;
 Where'er the far adventurous train
 may camp,
 My song to-night shall cheer the
 deepest shadow.

"Or in the snow-beleaguered tents of
 strife,
 By jocund fires, or beds of painful
 story,
 Health shall take courage, and the
 sick new life,
 To hear of Wallace, and of Bruce's
 glory.

"Oh that my song might be as bolts
 of fire,
 Within the grasp of soldiers and of
 seamen!
 The bard profanely wakes the sacred
 lyre,
 Who chants no strain to nerve the
 hearts of freemen.

"From town to town, obedient to the
 call,
 I pass in haste, for envious Time is
 fleeting,
 As oft before, within this noble hall,
 I greet the friends who cheer me
 with their greeting.

"Here in your midst, my brothers,
 once again,
 I stand to-night a saddened guest
 and speaker;
 I miss among you certain noble
 men,
 Who erewhile pledged me in a
 brimming beaker.

"For your sakes saddened,—not, my
 friends, for mine,—
 You mourn their music, and their
 pleasant sallies;
 But we together pledge nectarean
 wine
 And join our song in amaranthine
 valleys.

"I see the forms your sight cannot
discern;
I see the smile across their happy
faces;
With eye of loving faith look round
and learn
Your friends are here,—there are
no empty places.

"From shadowy goblets held in fin-
gers' dim,
We drain the glass that keeps the
memory vernal,
Our cups with yours are clinking brim
to brim,
And thus we pledge you in a
draught fraternal.

"Adieu, adieu! across the eternal sea
Still let us hear your pleasant song
and laughter,
And let the love you bear me, warrant
be
Of love as deep for all true bards
hereafter."

TO BRYANT,

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

WHAT time I ope, with reverential
love,
One of the charmed volumes of my
choice,
I hear, as in the cloister of the grove,
The solemn music of thy Druid
voice.

All sights and sounds that can delight
impart,
Or whatso'er athwart thy vision
swims,
Before the altar of the world's great
heart,
Thou nobly breathest in undying
hymns.

For thy broad love there is no flower
too small,
Nor scene too vast for thy encircling
mind;
Thy heart is one with Nature's, yet
o'er all
Rises its sweet vibrations for man-
kind.

The faintest breath that finds a flow-
ery nook;
The flying winds with wild and
gust-wise locks;
The pebble, which the lapidary brook
Rounds into form, or ocean, scorn-
ing, rocks;

The burnished bluebird with the
spring-time song;
The azure-wingéd runnel's April
call;
The timid wren, the falcon fierce and
strong;
The soaring water-fowl, the swoop-
ing fall;

The glowworm's lantern, and the
lunar car;
The midnight taper, and the noon-
day sun;
The pool where swims the lily like a
star;
The boundless sea, with lily-sails
o'errun;

The brooklet-blade, the brightest
wavelet moves
Where childhood's paper sails are
set unfurled;
The antique home, or shade; the
oaken groves,
Growing the ponderous navies of
the world;

The peaceful hearthstone, and the
roaring field;
The song-bird, and our eagle on
his crag;
The love that all that quiet home can
yield;
The love of country, freedom, and
her flag:—

All these are thine, thou pioneer of
song,
Bard of the prairie and primeval
grove;
And unto thee our praise may well
belong;
Yes, more than praise—the homage
of our love.

And this is thine and therefore I
 obey,
 And bow before thy Druid locks
 of snow;
 And on thy sacred altar here I
 lay
 My votive branch of western mis-
 tletoe.

TO HYPERION.

OUR land is like a prairie overswept
 With tempest flame, around the
 horizon whirled;
 By fiery swords our harvest-fields are
 reapt;
 By maniac winds the blazing
 sheaves are hurled;
 Where swift Destruction strides
 through cinders deep,
 The blinding ashes, blown about
 the world,
 Whiten our sackcloth where we sit
 and weep.
 The whole broad sky is choked with
 fire and dust;
 With reeling clouds of sulphur over-
 run,
 What wonder that the bright star
 of your trust,
 The noble planet of your minstrel
 dawn,
 Should be this hour, by careful
 Heaven withdrawn,
 Caught by a sudden and celestial
 gust
 Into the glad embraces of the sun?

DAWN.

WITHIN a gray Empire of dawn and
 of dew,
 Where rung the clear clarion which
 chanticleer blew;
 Which sang to the stars, and rang
 round to the sea,
 Proclaiming a triumph and glory to
 be;—

A realm where the air of the primeval
 gloom
 Was thick with the night-opening
 blossoms' perfume;
 Where all the wide world of those
 delicate blooms,
 The heirs of the daylight, lay still in
 their tombs,
 Awaiting the summons, by young
 April given,
 Blown down through the morning-lit
 portals of Heaven:

There, dank with the dew, and o'er-
 veiled with this dawn,
 The shadowy nations went towering
 on,
 Enlarged by the dimness, gigantic,
 sublime,
 They walked in this long-vanished
 twilight of Time.

There were marvellous marble-built
 marts where the sea
 Proclaimed the same problem he
 utters to me;
 There were shadowy fanes on each
 shadowy height,
 And purple-dusk pyramids piercing
 the night
 So far, that their pinnacles dialed the
 sky;
 And the stars, for the shepherds to
 calendar by,
 Their peaks in the blue, and their feet
 in the sand;
 Each a tomb in its gloom, that o'er-
 shadowed the land,
 And between, meaning more than
 philosophy thinks,
 In the desert, breast-deep, sat, like
 Egypt, the Sphinx.

There were altars aflush with the
 horrible sign,
 As if Murder had thrown his red
 cloak on the shrine;
 And statues of Terror, with faces un-
 couth,
 Where the world in its error still
 stumbled at truth.
 And a murmur arose, as when billows
 in vain
 Rage round some lone rock that no
 answer will deign.

Strange Druidical henges encircled
the wold;

Dusk granite enigmas, no time can
unfold;

Great dogmas in stone, a grand, ter-
rible creed;

A hieroglyphic worship, God only
could read.

Along these great woods, and among
these great piles,

A priesthood, mysterious, shed awe
through the aisles.

In vain the sweet herbage looked up
from the sod

And pointed to Heaven, and whis-
pered of God;

And the night preached in vain, with
its stars and its tears,

The truths it has taught through its
millions of years.

Still the soul in its chains, self-abased
and abused,

The light only dazzled, sounds only
confused,

Till a God, in His pity, came down as
a child,

And walked 'mid those temples which
night had defiled,

And solved the old riddles in language
so plain

That the mystery dispelled could not
settle again.

Then man, in his wisdom, perverse as
a blast,

Dismantled the world of each shred
of the past;

The piles were no longer Divinity's
throne;

The rocks were but rocks, and the
sphinx but a stone.

The hills were disrobed, and the groves
were but trees,

And the voice of the ocean was only
the seas.

But the faith of the bard may not
scorn what is gone:

While it stands in the noon it looks
back to the dawn.

Believing the good in all worships, it
feels

A divinity present wherever it kneels.

TO R. H.,

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A BEAUTI-
FUL SILVER FRUIT-DISH, CHRIST-
MAS, 1864.

OUT of what charmed artist's brain
Came the beautiful form I here
behold?

The soul of a glorious Greek, it is
plain,

Must have dreamed this dream of
silver and gold.

Perchance he lived in an attic cold,
His guest the sun, and the rain, and
the wind;

His only riches the wealth untold
Which glows and gleams in the artist
mind;

Doomed never to taste the far-off
fruit

That shall crown this carved and
delicate brim.

Does he walk the world? or is he
mute

In the dust of buried ages dim?

Though he lives or sleeps in his
funeral suit,

The heart of the bard goes out to him.

With this wonderful work before me
placed,

So pure in its beauty, embossed and
chased,

The fancy suddenly plumes her
wing

And flies to regions where never yet
Her noiseless and venturous feet were
set,

And, as she flies, she needs must
sing;

She hovers o'er Indian mines afar,
And seeks the fabulous Ophir field;

And Palestine under its Christmas
star;

Or, in Hellas, finds some Homeric
shield,

Into ingots made by the greed of a
Turk;

Or beautiful censer, a rare antique,
Swung in the hands of a Roman or
Greek;

Or delicate image, Athenian work,
Melted and sold by some infidel thief,

Whom the gods have long since
brought to grief;

Or wonderful vase, by Cellini made,
 To grace the cloth of some
 princely board;
 Or traces within the Cathedral shade
 Those sainted and silver statues
 fine,
 Which Cromwell, going from shrine
 to shrine,
 Cast angrily down in the name
 of the Lord,
 Then rolled them in coin through the
 world of trade,
 Till they slept, perchance, in a
 miser's hoard.
 She sweeps where Brazilian summer
 shines
 Into the shades of the Andean mines;
 By turbulent rivers, broad, deep, and
 bold,
 'Mid California's hills of gold;
 Under giant cedars, antique as man,
 Planted ere History's life began;
 And there beholds, in its glittering
 birth,
 The new-found ore as old as the
 earth.

A thousand mystical guesses arise
 And swim in the dream-light of her
 eyes—
 But all in vain; she only knows
 That this beautiful form before her
 glows,
 Silver without and golden within;
 It gleams like a rising harvest-
 moon,
 When labor ceases and pleasures
 begin
 In a land of fruit at the close of
 June.
 Alive with its light is the twilight
 room,
 And already I breathe the sweet per-
 fume,
 The delicious odors that seem to swim
 Around its future laden brim;
 The grape and the plum, the pear and
 the peach,
 All these seem glowing within my
 reach,
 And mingling its delicate odor and
 smile
 Is the fruit of many a far-off isle;
 But sweeter still the thought ascends,
 Around it I see kind groups of friends.

The metal is solid, and massive, and
 pure,
 And wrought with all skill that an
 artist can lend;
 But there's something exists that
 I value still more—
 It is this; and the Master Designer,
 I'm sure,
 Took out from Humanity's mine
 the best ore
 To make it—the generous heart
 of my friend.

OUR SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

A PROLOGUE, DELIVERED ON THE OC-
 CASION OF AN AMATEUR PERFORM-
 ANCE OF HAMLET FOR THE BENEFIT
 OF THE SOLDIERS' FAMILIES IN
 CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY 6, 1865.

OUR soldiers' families! How the
 fancy roams,
 And finds these patient patriots in
 their homes;
 Finds them at quiet firesides—nobly
 there—
 Waiting beside the hero's empty
 chair;
 Beside the chair, perchance, which
 never more
 Shall know the occupant it knew of
 yore.
 Look in to-night beside that tranquil
 fire:
 There sits the mother, there the aged
 sire;
 Or there the wife, with matron ac-
 cents mild,
 Teaching a patriot prayer unto her
 child;
 A prayer for him who put his all at
 stake,
 His all (save honor), for his country's
 sake.
 There sits the maid with eyes of dream-
 ful light,
 Watching her warrior-lover in the
 fight;
 Beholds him with a swelling heart of
 pride
 With fiery Phil along the valley ride;

Or Grant, or Thomas, our stern, sturdy
 George,
 Whose stalwart blows fall thunder-
 ing like a forge;
 Or, with his eastward banner, sees
 him swoop
 Through Georgian fields with Sher-
 man's eagle troop.
 Perchance his lot is on the ocean
 cast,
 Where Farragut stands steadfast as
 his mast;
 Perchance, with Winslow, poured the
 shot and shell
 From guns which rung the British
 pirate's knell;
 Or at Stone River stemmed the leaden
 shower,
 Where noble "Rosey" saved the des-
 perate hour;
 Or with that glorious chief to whom
 was given
 The right to scale above the clouds
 of heaven,
 And bear the starry rainbow flag on
 high,
 Back to its native region in the sky.
 Behold our general, on the rocky
 height,
 A stately statue in a dome of light!
 With all the rebel army put to rout,
 Our fighting Hooker takes a long
 "Lookout!"
 While through his army shouts on
 shouts increase,
 Hailing this true commissioner of
 Peace.

Our soldiers' families! Some are
 veiled in gloom;
 The mourners' crape pervades the
 solemn room;
 There, though the tears in sorrowing
 eyes may start,
 There is no murmur in a patriot heart.
 Though sad the lot, the recompense is
 plain,
 They hear the falling of the bond-
 man's chain,
 And hear the song of freedom from
 the South,
 While shouts of "Union" pass from
 mouth to mouth;
 In glory's cause the warrior died
 content,
 With human liberty for monument.

Our soldiers' families! Mark the
 glorious sight;
 For them the Swan of Avon sings
 to-night,
 The earth's great laureate, whose im-
 mortal skill
 Created worlds and peopled them at
 will,
 Whose wizard wand, at one majestic
 swing,
 Could make a kingdom, or dethrone
 a king;
 For them he bids the spectre monarch
 rise;
 For them the sweet Ophelia sings and
 dies;
 For them he asks a sovereign of our
 own
 To leave to-night his magisterial
 throne,
 To lay aside awhile his genial vein,
 To look, and think, and be the melan-
 choly Dane.

Our soldiers' families! For them
 have come
 This generous audience, packed from
 pit to dome.
 For them (would it were worthier)
 here I lay
 Upon their altar this, my light bou-
 quet;
 And if, perchance, their kindly eyes
 should view
 Among the leaves some random drops
 of dew,
 Believe them each the poet's loving
 tear
 In secret shed beside some patriot's
 bier.

Newly descended from their high
 estate,
 For them, be sure, the angels watch
 and wait;
 Our patriot sires, who all our freedom
 gave,
 Look down and bless the households
 of the brave;
 But, grander still, within his dome
 of domes,
 God smiles His blessing on our Sol-
 diers' Homes!

EPITHALAMIUM.

TO MAJOR-GENERAL W——.

THERE'S a glorious group in Parian
stone,

Which made the sculptor a death-
less name;

War stands with his strong arm
gently thrown

Round Beauty, that lives in im-
mortal fame,

By the gods conceded the brightest
and best;

Her light hand lies on his manly
breast,

To find, as it were, how his great
heart stirs.

His noble eyes look down on hers—
That look which only love confers—

While hers beam tenderly up to him
In the depth of their love-light, dewy
dim;

And over both, with hymeneal flame,
Brave Cupid proclaims his trium-
phant endeavor—

Then Beauty and War, in the world
of fame,

Stand wedded in spotless marble
forever.

And thus our Union Mars to-day,
A warrior as noble, as brave, as tall,
Stands with his bride, and over all
Love hovers, and whispers his sweet
commands,

Blessing the union of hearts and
hands;

And, joining with him in his dear
endeavor,

Let us bless the Union for ever and
ever.

THE CABLE.

LAID BY THE "AGAMEMNON" AND
"NIAGARA."

'Tis fit the grand old kingly name
Of which the kingliest poet sings
Should eastward bear Jove's track of
flame,

And link it to the land of kings.

'Tis well Niagara, whose renown
With Freedom mingles evermore,
Should westward lay its burden down,
And chain the world to Freedom's
shore.

'Tis done; the angry sea consents—
The nations stand no more apart;
With clasped hands the continents
Feel throbbings of each other's
heart.

Speed, speed the Cable; let it run,
A loving girdle, round the earth,
Till all the nations 'neath the sun
Shall be as brothers at one hearth,—

As brothers, pledging hand in hand,
One freedom for the world abroad,
One commerce over every land,
One language, and one God!

WHAT A WORD MAY DO.

ONE day, as we sat at a generous board,
Where wine with a liberal hand was
poured,
I heard a beautiful lady say,
Whose lord had sometimes gone
astray,

Just as the sparkling cup was raised,
That one too much for a social
dinner—

A rebuke, I am sure, the angels
praised—

"I *hate* the sin, but I *love* the
sinner."

Down went the cup to the snowy cloth,
Brimming and laughing with creamy
froth,
That quickly flattened below the brim,
While the master's eye with a haze
grew dim;

And, ever after, the wine at his side
Wooded him in vain as it sparkled and
died;

And though he should sit at the board
of a duke,

'Mid the kingliest wines of a
princely dinner,

He would still remember that sweet
rebuke,

"I *hate* the sin, but I *love* the
sinner."

TO LUCY.*

ACCOMPANIED BY A TOY.

DEAR Lucy, the light of your sweet
little face

I have heard by good judges pro-
claimed;

If it bears of your beautiful mother
a trace,

Then, darling, you are properly
named.

They christened you "Lucy," my
dear little one,

And, if what I am told is half true,
That you shine in the house like a
ray of the sun,

I don't know what else they could
do.

A dear, truant angel, just out of the
sky,

You needs must be radiant, I'm
sure:

May the light of your smile, and the
light of your eye,

Undimmed in their lustre endure!

With this toy—no great thing, but it
still might be worse—

You can whistle, or ring out a
chime;

Accept, too, this poor penny-whistle
of verse,

With its light jingling rattle of
rhyme.

THE FOOL'S ARROW.

THE fool who shot against the noon-
day sun,

Then stood agape to note the mischief
done,

Just as he thought the missile at its
place,

Received the returning arrow in his
face;

But, still a fool,—though bleeding,
and in pain,—

His vanity could make the matter
plain:

* Light.

"Behold!" he cried, "Apollo's jeal-
ous spite
Lets fly this shaft at my superior
light!"

EPITAPH.

FOR MRS. M——.

TOWARD the dark gate we saw her
slowly glide,

The angel Patience moving at her
side;

The noiseless portal opened, and the
light

A moment gleamed, then left us in
the night,

Where still we sit beside her sacred
urn,

Praying the angel Patience to return.

HEART AND HEARTH.

WE sat and watched the hearth-fire
blaze,

My friend and I together;

The crickets sang of harvest days,
The wood of summer weather.

It told of shade, of storm and sun,
Its native oakland story:

To him it only spake of one
Who turned all gloom to glory.

The cricket carolled still of noon,
Bright with the sun's caresses;

To him it called a form like June,
Aflush with golden tresses.

Within the flame a spirit seemed
To soar and sway and falter,

While in his heart a presence beamed
More steadfast on its altar.

The embers, in their ashen bed,
Looked out with transient flashes;

He only saw sweet eyes that shed
Their rays through twilight lashes.

O'erstubbled fields the autumn wailed,
In low and mournful closes;

He only heard a song that sailed
O'er charmed realms of roses.

His eyes, once lit with battle-ire,
 Aflame with warrior-science,
 Forgot their fierce, controlling fire;
 Their flashes of defiance ;

But, with a dreamy love-light blest,
 More luminous grew and tender,
 As if the image in his breast
 Had lit them with its splendor.

The voice that once his ardor proved,
 Along the roaring column,
 Now to mysterious measures moved
 Subdued, serenely solemn.

He named her—and the soft words
 came
 In musical completeness,
 As if the breathing of that name
 Had touched his lips with sweetness.

We grow like what we contemplate—
 And all his face was laden
 With light, as it would emulate
 The brightness of the maiden.

The moon, full blown to lily-white,
 Looked in, with love-lorn pallor ;
 She knew his frame forgot its might,
 His will forgot its valor.

She kissed his brow and smoothed his
 hair,
 Like a consoling mother,
 And whispered, "I too only wear
 The brightness of another.

"Like Ruth, I walk his broad domain,
 And wait his lordly gesture ;
 I glean his light, but reach in vain
 To touch his princely vesture."

With many a sympathetic guest,
 The air hung, star-beleaguered,
 When lo! to her who filled his breast,
 Pale Dian stood transfigured.

She smiled on her Endymion,
 And charmed his dreamy vision,
 And all his soul new glory won
 Before the sweet transition.

The vision fled—my friend was gone,
 And left me idly gazing ;
 But in the hearth-light I was shown
 A future altar blazing.

THE GOLDEN NOW.

THE earth is loud with discontent-
 ments muttered

By foolish mouths—the selfish and
 the vain ;
 And yet a world of agony unuttered
 Lies behind lips that never tell
 their pain.

The voiceless dark is loaded with re-
 pentance,
 In solemn courts of midnight,
 where, o'er cast
 With sorrow, Conscience looks its
 silent sentence
 Against the culprit actions of the
 past.

And countless eyes, aglaze with hot
 reflections,
 Stare down the highway which
 their feet have known,
 Where stand afar the ghostly recol-
 lections,
 Like frowning statues not to be
 o'erthrown.

While fancy sees them rise in retri-
 butions,
 A spectre file along the future
 way,
 To blight the hopes and chill the reso-
 lutions
 Which Night should marshal for
 the coming day.

Oh, ye who cower or tremble at the
 errors
 Rebuking Memory conjures where
 you wait,
 Rise, and against the past with all its
 terrors,
 With hand indignant, swing the
 iron gate!

Rise in the Golden Now, and ope its
 portal,
 That doorway which to-morrow
 never opes—
 Worthy your manhood and your soul
 immortal,
 Go forward to the harvest of your
 hopes.

Nor let the future mantle of December
 Become a coward's sack cloth,
 ashen gray,
 To doom your aged anguish to remember
 The precious chances you refuse to-day.

What's done is done—let errors past
 recalling

In gulfy waters of oblivion drown:
 The fret of retrospection, hot and
 galling,

Wilts to the root the flower of courage
 down,

Until despair half makes the soul
 contented

To sit reluctant at the yet untried;
 Perpetual brooding over what's repented

Is but the drug of constant suicide.

Such sorrow is a winter owl, foreboding

For future wildernesses nights of
 care,

While cheerful thoughts are happy
 song-birds, loading

With May-time music all the summer
 air.

The vain regrets we nurture in our
 bosoms

Are deadly nightshades, which we
 feed with tears;

But all the heart becomes a bed of
 blossoms,

When hope is jocund and contentment
 cheers.

Shake from your feet the dust with
 wholesome scorning

Against the ugly, ne'er-to-be
 undone!

From out the cloudy darkness, like
 the morning,

With glowing brow go forth into
 the sun,

And to the duty nearest, most defiant,
 With steadfast courage, lay your
 shouldered strength,

And, conquering more than cities, like
 a giant,

Arise the master of yourself at
 length.

Prophetic hopes shall lead you to new
 pleasures,

Along the yielding pathway of the
 plough,

To yellow harvests and to orchard
 treasures,

The fruit of action in the Golden
 Now.

And when the tranquil evening
 crowns your labor

With sheaves, and fruits, and welcome
 household songs.

At peace with Heaven, your conscience,
 and your neighbor,

Resign your prayerful heart where
 it belongs.

ROME, November, 1871.

MY LILY

ON THE VIRGIN'S BOSOM.

THE sun was white in all the streets
 of Florence,

His splendor burned upon the
 bridge and river,

While fate rained down her pestilence
 in torrents,

Bereaving me forever.

Nay; not forever! on the Virgin's
 bosom

I see the emblem of my sainted
 daughter—

She holds my lily in perpetual blossom—

I find her where I sought her.

Close to her heart, with all a mother's
 patience,

She bears my flower, enticing me
 to meet her:

Dear Virgin, at thy Son's appointed
 Stations

I kneel, and kneel, and climb,
 That I at last may greet her.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

WE nightly *die* ourselves to sleep,
 Then wherefore fear we Death?

'Tis but a slumber still more deep,
 And undisturbed by breath.

We daily waken to the light,
 When Morning walks her way,
 Then wherefore doubt Death's longer
 night
 Will bring a brighter day ?

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

THE air was still o'er Bethlehem's
 plain,
 As if the great Night held its breath,
 When Life Eternal came to reign
 Over a world of Death.

The pagan at his midnight board
 Let fall his brimming cup of gold :
 He felt the presence of his Lord
 Before His birth was told.

The temples trembled to their base,
 The idols shuddered as in pain :
 A priesthood in its power of place
 Knelt to its gods in vain.

All Nature felt a thrill divine
 When burst that meteor on the
 night,
 Which, pointing to the Saviour's
 shrine,
 Proclaimed the new-born light—

Light to the shepherds ! and the star
 Gilded their silent midnight fold—
 Light to the Wise Men from afar,
 Bearing their gifts of gold.

Light to a realm of Sin and Grief—
 Light to a world in all its needs—
 The Light of life—a new belief
 Rising o'er fallen creeds—

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
 Though leading to a martyr's
 throne—

A Light to guide till Christ returns
 In glory to His own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
 The Christmas choir sings now, as
 then,

“Glory, glory unto God !
 Peace and good-will to men !”

ROME, Christmas, 1871.

NOTES.

PAGE 89.

¹ All week he tends within his noisy mill.

THERE are those who, perhaps, will be struck with the novelty of a man devoting his Sabbaths to the pulpit, and his weekdays to an occupation which would seem to allow him but little time for study and meditation: but, if they knew our rural districts better, they would probably call to mind many originals of the picture which I have attempted to draw. The "local preacher," I believe, not only receives no salary, but is generally one of the first persons called upon in cases of charity. It is with no intention to disparage the ministerial profession that this character is drawn: on the contrary, no one can hold in higher esteem than I do, that valorous army of ill-rewarded men who nobly sacrifice all worldly considerations for the amelioration of their fellows.

PAGE 103.

² The kingbird hovers, darting on his prey
And takes the ventured argosy of sweets.

Since this passage was written, the supposed fact has become a disputed question. I shall be glad to find that I have done this little marauder injustice.

PAGE 127.

³ And much they talk
Of news which lately, from the far-off West,
Startled the calm community.

The time represented in this poem was about the year 1832, at which period, as many will remember, the "backwoods fever" was especially prevalent.

PAGE 154.

⁴ Such was the realm of Boone, the pioneer,
Whose statue, in the eternal niche of fame,
Leans on his gleaming rifle.

If it is not taking too much liberty, I would suggest that Kentucky might also find a niche in her capitol for a statue of the father of her State. It is a subject

which her own sculptor, Mr. Hart, would treat with propriety and enthusiasm.

PAGE 157.

⁵ Thou, who beneath thine own Catawba vine.

There is no man to whom the West is more indebted than to Mr. N. Longworth, of Cincinnati. And chief among the benefits which he has conferred must be regarded the introduction of the grape-culture. The country will yet acknowledge him to be the most effectual apostle of Temperance: for it is a remarkable fact that the vineyard is the antagonist of the still-house, and that in vine-growing countries the curse of alcohol is not known.

PAGE 176.

⁶ And let thy stature shine above the world,
A form of terror and of loveliness.

This passage was suggested by Powers's statue of "America,"—one of the few works worthy to become the property of a nation.

PAGE 192.

⁷ *Monte Testaccio*, or "hill of broken crockery," rising as it does to the height of one hundred and sixty-five feet, out of what was formerly a swamp, is one of the enigmas of Rome which have baffled the antiquary. Its height commands a fine view of the city and surrounding country. It is about forty-five hundred feet in circumference at the base. That it is composed of one mass of broken earthenware is well attested by the wine-vaults which perforate it on all sides, some to a great depth. It is supposed by some antiquaries—and I think with great reason—to have been built of the refuse of the ancient potteries established in this vicinity by Tarquinius Priscus. Others pronounce it to be the débris collected from the streets of Rome in later centuries. That this curious mountain has not been added to or changed, and that it has been used as a wine-magazine for hundreds of years, is

proved by the most ancient charts and maps of Rome. It is near the gate leading to St. Paul's Church and to Ostia. The Pyramid of Caius Cestius and the Protestant Cemetery lie between. In this latter are the tombs of Shelley and Keats. Monte Testaccio and its vicinity are especially gay with music, dancing, and merry-making generally during the vintage season. The costumes of the peasants, the brilliant trappings of the wine-carts and horses, make the scene attractive, not only to the artist, but to all lovers of the picturesque.

PAGE 193.

⁸ Casale Rotondo, six miles beyond the Porte San Sebastiano, is the largest, and, with the exception of the Cæcilia Metella, which it resembles, the best-preserved, monument of this ancient street of tombs. It is supposed to have been erected to Messala Corvinus, the friend of Horace. On the summit of this immense sepulchre are a farm-house, a stable, and a small olive-orchard.

PAGE 228.

⁹ Some relics, consisting of a piece of Penn's "Treaty Elm," of the old frigate "Alliance," and the halliards of the sloop-of-war "Cumberland," wrought into appropriate form, were presented to President Lincoln by James E. Murdoch, Esq., and this poem was written to accompany them.

PAGE 252.

¹⁰ With horrid noise of horn and pan,
Had borne in mockery up and down,
The noisiest Tory of the town.

"Among the disaffected in Philadelphia, Dr. K— was pre-eminently ardent and rash. An extremely zealous loyalist, and impetuous in his temper, he had given much umbrage to the Whigs, and, if I am not mistaken, he had been detected in some hostile machinations: hence he was deemed a proper subject for the fashionable punishment of tarring, feathering, and carting. He was seized at his own door by a party of militia, and, in an attempt to resist them, received a wound in his hand from a bayonet. Being overpowered, he was placed in a cart provided for the purpose, and, amid a multitude of boys and idlers, paraded through the streets to the tune of the royal march. I happened to be at the Coffee-House when the concourse arrived there. They made a halt; when the doctor, foaming with

rage and indignation, without his hat, his wig dishevelled and bloody from his wounded hand, stood up in the cart and called for a bowl of punch. It was quickly handed to him,—when so vehement was his thirst that he drained it of its contents before he took it from his lips. . . .

"It must be admitted, however, that the conduct of the populace was marked by a *lenity which peculiarly distinguished the cradle of our republicanism*. Tar and feathers had been dispensed with, and, excepting the injury he had received in his hand, no sort of violence was offered by the mob to their victim."—Graydon's *Memoirs of his Own Times*.

PAGE 255.

¹¹ Oh, would some sweet bird of the South
Might build in every cannon's mouth.

This part of the poem was written six years ago [*i.e.*, 1855]; consequently the passage was not suggested by the cannon which "Disunion" has since then pointed against the North.

PAGE 258.

¹² And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

"In concluding his farewell sermon, he said that, in the language of Holy Writ, 'there was a time for all things,—a time to preach, and a time to pray,—but those times had passed away;' and then, in a voice that echoed like a trumpet-blast through the church, he said that 'there was a time to fight, and that time had now come.' Then, laying aside his sacerdotal gown, he stood before his flock in the full regimental dress of a Virginia colonel. He ordered the drums to be beaten at the church-door for recruits, and almost all his male audience capable of bearing arms joined his standard."—*Lossing's Sketch of the Life of General Muhlenberg*.

PAGE 262.

¹³ He gained the river and the cave.

The cave referred to is not a creation of the fancy, but exists in the vicinity indicated, and is the scene of more than one romantic legend.

PAGE 264.

¹⁴ I watched the long, long ranks go by.

"Washington, in order to encourage its friends and dishearten its enemies, marched with the whole army through the city down Front and up Chestnut Streets.

Great pains were taken to make the display as imposing as possible. To give them something of a uniform appearance, they had sprigs of green in their hats. Washington rode at the head of his troops, attended by his numerous staff, with the Marquis Lafayette by his side. The long column of the army, broken into divisions and brigades, the pioneers with their axes, the squadrons of horse, the extended trains of artillery, the tramp of steed, the bray of trumpet and spirit-stirring sound of drum and fife,—all had an imposing effect on a peaceful city unused to the sight of marshalled armies. The disaffected, who had been taught to believe the American forces much less than they were in reality, were astonished as they gazed on the lengthening procession of a host which to their unpractised eyes appeared innumerable; while the Whigs, gaining fresh hope and animation from the sight, cheered the patriot squadrons as they passed.”—*Irving's Life of Washington*.

PAGE 268.

¹⁵ The soft air felt the jar
Of thunder rolling from afar.

All the chronicles agree in stating that the cannonading at the battle of Brandywine was distinctly heard at Philadelphia and its vicinity.

PAGE 275.

¹⁶ The vapor dank
Of morning hanging gray and blank.

A heavy fog enveloped Germantown on the morning of the battle, which, “together with the smoke of the cannon and musketry,” says Irving, “made it almost as dark as night.”

PAGE 277.

¹⁷ When Victory, with her thrusting hand,
Through blinding fogs, strove to consign
Her laurel to the patriot band!

“Every account confirms the opinion I at first entertained,—that our troops retreated at the instant when victory was declaring herself in our favor. I can discover no other cause for not improving this happy opportunity than the extreme haziness of the weather.”—*Washington to the President of Congress*.

PAGE 283.

¹⁸ Lydia Darrach's faithful word.

“*Mrs. Darrach's Conduct*.—I have very direct and certain evidence for saying that

Mrs. Lydia Darrach, the wife of William Darrach (a teacher, dwelling in the house No. 177 South Second Street, corner of Little Dock Street), was the cause of saving Washington's army from great disaster while it lay at Whitemarsh in 1777. The case was this. The adjutant-general of the British army occupied a chamber in that house, and came there by night to read the orders and plan of General Howe's meditated attack. She overheard them when she was expected to have been asleep in bed; and, making a pretext to go out to Frankford for flour for family use, under a pass, she met with Colonel Craig (who afterwards shot himself) and communicated the whole to him, who immediately rode off to General Washington to put him on his guard. The next night, about midnight, the British army, in great force, marched silently out of Philadelphia. The whole affair terminated in what was called, I believe, the action of Edgehill, on the 5th of December; and, on the 8th following, the British got back to the city, fatigued and disappointed. Lydia Darrach and her husband were Friends. She communicated all the particulars (more than here expressed) to my friend Mrs. Hannah Haines, and others. Although she was a small and weakly woman, she walked the whole distance, going and coming, bringing with her—to save appearances—twenty-five pounds of flour, borne upon the arms all the way from Frankford. The adjutant-general afterwards came to her to inquire if it had been possible that any of her family could have been up to listen and convey intelligence, since the result had been so mysterious to him.”—*Watson's Annals*.

A similar stratagem was planned to surprise Washington at Valley Forge; but, the fact being communicated in time, the enemy was foiled by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Lafayette and his corps on the banks of the Schuylkill.

PAGE 287.

¹⁹ The Meschianza at Philadelphia.

“The Meschianza was chiefly a tilt and tournament, with other entertainments, as the term implies, and was given on Monday, the 18th of May, 1778, at Wharton's country-seat, in Southwark, by the officers of General Howe's army, to that officer on his quitting the command to return to England.

“The company began to assemble at three or four o'clock, at Knight's Wharf, at the water's edge of Green Street, in the

Northern Liberties; and by half-past four o'clock in the afternoon the whole were embarked, in the pleasant month of May, in a 'grand regatta' of three divisions.

"When arrived at the fort below the Swedes' Church, they formed a line through an avenue of grenadiers and light-horse in the rear. The company were thus conducted to a square lawn of one hundred and fifty yards on each side, and which was also lined with troops. This area formed the ground for a tilt or tournament. On the front seat of each pavilion were placed seven of the principal young ladies of the country, dressed in Turkish habits, and wearing in their turbans the articles which they intended to bestow on their several gallant knights. Soon the trumpets at a distance announced the approach of the seven white knights, habited in white and red silk and mounted on gray chargers richly caparisoned in similar colors. These were followed by their several esquires on foot. Besides these, there was a herald in his robe. These all made the circuit of the square, saluting the ladies as they passed, and then they ranged in line with their ladies; then their herald (Mr. Beaumont), after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed their challenge in the name of 'the knights of the blended rose,'—declaring that the ladies of their order excel, in wit, beauty, and accomplishments, those of the whole world, and they are ready to enter the lists against any knights who will deny the same, according to the laws of ancient chivalry.

"At the third repetition of the challenge, a sound of trumpets announced the entrance of another herald with four trumpeters dressed in black and orange. The two heralds held a parley, when the black herald proceeded to proclaim his defiance in the name of 'the knights of the burning mountain.' Then retiring, there soon after entered 'the black knights,' with their esquires, preceded by their herald, on whose tunic was represented a mountain sending forth flames, and the motto, 'I burn forever!'

"These seven knights, like the former ones, rode round the lists and made their obeisance to the ladies, and then drew up, fronting the white knights; and, the chief of these having thrown down his gauntlet, the chief of the black knights directed his esquire to take it up. Then the knights received their lances from their esquires, fixed their shields on their left arms, and, making a general salute to each other by a movement of their lances, turned round to take their career, and, encountering in

full gallop, shivered their spears. In the second and third encounter they discharged their pistols. In the fourth they fought with their swords.

"From the garden they ascended a flight of steps covered with carpets, which led into a spacious hall, the panels of which were painted in imitation of Sienna marble, inclosing festoons of white marble. In this hall and the adjoining apartments were prepared tea, lemonade, &c., to which the company seated themselves. At this time the knights came in, and on their knee received their favors from their respective ladies. From these apartments they went up to a ball-room, decorated in a light, elegant style of painting and showing many festoons of flowers. The brilliancy of the whole was heightened by eighty-five mirrors decked with ribbons and flowers, and in the intermediate spaces were thirty-four branches. On the same floor were four drawing-rooms, with sideboards of refreshments, decorated and lighted in the style of the ball-room. The ball was opened by the knights and their ladies; and the dances continued till ten o'clock, when the windows were thrown open, and a magnificent bouquet of rockets began the fireworks. These were planned by Captain Montresor, the chief engineer, and consisted of twenty different displays, in great variety and beauty, and changing General Howe's arch into a variety of shapes and devices. At twelve o'clock (midnight) supper was announced, and large folding doors, before concealed, sprung open, and discovered a magnificent saloon of two hundred and ten feet by forty feet, and twenty-two feet in height, with three alcoves on each side which served for sideboards. The sides were painted with vine-leaves and festoon-flowers, and fifty-six large pier-glasses, ornamented with green silk, artificial flowers, and ribbons. There were also one hundred branches trimmed, and eighteen lustres of twenty-four lights hung from the ceiling. There were three hundred wax tapers on the supper-tables, four hundred and thirty covers, and twelve hundred dishes. There were twenty-four black slaves in Oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets. Toward the close of the banquet, the herald with his trumpeters entered and announced the king and royal family's health, with other toasts. Each toast was followed by a flourish of music. After the supper, the company returned to the ball-room, and continued to dance until four o'clock in the morning.

"I omit to describe the two arches; but they were greatly embellished: they had two fronts in the Tuscan order. The pediment of one was adorned with naval trophies, and the other with military ones.

"Major André, who wrote a description of it (although his name is concealed), calls it 'the most splendid entertainment ever given by an army to its general.' The whole expense was borne by twenty-two field-officers. The managers were Sir John Wrotlesby, Colonel O'Hara, and Majors Gardiner and Montresor. This splendid pageant blazed out in one short night. Next day the enchantment was dissolved; and in exactly one month all these knights and the whole army chose to make their march from the city of Philadelphia."

WATSON.

PAGE 293.

²⁰ There rose a tumult wild without.

"While the British were indulging in the festivities of the night of the Meschianza, below the city, McLane was busy with a stratagem to break them up. He had one hundred infantry, in four squads, supported by Clough's dragoons. At ten at night they had reached the abatis in front of their redoubts, extending from the Schuylkill to the Globe Mill. These divisions carried camp-kettles filled with combustibles, with which at the proper signal they fired the whole line of abatis. The British beat the long roll, and their alarm-guns were fired from river to river, and were answered from the Park, in Southwark. The ladies, however, were so managed by the officers as to have taken the cannonade for anything but the fact, and therefore continued the sports of the night. But the officers in charge on the lines understood the nature of the assailants, and gave pursuit and assault. He retired to the hills and fastnesses of the Wissahickon. After daylight the British horse were in full force to pursue him, and finally took his picket and ensign at Barren Hill. McLane was afterwards attacked, and swam his horse across the Schuylkill, when some of Morgan's riflemen appeared to his protection. He then turned upon his pursuers, driving them in turn into their lines near the city."

WATSON.

PAGE 301.

²¹ Giving his daughter Berkley Hall
And his blessing with the broad estate.

As some may not be aware of the baronial style in which certain of the early

settlers of our country lived, and fearing that the description of "Berkley Hall" might be thought overdrawn, the author again avails himself of the invaluable "Annals" of Watson to select a couple of passages:—

"The Wharton Mansion, in Southwark, fronting the river, back from the present Navy-Yard, was a country-house of grandeur in its day. It was of large dimensions, with its lawns and trees, and, as a superior house, was chosen by the British officers of Howe's army for the celebration of the Meschianza. Wilton, the place once of Joseph Turner, down in the Neck, was the nonpareil of its day. It was the fashionable resort for genteel strangers. Every possible attention was paid to embellishment, and the garden cultivation was superior. The grounds had ornamented clumps and ranges of trees. Many statues of fine marble (sold from a Spanish prize) were distributed through the grounds and avenues. The mansion-house and out-houses, still standing, show in some degree their former grandeur. The ceilings are high and covered with stucco-work, and the halls are large."

"*Duché's House.*—This was one of the most venerable-looking, antiquated houses of our city, built in 1758 for Parson Duché, the pastor of St. Peter's Church, as a gift from his father. It was taken down a few years ago. It was said to have been built after the pattern of one of the wings of Lambeth Palace. When first erected, it was considered quite out of town (corner of Third and Pine Streets), and for some time rested in lonely grandeur. It afterwards became the residence of Governor McKean; and, when we saw it as a boy, we derived from its contemplation conceptions of the state and dignity of a Governor which no subsequent structures could generate. It seemed the appropriate residence of some notable public man."

PAGE 302.

²² Brave Percy, when his charger stood
First on the field of Brandywine.

"Among the gayest of the gay, as a volunteer in the suite of one of the British generals,—as tradition informs us,—was a sprightly and chivalrous descendant of the Percys. He was a noble and generous youth, and had volunteered on the present occasion as an amateur, to see how fields were won. As the young Percy came over the brow of the hill, he was observed suddenly to curb in his impatient steed, and the gay smile upon his lively features,

changing at first to gravity, soon became sad and pensive as he glanced his bright eye over the extensive rolling landscape, now rife with animation. The wide prospect of gentle hill and dale, with forest and farm-house, the bright waters of the Brandywine, just appearing in one little winding section, in a low and beautiful valley on the right, formed of itself a picturesque view for the lover of the simple garniture of nature; all combined to make up a scene which it would hardly be supposed would have damped the ardor or clouded with gloom the fine features of a young officer whose proud lip would at any other moment have curled with scorn and his eye kindled with indignation at the remotest intimation of a want of firmness in the hour of trial. Yet, with a subdued and half-saddened eye, the young Percy, who but a moment before was panting to play the hero in the contest, paused for a moment longer. Then, calling his servant to his side, and taking his diamond-studded repeater from his pocket,—‘Here,’ said he, ‘take this and deliver it to my sister in Northumberland. I have seen this field and this landscape before, in a dream in England. Here I shall fall. And’—drawing a heavy purse of gold from his pocket—‘take this for yourself.’ Saying this, he

dashed forward with his fellows. The most obstinate fighting during the engagement took place near the centre, which rested upon the little stone meeting-house of the Quakers, and in the graveyard, walled on all sides by a thick stone mason-work, which, with the church, are yet standing as firmly as at the period of which we are writing. This enclosure was long and resolutely defended by the Americans; and it was near this place, about the middle of the action, that the noble young Percy fell, as he believed he had been doomed to do. The enclosure was at length scaled, and carried by the bayonet. The wounded were taken into the meeting-house, built by the peace-makers for the worship of the God of peace, though now the centre of the bloody strife; and the dead were inhumed in one corner of the burying-ground in which they had many of them been slain. Just before our visit, a grave had been dug, and the remains of a British soldier disinterred. A part of his shoes remained; a few pieces of red cloth, a button likewise, marked ‘44th Regt.,’ and a flattened bullet,—probably the winged messenger of death to the wearer,—were also found; both of which were given to us by the good man near by the meeting-house.”

WATSON.

THE END.

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